Thomas Michael Loome

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Owen Chadwick,
The Victorian Church I, 300.

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LIFE OF CARDINAL MANNING

reviewed by Tyrrell, The Month, Nov 1896
"The Ethics of Suppression in Biography"

#51





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Cardinal Manning.

Archbishop of Westminster.

1880.

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LIFE OF

CARDINAL MANNING

ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER

BY

EDMUND SHERIDAN PURCELL

MEMBER OF THE ROMAN ACADEMY OF LETTERS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

MANNING AS AN ANGLICAN

πολλὰ τὰ δεινὰ κοὐδὲν ἀνθρώπου δεινότερον πέλει
Antigone.

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ADVERTISEMENT

As my authority to write Cardinal Manning's Life has in certain quarters been called in question, and my right to make use of the matter contained in MSS. and correspondence been impugned by the Cardinal's Executors, I think it right to print here the following letters which they addressed to me at the time that the various diaries and other documents upon which the narrative is based were placed in my hands. E. S. P.

February 1896.

(*Copy.*)

St. Charles's College,
Notting Hill, W., *May* 5, 1892.

Dear Mr. Purcell,

Absence from home has prevented my answering your letter earlier.

I have talked over the subject with Fr. Butler, and we agree in thinking that as the Cardinal himself authorised you to publish his Life, it will be better for you to do so without asking us for an authority which you already possess. What the Cardinal himself decided requires no confirmation from us.

You will stand in a different position from that of Mr. Hutton, who wrote simply on his own account.

I am sorry that we shall both be out to-morrow afternoon, but I expect to be at home on Saturday morning if you find that time convenient to call here, and desire to do so.

Believe me,

Yours very faithfully,

(Signed) W. J. B. RICHARDS.

(*Copy.*)

St. Charles's College, St. Charles's Square,
North Kensington, W., *May* 16, 1892.

Dear Mr. Purcell,

In reply to your kind letter I write to say that the Executors of Cardinal Manning recognise fully the fact that the

Cardinal, when he heard from you of your intention of publishing a biography of him, encouraged you, that he gave you special help, and in fact acted as you have described in what you have already published. On this ground the Executors consent to your use of the matter contained in MSS. and correspondence now their property. They will help you to fully carry out the Cardinal's wishes, although your work is of course your own independent enterprise.

This reply has been seen by each of the four Executors, and is sent to you in the name of them all.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) R. BUTLER.

The statement referred to by Father Butler as "already published," occurs in a passage of an article on Cardinal Manning, where, speaking of the special help he gave me in preparing his biography, I wrote as follows, in the *Dublin Review*, April 1892 :—

"Such facts and circumstances within his own knowledge as threw light on contemporary events were placed at my disposal as material to work upon ; to be examined with critical care ; to be accepted or rejected, wholly or in part, according to the weight of evidence. Of this liberty I have availed myself to the full. All documents, records, diaries, and letters, in so far as they were connected with events in his life, the Cardinal permitted me to read, to transcribe, or to take note of.

"After the necessary authorisation had been given I offered to meet the Executors, to take counsel with them as to the plan of the work and the materials to be used. To this offer Father Butler replied that a meeting of the Executors would not be convenient, as they did not all live in one house ; and besides, he added, such co-operation would involve responsibility, and that they wished to leave to me the sole responsibility of the 'Life.'"

In a subsequent letter Father Butler said, "Cardinal Manning told me he had authorised you to write his 'Life.'"

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The "Manning and Talbot" Correspondence.

Since the publication of the correspondence between Monsignor Manning and Monsignor Talbot—extending over a period of about ten years, 1858-68—has in some quarters been deprecated on the alleged ground of its being of a private nature, it seems to me expedient to show here, by reprinting a few passages from an article of mine in the March number of the *Nineteenth Century*, that the correspondence on the face of it was of a deliberate and diplomatic character. E. S. P.

Feeble attempts have been made to discredit Monsignor Manning's letters to Monsignor Talbot. They were written, it has been suggested, on the spur of the moment, or, scarcely more absurd, under a fit of indigestion.

Quite the reverse. Let those who have read the now famous correspondence decide whether or no it was not part and parcel of a deliberate system: of a league, offensive and defensive, between Monsignor Manning and Monsignor Talbot, to manage Catholic affairs in England. Monsignor Manning's letters were not written, as has been suggested, to Monsignor Talbot as a private person, but to Talbot the private chamberlain and intimate friend of Pope Pius the Ninth. The substance of these letters shows that they were intended to exercise influence at Propaganda, or at the Vatican, even if no note is taken of Archbishop Manning's formula, under various forms, addressed to Monsignor Talbot—"Make this letter known where you are."

In a word, it was a diplomatic correspondence of a most effective and successful character, and shows once more how great an ecclesiastical statesman Cardinal Manning was. In this correspondence, as in all his contests, Monsignor Manning's mind was inspired and his conduct governed by no petty feelings, by no low ambition; but, as is amply recorded in the "Life," simply and solely by the highest and noblest motives—the desire to preserve the Church in England from what he at the time considered the grave danger of being contaminated with Gallicanism, or what he called "a low order of English Catholicism." All his prolonged contests and controversies turned upon grave questions of principle, not, indeed, affecting theological differences or disputes so much as matters of ecclesiastical policy.

There was nothing petty, ignoble, or personal in the correspondence; nothing calling for suppression, unless indeed Cardinal Manning's letters deserve to be stigmatised as "defamatory"; and the information and advice he offered, and the influence which in connection

with Monsignor Talbot he exercised at the Vatican, be fittingly described as "intrigues." It is not at the Vatican only that diplomacy plays its subordinate part. What is to be said of the diplomatic arts and wiles which were practised at the Vatican Council? Speaking of that Council, Cardinal Manning said, "Until I had attended one myself, I had never understood aright the history of Councils. . . . I can put my finger by the light of the present on the culprits of the past. I can understand their motives, and the means they made use of to attain their ends. Nothing is too base for the partisan spirit."

But the Fathers of the Vatican Council who formed the Opposition Party and their friends were no more pursuing low personal ends than were Monsignor Manning and Monsignor Talbot in the "Errington case" and other contests; but what they considered, as Monsignor Manning and Monsignor Talbot did in their own special conflicts, the cause of religion and the well-being of the Church and society. The history of the Vatican Council has not been suppressed for fear of giving scandal to Protestants. It was told even by Cardinal Manning himself in the *True Story*. Why then should the history of his own contests for the cause of the Catholic Church in England be suppressed? Catholics are not a bit worse than their neighbours; are no greater intriguers in their diplomacy than their fellow-men, lay or ecclesiastic. In no state in Europe, in no republic, in no court save the Court of Queen Victoria, do diplomatic arts and wiles—call them if you will intrigues—not flourish like weeds in a congenial soil.

What would, indeed, have given far greater scandal than the non-suppression of Cardinal Manning's diaries and letters would have been their *suppression*. What would really have injured the Catholic cause in England; what would have lowered the reputation of Catholics for truthfulness and straightforwardness; what would, indeed, have given scandal to Protestants and have stopped, perhaps, conversions, is—not what are called by the advocates of suppression "the intrigues at the Vatican," but the falsification of history—the history of Cardinal Manning's *Life*. If there are awkward or ugly facts in the history of the Church, or in the lives of men and even of popes, the wise and honest policy, recently laid down by Pope Leo the Thirteenth—not as a counsel of perfection, but as a common every-day duty—is, "Publish the truth and the whole truth," no matter even if the reputation of a Pope suffers thereby. But such a publication, elsewhere perchance, at any rate for the moment, may be looked upon as "almost a crime." The English mind instinctively revolts against all such subterfuges as seem to indicate unfair play in any form, open or latent; especially in such a disengenuous way, for instance, as poisoning the wells of Catholic criticism. Englishmen prefer the straightforward advice given by Pope Leo the Thirteenth in substance, if not in so many words: "Tell the truth and shame the Devil."

PREFACE

In the years 1886-90, Cardinal Manning gave me constant opportunities of learning from his own lips the story of his life from its earliest beginnings to its close. In the first instance it was his desire and hope that the volume treating of his Anglican life should be published during his lifetime. To write fully and faithfully during his lifetime a story so complicated, so full of personal incidents, and self-revelations presented, as I soon discovered, insurmountable obstacles. Besides there was the primary objection that to divide the "Life" into two separate parts must needs break the unity and continuity of the work. Indeed, on one occasion, I remember Cardinal Manning saying that "to write my life, while I am still alive, is like putting me into my coffin before I am dead."

In the prime of his life, in the fulness of his fame as Archbishop of Westminster and a Father of the Vatican Council, Archbishop Manning resolved that what he had done in his Anglican days—the days before the "flood" as he called them—when he was still "in the twilight" should be buried and forgotten. "Let the dead bury their dead." But as life began to wane, his heart reverted with a strange yearning to the days of old; to the memories of the past. The closed book of his Anglican life was opened: its pages were perused with a fresh and youthful delight; the dust of the dead years, literally as well as metaphorically,

after the lapse of half a lifetime was swept aside. In placing in my hands his earliest Diary, written in his Lavington days, Cardinal Manning said, "The eye of no man has seen this little book. It has never before passed out of my keeping."[1] This Diary, in which were recorded his innermost thoughts; his sorrows of heart; his loneliness at Lavington; his confessions; his trials and temptations, had evidently never been opened by Cardinal Manning since the day he left Lavington for ever; for the dust of time, and faded flowers, and bookmarkers that had lost their once brilliant colours, mementoes of the past, lay between its pages. Before, however, this intimate record of his early life was finally given to me for the purposes of the Biography, Cardinal Manning carefully and wisely removed from its pages every record or reflection or statement which he did not consider fit or expedient to be laid before the public eye.

But besides and beyond his Letters and Diaries, Cardinal Manning himself was a living source, *fons et origo*, of information. When the mood or the inspiration came he opened his mind and spoke without reserve.

In like manner and for a like purpose, all his other Diaries, Journals, and autobiographical Notes in accordance with his wish and will passed into my possession. I did not attempt to revise or reverse Cardinal Manning's directions. In his Diaries, Journals, and Notes he told the story of his own life; laid bare the workings of his heart, its trials and temptations, sometimes its secrets and sorrows. It was not for me by suppressions to amend or to blur his handiwork. On the contrary, it was my duty and my delight to let the chief actor in this complex drama tell the tale of his own life, and, as far as may be, in his own words.

[1] In a letter, dated November 5, 1888, referring to this Diary, Cardinal Manning wrote as follows: "It is the first time I have ever allowed this little book to pass out of my hands; no one but you has ever seen it."

Hence I have not omitted or suppressed a single letter, document, or autobiographical Note essential to a faithful presentation of character, or to the true story of events, with one sole exception. This exception is an autobiographical Note, written by Cardinal Manning in 1890, on the corporate action of the Society of Jesus in England and in Rome. It was considered wise or expedient to omit, at all events for the present, this Note of five or six pages, on the ground that it might give pain to persons still living, or provoke controversy at home or abroad.

Second only in interest to the self-revelations and confessions contained in his numerous Diaries and Notes, is the voluminous correspondence to which Cardinal Manning especially directed the attention of his biographer, as forming materials essential to the true presentation of his life. This correspondence falls into three periods. The first is Manning's letters from Oxford to his brother-in-law John Anderdon; the second his letters to Laprimaudaye his curate at Lavington and to Robert Wilberforce; and the last series to Mgr. Talbot, the private chamberlain of Pope Pius IX. at the Vatican.

Every one of these letters of material interest or importance appears in the "Life" without alteration or omission, for they form a rich source of information in regard to the character, the acts and motives of Cardinal Manning, alike in his Anglican and Catholic days.

Hour after hour, on many an evening in these years I am referring to, Cardinal Manning gave a most graphic and interesting account of his early days at Totteridge, his first home and birthplace; of his oratorical triumphs at the Oxford Union; of his intimacy in the prime of life with men eminent in Church and State and Letters.

Incidents and details ever fresh and sparkling welled up from the fountains of Cardinal Manning's memory illustrating,

as he told the tale of his life, Anglican or Catholic, the motives which prompted him to action; the high aims and ideals which he aspired to; the disappointments and hindrances which early or late he had to encounter. It is perhaps not unnatural that in all the incidents, all the stories and reminiscences related by Cardinal Manning of his life, the chief interest is found to lie in their relation to his own acts or words and works. To a biographer his hero is the object of supreme and special interest, and under the circumstances no one ought to take it much amiss if the aroma of a refined and subtle self-love might seem more or less to pervade Cardinal Manning's reminiscences.

To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone I am deeply indebted for the kind and active interest which he has taken in the preparation of *Cardinal Manning's Life*. As far back as 1887, he supplied me with information, known to himself alone, concerning incidents connected with Manning's Anglican life. On one occasion, I think it was at Dollis Hill, where he was staying in the summer of 1887, Mr. Gladstone said: "You are only just not too late with Manning's Biography. No one was so intimate with him as I was in his Anglican days. We were in close and constant communication. I remember well incidents and conversations which show what a high opinion was entertained of Manning by men whose judgment is worth recording. I have not committed those opinions to writing; I have never spoken of what was said about him to me by men of great eminence, even to Manning himself. Had you not come to-day, the incidents I am about to relate would never have been told, for they would have been in a few years buried with me."

Mr. Gladstone then related many interesting incidents which are recorded in the pages of the following volumes. On mentioning to Cardinal Manning the facts related by Mr. Gladstone, what gave the Cardinal supreme satisfaction was the opinion entertained by Sir James Stephen,

the historian: "Manning is the wisest man I ever knew." What gave almost equal satisfaction was what Bishop Phillpotts of Exeter said to Mr. Gladstone: "No power on earth can keep Manning from the Bench of Bishops." The opinions also entertained of Manning by other men, for instance by Sir James Graham, Mr. Gladstone told me I might publish on his authority, for he could vouch not only for the accuracy of their statements, but of their very words. On congratulating him on his splendid memory, Mr. Gladstone replied, as I think I have recorded in its proper place, "No: my memory is a patchwork memory; I remember the things which I ought to forget, and forget the things which I ought to remember."

Cardinal Manning and Mr. Gladstone differed in opinion as to the character of the termination or suspension of their mutual intimacy in 1851. Mr. Gladstone said to me: "On Manning becoming a Roman Catholic our friendship died a natural death, for outside of the Anglican Church and its concerns we had no ideas or interests in common." Cardinal Manning, on the other hand, maintained that his friendship for Mr. Gladstone survived as of old; though its expression was interrupted by external circumstances.

With singular selflessness and sympathetic interest, Mr. Gladstone devoted much time and thought, even at a time when as Prime Minister he was weighted by the cares of State, to the subject of Cardinal Manning's Biography. By correspondence, and in conversation at Downing Street, and at Whitehall Gardens, as late as the beginning of this year, Mr. Gladstone related to me, as he said, without reserve every fact, every incident, every opinion of which he had personal knowledge relating, early or late in life, to Manning's career and character. "I have now told you," Mr. Gladstone said in his last conversation with me, "everything I know about Manning; I have held nothing back as I did in our earlier conversations during his lifetime. I have

also given my opinion on some acts in his career; and my views of some of the religious and political principles which he maintained. You have my authority for repeating all what I have said about Manning; but I leave to you the responsibility of publication."

All the facts related by Mr. Gladstone I have published in due place and order, and incidentally many of his opinions, some favourable, some adverse, concerning Cardinal Manning's tone of thought or line of action, both as an Anglican and as a Catholic.

Mr. Gladstone added still another favour and aid to the work he had at heart, by allowing the publication of such of his letters as throw light upon events in Cardinal Manning's career, or illustrate his character, his relations to the Anglican Church, or his religious opinions or teachings. The correspondence which passed between Manning and Mr. Gladstone forms one of the most interesting episodes recorded in the "Life." The only pity is that all the letters written in his Anglican days to Mr. Gladstone were suppressed by Cardinal Manning because, as he told me, he did not think, for various reasons, their publication would be expedient.

Mr. Gladstone, who set great store on Manning's Anglican letters, was very indignant on hearing from me of their fate.

The late Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews, a playmate of Manning's at Combe Bank; a schoolfellow at Harrow; and for a year his private tutor at Oxford, supplied many interesting details of the latter's early life, habits of mind, and moral nature. To many other of his friends or associates at Oxford, who were familiar with him in his undergraduate days, I owe no little of the details and local colour which their reminiscences imparted to his personality and career.

To Mrs. Austen, Cardinal Manning's devoted sister, the

sole survivor of all his brothers and sisters, I owe more than I can easily express. It was from long conversations with her, and from numerous letters, I learnt much about the family relations, the loving kindliness of "dear Henry's nature"; and of the deep affectionate love which he had ever felt and shown for every member of his family. Some of her letters to me relating to her brother I would gladly have made use of had I not known her aversion to such publicity. At first she refused to allow the publication of Cardinal Manning's letters to herself. She exclaimed "I am a burner of letters; you shall not have one of dear Henry's letters to me; I have left directions that at my death they shall all be burnt." But happily these interesting letters by Mrs. Austen's kind consent form a part of her brother's biography. Her death in 1893, before the publication of the "Life," I deeply regret, as her interest in it was so great that a few months before her death she offered to read the proofs of the early chapters.

The Lady Herbert of Lea has rendered invaluable assistance, by communicating many interesting facts and details derived from her long and uninterrupted intimacy with Cardinal Manning, in his Anglican as in his Catholic days. The numerous letters addressed to herself and to Mr. Sidney Herbert, as he then was, by Cardinal Manning are, from their contents and character, of an unique interest.

In like manner, the letters of Mr. Odo Russell, written to Archbishop Manning during the Vatican Council, are of the highest importance and of historic value. To the kindness of his widow, Lady Ampthill, I am indebted for permitting their publication.

I owe an expression of gratitude to many others, alike Catholic and non-Catholic, for their aid and advice; for their communications and contributions and letters, some of which have not fallen within the purpose or plan of this work.

Unfortunately, until the "Life" was completed, I did not enjoy the advantage of the kind and judicious advice of the late Mr. David Lewis of Arundel. But he read the proof sheets from beginning to end; and was especially pleased that all the Diaries, documents, and letters entrusted to me by Cardinal Manning had been freely and fully made use of. From his intimate acquaintance with the leaders of the Oxford Movement,—for Mr. Lewis was curate to John Henry Newman at St. Mary's in 1843,—and from his personal knowledge of Cardinal Manning alike in his Anglican and Catholic days, he was in a position to offer suggestions or explanations which are embodied in the work in the form of notes.

From two or three learned and judicious priests, seculars or regulars, whose names I am not at liberty to mention, I have received much valuable information and salutary advice.

To his Eminence, Cardinal Vaughan, I venture to express my deep sense of respectful gratitude for the encouragement which in the first instance, soon after his eminent predecessor's death, he gave me in the arduous and responsible work intrusted to me by Cardinal Manning.

Cardinal Manning, in speaking of his Biography, said to me, "I do not wish to see, either in MS. or in proof, a single page of the 'Life' with the exception of one early episode; for were I to read it I should in a measure be responsible for the work." Mindful of this warning I have refrained from asking Cardinal Vaughan, in his kindness to look at a leaf or line of the "Life" of his predecessor. Advice on one or two points offered by his Eminence I felt bound to obey; but in regard to suggestions of another kind or character I was constrained to follow, whether rightly or wrongly, my unfettered discretion.

Perhaps I may be allowed here to repeat a sentence of Cardinal Manning's which seems to me to give the keynote

of his public life and action. Speaking of his earliest days he said: "I never was, like Newman, a student or a recluse. Newman from the beginning to the end was a recluse—at Oriel, Littlemore, and Edgbaston; but I from the beginning was pitched head over heels into public life, and I have lived ever since in the full glare of day."

There is no need of an Introduction to this Biography of Cardinal Manning, since he has told the story of his own life; therefore for the most part, and as far as may be, the tale is told in his own words.

It would be a supreme satisfaction to me and my best reward if, by the unreserved publication of all Cardinal Manning's Diaries, Journals, and autobiographical Notes, his real character, the workings of his heart and soul, his inner life, are made manifest in the fulness and simplicity of truth.

From the beginning a conflict or wrestling with self, as his Diaries bear witness, was going on in his heart and soul, a struggle to square God's will with his own.

The human side of his character was developed and displayed to the fullest: self-will, a despotic temper and love of power.

But the Supernatural side of his character was still more strongly marked and more potent: a vivid belief in the Divine Presence, in the Voice of God speaking almost audibly, to use Cardinal Manning's own words, to his soul, and in the perpetual guidance of the Holy Ghost.

In the dark and crucial hour of trial his vivid Faith illumined his soul, and in spite of human weaknesses or wilfulnesses he was constrained by the grace and guidance of the Holy Ghost to submit absolutely and unreservedly his will to the Will of God. It was the triumph in his soul of the Supernatural over the natural.

Not the soul of Cardinal Manning only was exposed to such wrestlings with self; for many a saint or martyr

whose name is numbered in the glorious beadroll of Heaven had to wrestle like Cardinal Manning with their turbulent, stubborn, or ambitious natures; "to fight the good fight," before they won their Crown of Glory.

E. S. P.

St. Michael's Day, 1895.

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CHAPTER I

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE—HOME AND SCHOOL

1807-1821

HENRY EDWARD MANNING was born at Copped Hall, Hertfordshire, on the 15th of July 1807.[1] He was the youngest son of William Manning, M.P., and of Mary his wife. His father, who was born 1st December 1763, was twice married. His first wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Abel Smith, banker of Nottingham, and sister of Robert, created Lord Carrington. Of this marriage there were two daughters: Elizabeth, who died unmarried; and Mary, who was married to Major-General Thomas Carey, of the Guernsey family of that name. About three years after the death of his first wife, Elizabeth, William Manning married secondly, in 1792, Mary, the daughter of Henry Leroy Hunter of Beech Hill, Reading. William Manning died in 1835, and was buried at Sundridge, Kent, where Mary, his wife, who was born 4th July 1771, and died 12th May 1847, was likewise buried. Four sons and four daughters were the issue of the second marriage. Henry, the youngest, enjoyed the benefit of having many brothers and sisters.

The early years of the future Cardinal were spent in his father's home, first at Totteridge, and then at Combe Bank, near Sundridge, Kent. As the youngest child he was his mother's darling and somewhat spoilt. His favourite and constant companion before he went to

[1] See Note A at end of the volume.

Harrow was his sister Harriet. His other brothers and sisters were much older, and before Henry had reached a companionable age they had dispersed from his father's home; one brother and one sister had died, and two sisters had married. The early death of his favourite sister Harriet was the first trial to a loving heart—later on so sorely tried—the first death he had witnessed, for when his eldest brother William died, Henry was scarcely five.[1]

The first hindrance or stumbling-block to the spiritual life of the future Cardinal was the delay of nearly two years in his baptism. Strange to say, in his numerous records, journals, and note-books, full of references to and recollections of his early days and of the circumstances of his home life at Totteridge, Cardinal Manning, unlike his old friend and contemporary, the late Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews,[2] so strict on the point of early baptism, makes no allusion to the fact that he was left unbaptized from the day of his birth, 15th of July 1807, to the 25th of May 1809. Henry Edward Manning was baptized in the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London, by the Bishop of Bath and Wells. The following is the transcript of Cardinal Manning's baptismal registry: "Register of Baptisms, St. Martin-in-the-Fields, 25th May 1809, Henry Edward Manning, son of William Manning, Esq., and Mary his wife, born 15th July." The year was omitted: the column of births was headed 1809: there were other dates entered, one preceding that of Manning's register by three or four was "1806." In those days the name of the priest or bishop who conferred the sacrament of baptism was not recorded in the register as it is now. The fact that Henry Edward was baptized by the Bishop of Bath and Wells is to be found in the family records. In like manner, more than a year after her birth, his sister Harriet was baptized by the Bishop of Gloucester.

[1] William Manning, born July 1793, died 1812.

[2] The late Charles Wordsworth, in the *Annals of my Early Life*, dilates with satisfaction on the blessing which he and his brothers enjoyed on receiving early baptism.

Mr. William Manning, in those days at the height of his prosperity, was not a little prone to ostentation;[1] and his ambition was not satisfied apparently unless he had a bishop to baptize his children. The convenience of so important a personage had, of course, to be studied, and that may account for the delay. In those days and even in a generation later, as Keble bears witness, there was great laxity in regard to the early baptism of children.

William Manning occupied Copped Hall, Totteridge, soon after his marriage in 1792, in the first instance as tenant; subsequently he purchased it. This first home for eight years of his life left so deep and abiding an impression upon his heart and mind, that sixty-five years afterwards Cardinal Manning gave the following vivid account of it in a letter addressed to Mrs. Austen, his sole surviving sister:—[2]

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE, WESTMINSTER, S.W.,
19*th July* 1881.

MY DEAR CAROLINE—I must tell you of a visit I made yesterday.

Our old home at Totteridge, after passing through the hands of the Halls, Marjoribanks, and Lord Lytton, belongs now to Mr. Boulton. He invited me to come and see it, and I went yesterday afternoon for three hours.

The house has been enlarged and ornamented, but the old interior remains. I went all over it. The gardens are enlarged and greatly improved, but the old outlines remain,—a new conservatory where the old was, the dairy unchanged, the rosary—but another and larger beyond it. In front of the house the iron fence is moved far down the field, so as to make a level terrace before the windows, and then a bank and a lower lawn. The trees are preserved everywhere, and are very fine. A garden road runs down all round the water, and returns to the west of the house. I do not know when I have seen anything so beautiful within so small a space. But what interested me most is the memories of my dear father and mother. They knew all

[1] William Manning was in the habit of driving every morning from Totteridge to the city, a distance of eight miles, in a coach and four, somewhat after the style and fashion of his kinsman, "Bob" Smith, well known in his day.

[2] Mrs. Austen, who survived her brother, Cardinal Manning, nearly two years, died at the end of the year 1893, in her 93rd year.

about her laying out the garden, and told me that when the brook Dolis was widened out into the lake, as it is called, my mother is said to have spread sheets over the fields to see where the view of the water would be best seen from the house.

They showed me the clump planted by my father in 1810, for the King's Jubilee (G. III.), and the oaks on the lawn, said to be planted by my father and each one of us. True enough there are seven, the eighth is gone.[1] They stand so—

. . .
. .
. . . (wanting).

I told them of "Creasy"[2] climbing up to the owl's nest in the avenue and tumbling down. They asked me to point out the tree; I fixed on the second, or third, near the house. They told me that in the second tree there is a family of owls to this day. So we go, and the owls remain. The little boudoir between the library and the conservatory has a stained glass window. The border blue, with roses on green, and the crossings green. My memory is that our brother William did it, and that he painted the roses, can you remember? Mr. Boulton said he hoped you would come and see Totteridge. I told him that you would be most glad if it were possible.

The family is most pleasing, highly educated, with a genius for music.

I hope you are well.—Believe me always your affectionate brother, H.E., C.A.

In this home, described in his old age with such graphic touches of pathos and playfulness, the boy had grown up amidst pleasant surroundings and in loving companionship, under a father's eye and a mother's tender care. This home of his boyhood, to which the Cardinal ever looked back with love and reverence, was one of those happy homes which are to be found scattered up and down in such rich and blessed profusion all over the country, in park and village and hamlet, in busy town even, and crowded city—homes which are in literal truth not only the joy, but the real honour and glory of England—the classic land of happy domestic life.

Mr. S. B. Boulton of Copped Hall, Totteridge, has, at

[1] Martha, one of the eight "planters" of the oaks, died early.
[2] Creasy was one of the old domestics or farm labourers.

my request, given the following interesting reminiscences of Cardinal Manning's first visit to his old home:—

My first personal acquaintance with the Cardinal arose from my being informed that he had expressed a strong desire to revisit my house, the place of his birth, Copped Hall, Totteridge. I accordingly sent him an invitation, which he cordially accepted. I found that he described this first visit very graphically, and at some length, in a letter which he wrote at the time to his sister, Mrs. Austen, which letter, by the courtesy of that lady, was shown to me after his death. He took a lively interest in the house, and in various features of the estate, showing an astonishing memory as to details, considering that he had not seen the place for more than seventy years. He pointed out the room in which he was born, told me correctly where certain doors formerly stood, the position of which I had altered, also the suppression of a door in the Tapestry Room. He pointed out the spot whereon his uncle, when he was a child, read to the assembled family the first news of the Battle of Waterloo, and the list of officers killed and wounded. He showed in the avenue an old elm tree, which was, during his father's lifetime, and still is, the abode of white owls, relating how one of his father's labourers fell down from it and broke his leg in trying to procure him a young owlet from the nest. The seven trees on the lawn planted for seven members of the Manning family, and the stained-glass window placed in a corridor by his eldest brother, are described in his letter to Mrs. Austen already alluded to. I took him to see the spinney planted by his father in commemoration of the jubilee year of George III.; and also the "Lake," a piece of ornamental water of about four and a half acres, laid out by his mother; also the summer-house in which Bulwer Lytton wrote some of his novels. He also visited the church, and gave the history of the picture by Peters which hangs there, and which was presented by his father; and he pointed out in the churchyard the tombs of his grandfather and of his eldest brother.

The village church at Totteridge in which the future Cardinal first took part in public worship, has no pretensions to architectural beauty; its services which were, as was but too common in those days of religious slackness, infrequent and slovenly in character, left no impress on his youthful mind. Over the communion-table, as the altar was called in those days, hung for a long time a picture representing

a cluster of cherubs. It was generally supposed that William Manning's children were the original, and the more imaginative even detected in the smallest cherub a likeness to Henry Edward. The delusion was only dissipated in after years, when the fact leaked out that William Manning had won the picture at a lottery in London. Mr. William Manning was a munificent patron of church and parish work. In one of the lists of local charities is the following entry—"Master Henry Edward Manning, 1s." In this church there are the tombs of the Cardinal's grandfather, who died in 1791, and of his eldest brother, William Manning. In the church at Totteridge there are no monuments of the Mannings; but in one of the City churches there is a tablet in memory of his grandmother, with the following inscription:—

Sacred to the memory of
ELIZABETH MANNING,
Wife of William Manning, Esq., Merchant of London.
Died the 3rd of January 1780,
And was buried
Within the Walls of this Church.
This Tablet is erected by her Son,
William Manning, Esq.,
As an affectionate Tribute to her
Exemplary Virtues.[1]

On his father's death in 1791, William Manning, the Cardinal's father, succeeded to the business, which was carried on in New Bank Buildings, City, at a later period, in partnership with Mr. John Anderdon, and made a handsome fortune in the palmy days of West Indian prosperity. In those days

[1] In the parish church of St. Giles, Speen, near Newbury, is to be found the marriage register of the Cardinal's grandfather, William Manning, and Elizabeth, daughter of William and Mary Ryan of St. Kitts, West Indies:—Elizabeth Ryan, baptized on 6th November 1732, at the parish church of St. George, Basseterre, St. Kitts, married at Speen, Berks, 1st October 1751, to William Manning. Elizabeth Ryan was the owner of two estates in St. Kitts, and soon after the marriage her husband, Mr. William Manning, founded the great West Indian house, afterwards known as Manning and Anderdon. It is said that he first started in business at Bristol, where he became acquainted with Isaac Disraeli, the father of Lord Beaconsfield. Subsequently he was established as a West Indian merchant at St. Mary Axe, London, and lived at Billiter Square, City.

the West Indian interest was a factor in the political world; accordingly William Manning entered Parliament as member for Plympton Earle in 1790. In 1807—the year his youngest son, Henry Edward, was born—he was elected member for Evesham; he represented afterwards Penryn, and supported West Indian and commercial interests in the House of Commons for about thirty-nine years. He was highly respected in the City; was for many years a director of the Bank of England, and was governor in the years 1812-13. The late Mr. Thomson Hankey, F.G.S., head at one time of the great West Indian house of that name, told me a year or two ago, that he knew William Manning, who enjoyed a high reputation in the City, as well as his son Charles, and that he likewise had some acquaintance with the Cardinal.[1]

Cardinal Manning's own description of his father's character and career, though long, is too graphic and noble a tribute of gratitude and reverence to be omitted.

My dear father was one of the justest, most benevolent, most generous men I ever knew. His refinement and delicacy of mind was such, that I never heard out of his mouth a word which might not have been spoken in the presence of the most pure and sensitive, except once. He was then forced by others to repeat a negro story which, though free from all evil *de sextu*, was indelicate. He did it with great resistance. His example gave me a hatred of all such talk. He was of the Old Church Established religion; a friend of the bishops, many of whom were his close personal friends, such as Porteus of London, Bardon of Bath and Wells, and Pelham of Lincoln, who had been, I think, at school with him. It was under their influence that he decided for me from my childhood, that I should be a clergyman. My brothers used to call me "the Parson," which made me hate the thought of it. But I used to ride my pony in the Park with the Bishop of Lincoln, and I passively submitted to the destiny. I remember that I used to ride with my father through the Horse Guards to the House of Commons, and go

[1] Mr. Hankey was unable, in answer to the Cardinal's inquiries, to give any information respecting his grandfather, Mr. William Manning. In his letter to Mr. Hankey, Cardinal Manning said he made these inquiries not on his own account, but on behalf of some one else. To me Mr. Hankey wrote: "I fear that I can give you no information respecting Cardinal Manning's family which could possibly be of use to you."

in and sit under the gallery. This was when I was about twelve or thirteen, my father was then member for Evesham, afterwards he sat for Lymington. He was in the House from 1790 to 1829, in all nearly forty years. I remember hearing him speak once in the House, from the second bench below the gangway, I fancy, on the Opposition side; but how I cannot explain, for he supported the Tory Government, and they were in till the year 1830. He spoke with his arms folded, with perfect fluency, never recalling a word, with great clearness, and with a pleasant voice. He was listened to with great attention. It was very high speaking, but not oratory, but he had in him so much emotion, that I believe he could if he had been roused, speak with true natural oratory. But he was too refined, modest, and sensitive to make a display, or to overdo anything. He was in danger of underdoing what he did from fear of display. He was fond of reading, and had a wonderful memory, but his life was so active, busy, kindly, and, in later years, so anxious, that he had little time to read. After the peace of 1815, the great incomes of our merchants began to fall. The West Indian commerce suffered first and most. This shook his commercial house, and from 1820 to 1830 he had great cares, which ended at last in complete ruin. During those years he was in London most days in the week. When he came down to Combe Bank, he was worn and weary. He was fond of fishing, and would stand for hours by the water at Combe Bank. He used to tell me that his chief delight was the perfect quiet after the strain and restlessness of London. We used to ride often together, but his time was too much broken, and his mind too full to allow of conversation on any subjects beyond the commonest. Therefore, he never taught, or roused my mind on any kinds of knowledge. But I owe to him more than this, he was a most loving, generous, noble-minded man, I never knew him do anything little, or say anything unworthy. He was both respected and loved by all who knew him! and his range of friends in his long parliamentary and city life was very wide. Till late years men used constantly to speak of him to me with affection; many with great gratitude for kindnesses; but his contemporaries are all gone now—as mine also are going fast.[1]

The following account of his mother, written by Cardinal Manning ten or twelve years before his death, will be read by all with interest.

My dear mother taught me my letters, my Catechism, and

[1] Cardinal Manning's Journal, 1878-82

the beginning of Latin grammar. She was, for those times, well educated, and had great facilities for all kinds of woman's work, even to making little shoes for me. She was a great reader, but not of higher subjects. She had a great taste in anything about the house, and in gardening, and was very fond of flowers. I used to talk more with her, than with my father, and saw more of her; but our talk was not on topics of education. The good she did me was that she urged me to work. I remember her saying a thing to me which did me a signal service. I was reading for honors at Oxford, and I told her that I had no hope of succeeding, she said very gravely, and without a sign of mere encouragement; "I never knew you undertake anything you did not do." This came to me as strength, I was unconscious of ever having done anything; and it sent me back over my school days. She had watched me more than I knew, and there was more truth in what she said than I had ever known. I never was satisfied with anything I had done, and I had a clear sight of my own deficiencies and of the greater abilities and attainments of others. So much for my dearest mother, who loved me too much as the youngest, but she always told me of faults, and what I ought to do. She was generous, and large-handed as my father, and cared for the poor.

Speaking of his first home at Totteridge, Cardinal Manning, in an autobiographical Note dated 1882, wrote as follows:—

My personal memories are few; but very deep. One is that in a little room off the library a cousin of mine, about two years older, when I was about four, told me that God had a book in which He wrote down everything we did wrong. This so terrified me for days that I remember being found by my mother sitting under a kind of writing-table in great fear. I never forgot this at any time in my life, and it has been a great grace to me, and kept me from the greatest dangers.

I remember, also, a great fire in an oil-mill on the Thames near London Bridge. I was then, perhaps, scarcely four. It was at night, and the reflection in the sky was visible at Totteridge ten miles off. I remember being held up at the drawing-room window to look at it. The effect on me was fear. I remember, also, that one day I came in from the farm-yard, and my mother asked me whether I had seen the peacock. I said yes, and the nurse said no, and my mother made me kneel down and beg God to forgive me for not speaking the truth. This also fixed itself in my mind. I have one other

recollection, and that is of my aunt, who lived close by, coming in to tell my mother of the Battle of Waterloo. This was just before we went to Combe Bank. More than this I cannot remember at Totteridge, except that my mother taught me to read out of a book called *The Ladder to Learning*, of which I do not remember a word. She also began to teach me Latin grammar when I was six or seven.

But my father had a house at 14 New Street, Spring Gardens, and I have a memory there of a lady in deep mourning coming to my mother and crying and swaying up and down with her handkerchief in her hand. She was the widow of Captain Hood, who was killed, I think, at Bayonne. This was before Waterloo, and about 1812. I was then hardly four.[1]

Cardinal Manning speaks elsewhere of his mother's having given him, before he went to school in 1816, a diamond New Testament, and says:—"I remember that I devoured the Apocalypse, and I never all through my life forgot the 'lake that burneth with fire and brimstone.' That verse has kept me like an audible voice through all my life, and through worlds of danger in my youth."

In his tenth year, 1817, Henry Manning was sent to school at Streatham, kept by a Welshman of the name of Davies, a clergyman of the old sort, as the Cardinal used to describe him. He had as his assistant his nephew David Jones; and as usher a man named Rees. Owing to illness, Henry Manning remained only two years at this school. In 1820, when he was thirteen years of age, he was removed to a school at Totteridge, kept by the Rev. Abel Lendon, curate of Totteridge, which then was, and still is, a hamlet of Hatfield. At this school boys were prepared for Westminster. But young Manning scarcely spent two years there, for he left it in 1821. It is not surprising that on going to Harrow in 1822, the fragmentary character of his education put him at a great disadvantage. Had he applied his mind to serious studies, his natural abilities would soon have enabled him to recover lost ground.

In the last eight or ten years of his life, Cardinal Manning's mind reverted with increasing ardour to the days of his

[1] Manning was then about seven years old. The battle of Bayonne was fought in 1814, and he was born July 15, 1807.

youth; to his early home; to his boyish ambitions. He was in the habit not only of recording the memories of the past in copious journals, note-books, and memoranda, treating not of events only, but of persons. Events that had happened ten, twenty, forty, sixty, or seventy years ago to him personally, or touching him nearly in home or in heart, are recorded in the light of the present; the impressions of to-day are the interpreters of the events of yesterday—though that yesterday be more than half a century ago. All that I need point out—and I dare not omit the caution, where grave events or the character of men are concerned—is that the impressions recorded or judgments pronounced are not possessed of the virtue or value of contemporaneous evidence. They are after-thoughts or after-judgments put on record as future witnesses on his own behalf.[1] In the reminiscences of a lighter character or concern it is only necessary to observe that Cardinal Manning in putting them down even under the form of autobiographical notes trusted simply to his memory; hence, in the following most interesting reminiscences of his school-days, or the days of his boyhood, there are several mistakes as to dates and ages.

Speaking of the first school which he attended, the Cardinal, about the year 1883, wrote as follows:—

My only recollections are of my first lessons in Mrs. Barbauld's Hymns, and of walking about in the playground trying to think what there was before the world was made. The school was not bad in itself, but a bad boy had been in it who left a trail of immorality behind him. I was there only about two years, for I fell ill and was fetched home to Combe Bank, and when I got there I fell asleep before the fire, with my head on a footstool, and was insensible for more than thirty days in fever. The first words I spoke after that long time were to ask for an egg, which before I fell ill I always abhorred, and would never taste. I remember that I had wanderings and thought there was a robin in the room. When I was first put to sit in a chair my head dropped from weakness, and my night-

[1] In reference to these autobiographical records Cardinal Manning wrote in one of his Journals, dated 15th Jan. 1882:—"I hope I have never thought of the future, but of the present: not of how men will judge hereafter, but of how God judges now."

cap was pinned to the back of the arm-chair to keep my head up; I was about ten years old[1] and was long getting well, and then in about a year after I went to a school at Totteridge where I was born, and stayed there until I was in my fifteenth year, and then went to Harrow.

Cardinal Manning gave the following account of the school at Totteridge, which he described as fairly good, and of its master, the Rev. Abel Lendon:—

He was a disciplinarian and regular. I will not say that he was ill-tempered or harsh, but he was austere and we were afraid of him, with a wholesome fear. I was there about four years and during that time I do not remember anything of immorality in the school, except that one of the elder boys used to go to London with one of the ushers, and it was afterwards believed that they frequented bad company. But among the boys I do not remember any instance of immorality, or of dangerous intimacy, or of immodest language, or of foul talk; excepting on one occasion from an insolent boy. The dormitories were well watched, and I never remember any case of disorder. Looking back upon that school, it stands out in marked contrast to the first I was at. I do not know that there was more religion, but there was more moral purity, refinement, and civilisation. Also I remember that I used to have great pleasure in going to Totteridge Church, and I really tried to pray. The friendships were good, and had a higher tone. As to studies, of course being older I learned more, but to my cost I was made to learn the Westminster Greek Grammar, so that when I went to Harrow where the Eton Greek Grammar was used, I was thrown out, and had to begin all over again, which in the end did me good. I was put too high at first coming, and was kept back a remove at the end of the first half before Christmas. When I went home I spent my holidays at Combe Bank. I got up every morning at five, or before, and lighted my fire, and made my breakfast, and read till eight o'clock, then got my pony and rode to the Curate of Sundridge, the parish of Combe Bank, and read with him both Latin and Greek. This did me immense good. It made me like getting up in the dark for the rest of my life; and it was the beginning of self-education. But my danger always was doing things too easily. A friend at Oxford used to say that "I was the idlest hard-reading man, and the hardest-reading idle man" that he ever knew. To my

[1] In writing these reminiscences, Cardinal Manning was under the impression that he was born in the year 1808.

cost I know it was true. But, great as my advantages have been, I had not the great blessing of being intellectually awakened and guided by my excellent father and mother. They gave me every advantage of schools, college, tutors, and the like, but they did not awaken and instruct me themselves; and yet I cannot fail to speak of them both with reverence and gratitude.[1]

In another of his Notes or Reminiscences is the following passage:—

While I was at school at Totteridge, I went over to be confirmed at Hatfield by Bishop Pelham of Lincoln. I remember that he recognised me and shook hands with me, there and then, his kindness overcoming his dignity.

I remember that James Cholmondeley, Sidney Herbert, and Henry Brand, who were, I believe, at a private tutor's together, came to Totteridge[2] to be prepared for confirmation. This was my first meeting with Sidney Herbert. It was about 1825-6.[3] We were afterwards at Harrow and Oxford together.

Although Cardinal Manning loved his home at Totteridge most, he had pleasant recollections of Combe Bank, where his father, on selling his house at Totteridge in 1815, bought an estate belonging to the Argyll family, in the parish of Sundridge, three miles from Sevenoaks. The rector of Sundridge was Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, who estimated that the settling down in the parish with his family of so considerable a man as Manning, added largely to the market value of the living. Dr. Wordsworth belonged to the High and Dry Church party of that day of lifeless formalism. Manning and his family imbibed at Combe Bank, if they had not done so before, like religious views. Speaking of this period in one of his Notes, Cardinal Manning said: "My family was strictly Church of England of the old High school of Dr. Wordsworth, Mant, and D'Oyly.

[1] Cardinal Manning's Journal, 1878-82.

[2] At Totteridge the sons of Bagot, Bishop of Oxford, were schoolfellows of Manning. In a letter to Manning in 1842 Bishop Bagot hoped the Archdeacon of Chichester would come to meet his old schoolfellows.

[3] The date is given in error. Manning left Totteridge School in 1821. In 1825 or 1826 both Manning and Sidney Herbert were at Harrow. Sidney Herbert, I believe, was at a school at Streatham.

The first and the last were Rectors of Sundridge, and behold they were very dry. But we always went regularly to church; never missing in the morning, often going in the afternoon, and going also to communion at times. My father read prayers and a sermon on Sunday nights, my brothers and sisters all went to church and were religious. I never heard or saw anything irreligious."

It was evidently not from his family or from the Rector of Sundridge that Henry Edward Manning imbibed his early Puritanism.

At Combe Bank, Manning made friends with the Rector's two sons, Charles and Christopher Wordsworth.[1] Charles was about a year older and Christopher a year younger than Manning. In his autobiographical Notes, Manning does not mention Charles or Christopher Wordsworth even by name.[2] But, on the other hand, he gives a lively account of his own doings and even of what books he was fond of reading.

In recording his boyish pastimes, Cardinal Manning, in his Notes, sometimes touched a deeper chord and revived memories of later life:—

As a boy my pleasure at Combe Bank was making boats in the carpenter's shop, firing brass cannons, and all like mischief.

[1] This friendship is recorded by Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews, in the following passage:—"And thus it was that in early boyhood I became acquainted with Henry Manning, now Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster—an acquaintance ripened into friendship, first at Harrow, where we were schoolfellows, though I was somewhat the senior; and afterwards at Oxford, and still maintained, I believe I may say, by mutual affection and occasional correspondence, though not (unhappily) by actual intercourse."—*Annals of my Early Life*, 1806-1846, Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews. London: Longmans, 1891.

[2] However, to "an interviewer" at a later period he gives the following story:—"As a boy at Combe Bank, Christopher Wordsworth, late Bishop of Lincoln, and Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews, were my playfellows. I frankly admit I was very mischievous. The two Wordsworths and I conceived the wicked intention of robbing the vinery. The door was always kept locked, and there was nothing for it but to enter through the roof. There was a dinner party that day *and there were no grapes*. This is probably the only case on record where three future Bishops were guilty of larceny. Were we punished? No, we were discreet. We gave ourselves up and were forgiven."—*Strand Magazine*, July 1891.

One day the ball went through the coach-house door, and hardly missed the family coach. Rowing on the water and tumbling into the pond; and riding with Edward Douglas on ponies when he was a delicate boy, hardly likely to live; and now a Redemptionist Father of singular gravity and sweetness of mind and life in Rome. How little we could have thought when he gave me a beautiful model ship, how he and I should end our lives together.

CHAPTER II

HARROW

1822–26

In the year 1822 Manning went to Harrow, where, in the house of his tutor, Rev. B. Evans, in Hog Lane, he spent four years; but made no mark in the schools. His contemporaries at Harrow as afterwards at Oxford do not appear to have been impressed by the gentle and somewhat reserved and shy boy; or even to have detected any promise of the successes which awaited the future Cardinal, and which have made his name famous in his generation, in and out of England.

The late Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews, at the time of the Cardinal's death, one of the three survivors of Manning's school-fellows at Harrow, in a letter dated 1891, says:—

"My old friend, Henry Manning, was about two years my junior;[1] and consequently at Harrow two or three removes below me. But, so far as I remember, your statement is quite correct that he was not distinguished as a student."

In his published *Annals of My Early Life*, Bishop Wordsworth, speaking of Manning, says "At Harrow he had made little or no figure."

In his *Annals* Bishop Wordsworth relates the following escapade of which he and Manning were the heroes. It was customary for parties of the boys on a Sunday to make a sort of promenade of the public road between "Northwicks" as it was called and the turnpike gate

[1] Charles Wordsworth was born in 1806; Manning, 15th July 1807.

on the road to London. We met on the road two midshipmen, out for a holiday, with more money in their pockets than they knew what to do with. They invited us to champagne at the King's Head inn. The inn and the gardens at the back were out of bounds. The Doctor and Mrs. Butler were coming along the road and saw two of his boys going into the forbidden ground. Bishop Wordsworth remarks, with a touch of sarcasm, that Dr. Butler, the headmaster of Harrow, had not the wisdom to wink at the offence. He then relates how the startled waiter bringing in the bottle of champagne said: "The Doctor has seen you, and is coming in!" "Up sprang Manning and I like startled hares. We jumped over the hedge at the back of the garden. We reached Hog Lane, where Manning's tutor, Evans lived."

The entrance of Dr. Butler, and his inquiries, soon cleared up to the mystified midshipmen the cause of their guests' hurried departure. No sooner was the ground clear than the audacious boys returned with all the greater zest to their untasted champagne. At locking-up time, eight o'clock, Dr. Butler made inquiries as to the names of the boys, and Charles Wordsworth, having as senior to read them out, did so with becoming gravity, Dr. Butler, finding all were within bounds, was nonplussed, and the delinquents escaped.

At Harrow, Manning's youthful fondness for dress and personal adornment was conspicuous. Mr. Richmond, the great painter, who knew him as well as many of his earliest contemporaries, says: "In his Harrow days Manning was a 'buck' of the first water, as dandies or 'heavy swells' were then called. Among other adornments he sported Hessian top-boots with tassels, rather an extreme piece of foppery in a Harrow boy."[1]

Perhaps, as compounding for the foibles of his youth, Manning as Cardinal regarded with too careless or in-

[1] Some twenty years before, Manning's eldest brother, William, was much put out that another boy in the village (Totteridge) wore top-boots before himself. To wear top-boots then was, like putting off the Eton jacket now, a symbol of budding manhood. In Manning's Harrow days wearing top-boots was, however, no longer fashion but foppery.

different an eye his somewhat soiled biretta or faded scarlet robe.[1] In truth the Cardinal was a great admirer of manly simplicity in dress; and I have heard him point out the Duke of Norfolk as a model in this direction.

It is somewhat singular that Manning in all his reminiscences of Harrow and his school-boy days, recorded late in life, has not a word to say, good, bad, or indifferent, of his school-fellows, even of those who in after life became intimate friends. Sidney Herbert, for instance, is dismissed with a line; to Charles Thornton, or to Popham there is not even an allusion; Twisleton, one of his closest friends at Oxford and later, is barely referred to. But we have ample compensation for this neglect in the copious and minute accounts, which Manning gives of himself and of his inner life. To us he is far and away the most interesting personage, if indeed he was not so to himself as well.

Besides recording with natural satisfaction his prowess at cricket, and the fact that he had twice taken part in the Eton and Harrow match at Lords', though in spite of fine play on the part of Harrow he was on both occasions on the losing side, Cardinal Manning has left on record the following interesting account of his life at Harrow:—

My time at Harrow was my first launch into life. We had a liberty almost as great as at Oxford, but it was the liberty of boys; and therefore not less dangerous, though of a different kind. We were literally without religious guidance, or formation. The services in the church were for most of the boys worse than useless. The public religious instruction was reading Waller's Catechism on Sunday morning for an hour in school; and in private at Evans' we read Paley's *Evidences* or Leslie on Deism. These two stuck by me and did my head good. I took in the whole argument, and I thank God that nothing has ever shaken it. If history is a foundation of certainty, Christianity, even by human evidence, is certain. This has been with me through life, in every state and age and intellectual condition. Also the Book of Revelation, I read

[1] In his recently-published *Travels* Signor Bonghi speaks of Cardinal Manning's faded scarlet robes and soiled biretta as surprising, at any rate in an English Cardinal.

at Totteridge, and the "lake that burneth with fire and brimstone," never even faded in my memory. They were vivid and powerful truths; and motives which forwarded and governed me, I owe to them more than will ever be known till the Last day. Without them I should in all probability have never written these words. My mother must have taught me my prayers, for they run up beyond the memory of man, like all the greatest laws, and so far as I can remember, there was never a time when I left off to say them. At school and college I never failed, so far as memory serves me, even for a day. But how they were said, God knows, I can also in part remember. Harrow was certainly the least religious time of my life: I had faith, a great fear of hell, and said my prayers; beyond, all was a blank. On Sunday mornings Butler used to walk up and down in the great school and call upon us to read. I only remember one thing he once said, but it did me good, that when we were laughed at for religion angels were rejoicing over us. As to school work, after the first half I had no difficulty, and only too little. I liked the classics, especially the poets, and I liked composition. We had to write Latin and English essays, and Latin and Greek verse. I found a quantity of Latin Alcaics and Greek Iambics some time ago and burnt them with a shame at my idleness. Harrow was a pleasant place, and my life there a pleasant time, but I look back on it with sadness. God was miraculously good to me; for He knew my darkness. I was fond of cricket and played in the eleven two or three years; and two years at Lords' against Eton and Winchester, in which we were beaten. In truth our numbers at Harrow had fallen to about 200, when Eton still retained about 600. I passed through the upper fourth and fifth form. Left in the upper sixth, that is, about fourteenth or fifteenth in the school.—Cardinal Manning's Journal, 1878-82.

In another "Note" on Harrow, Cardinal Manning wrote as follows:—

Cricket and walking was my only recreation. All the rest of my time was spent in reading something, and in writing to my brother-in-law, John Anderdon, who was fourteen or fifteen years older; but I was always old of my age, and we became companions, and in the end in a way equals. He was the only person who ever took pains with me. He taught me English, as his letters and mine will show. He taught me more than this, for his man's mind drew me out of boyhood into manhood. My letters to him from Harrow are chiefly lessons in English for correction.

There are many references to Lord Byron and his works.

All Harrow boys were Byronican by tradition. Byron died at Missolonghi on 19th April 1824. The head-master preached in the parish church on the abuse of natural gifts as soon as the news came. I gave up Byron at Oxford. I was convinced of the immorality and the *dæmon Tristitiæ* that dwelt in him. At that date Byron was in the ascendant, as George Sand is now. And his recent death filled many minds. Edward Twisleton gave me a bound set of Wordsworth to cure me. I was cured of Byron; but to this day I have never been able to read Wordsworth as his admirers do.

On leaving Harrow at Christmas 1826, Manning, who had spent most of his time in indolent or desultory reading, for he took no part in the sports or games of the boys, except indeed in cricket, in which he took high rank—no mean distinction at Harrow,—was but ill prepared to go up to Oxford. His father and his eldest brother Frederick were greatly disappointed; for Henry Manning had from the first been destined for the Church, and in consequence for a university education, which none of his elder brothers enjoyed.[1] There was for a time some idea, since his studies at Harrow had been so unprofitable, of putting Henry Manning into his father's house of business as preparation for a commercial career. This determination was a great disappointment to the idle but clever boy. Besides his unprofitable studies at Harrow, there was another difficulty about a university education. His father had no idea of the expense of living at Oxford. He had allowed his son £260 a year at Harrow, and had no intention of allowing him more at Oxford—no idea even that more was necessary. Manning had long foreseen this difficulty, but, instead of enlightening his father betimes on the subject, had kept his own counsel. On leaving Harrow, when the question of his going up to Oxford was under discussion, this further difficulty as to expense had to be faced. In this emergency he had recourse to his brother-in-law, John Lavercourt

[1] His elder brother, Charles Manning, went, however, to Harrow, but left two years before his brother came; he resided at the same tutor's house, Rev. B. Evans, in Hog Lane, where Henry Manning passed four happy years.

Anderdon, who had married Henry Manning's eldest sister, Maria, and was his staunch friend, protector, and guide. To his assistance Manning appeals in the following letter:—

HARROW, *Tuesday night.*

MY DEAR JOHN—This day has a fear, which I have long entertained in silence, been verified. Until this morning, my father had no conception that my financial matters would be on a different scale at Oxford. He supposed that I should be on the same plan as at Harrow. My mother first informed him, *in part*, and recommended him to write to Charles Bosanquet, who had two or three sons at Balliol. I do not think he would afford as good information as Simon Taylor, because the one can have no idea of the expenditure of his sons. If it were greater than his yearly allowance, he would, I should strongly suppose, be the least likely to know it. I spoke to Paulson (a Balliol man) to day. He, as you are aware, was at no public school, and consequently went as an individual unknown, and (no conceit) unsought. He confessed that he had a good deal of *mauvaise honte* and on that account kept up no acquaintance. He said that living as close as he could, having no pursuit, no hobby, no *book collecting*, he lived upon about £260 a year. Now for my case—let the word be said that it is necessary for me to give up my Harrow and all other connections, my books, etc., and *it shall be done*, even to the utmost letter. (I am not *undecided* or *irresolute*.) You may imagine that I should *prefer* continuing as I have lived already. I am not willingly expensive; and have every wish, as I little need tell you, of living as quietly and cheaply as lies in my power. Paulson added that he thought I might live very well on £350. At all events let me try; every superabundant *sous* shall be conscientiously refunded. I should suppose that there are few who have made more connections at Harrow and elsewhere than I have, but as I told you when I saw you last, I care not for above five and twenty people alive. Do not think from what I say, that I wish to keep up all my acquaintances (it is a mean term, but I know of none to express myself better) or to live "gaily"; but I can not live in the same manner as I did at Harrow, on £260 (which I trust was not too expensive) (pardon parentheses, I am almost as bad as Clarendon), the stipend Paulson received. Once for all, to sum up, as δουκ: says, the whole,—if it be necessary, I will give up everything except the shirt on my back, and the bread in my mouth. You would do me *a kindness* to mention this subject to my father, he will require the most succinct explanation of every point, since he has no idea, not the

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most remote conception of Oxford affairs. You may state the sentiments contained in this, although, perhaps, it were well should you not show the positive autograph.—Adieu.

H. E. M.

John Anderdon's personal influence, backed up by his explanation of the wide difference between the cost of a boy's education at Harrow and the expenses of an Oxford man, prevailed with Manning's father. The Harrow yearly allowance was largely increased. But no sooner had this difficulty been surmounted than another of a like pecuniary character arose. Manning knew how ill prepared he was to go up to Oxford; and that, in order to avoid being "plucked," it was absolutely necessary for him to be "coached" by a private tutor. Summoning up courage, the truant Harrow boy appealed to his father on the subject, but, as appears from the following letter to John Anderdon, did not make it clear what kind of "coaching" he needed.

HARROW, *7th November.*

MY DEAR JOHN — I yesterday received a letter from my father, enclosing three notes from Lord Colchester, in one of which his lordship gives the postscript of a letter from a Mr. Wright, in Northamptonshire, saying, he fears he shall have no vacancy for Christmas, evidently implying that he takes several pupils, and indeed he afterwards mentions the circumstance. *From this, I fear that either* my father did not quite comprehend the force of my wishing to be by myself from my letter to him, or that Lord Colchester does not quite perceive my father's intentions. I have been considerably alarmed by this disclosure, and wrote immediately to my father to explain the circumstance, referring him *to you*, that you might more fully make known *my reasons to him.* I should consider the six months lost, were they to be spent with a houseful of pupils, with any tutor. Harrow would be far preferable. Explain it.—I remain, your affectionate brother,

Write soon. H. E. MANNING.

John Anderdon was again a successful negotiator with Manning's father, and ended by convincing him that nothing short of the undivided attention of a private tutor for nine months would enable his son to acquit himself creditably at the University.

Fortunately for himself and for Oxford and for the Catholic Church in England, Manning's father was prevailed upon to give the bright, indolent, but clever boy another chance. Instead, however, of going up at once to Oxford, Manning, as soon as the Christmas holidays were over, was sent to be "coached," like many another idle boy before and since, to a private tutor, Canon Fisher, at Poulshot, Devizes.[1] He was a good scholar and painstaking tutor; for just before Manning's arrival at Poulshot he had trained another idle Harrow boy, Lord Ashley, so successfully as to enable him to obtain his first class.[2]

POULSHOT, 14*th July* 1827.

DEAR JOHNNY—You are an old muddleheaded philosopher, and seem to look upon me and mine as a satiated elephant would upon a bottle of soda water. When I received your polite overthrow, "I cried havock, and let slip all the doggrels," (Q. diminutive?) that my kennel could afford me. I send the composition to you that you may cast your eye over it, but this is not the principal reason. I send it to you that you may enclose it to F. L. Popham, Esq., Rev. H. Drury's, Harrow, by second post, for whom it was intended and written. I do not wish you to suppose that I

[1] In the first of his letters from Poulshot to John Anderdon, Manning says:—"It rained heavily during the fifty-six miles of my journey down here. I was on the outside of course, and eminently miserable and cold." In a letter dated 8th June 1827, he speaks of "the three Wordsworths' unparalleled success, both at Oxford and Cambridge. The two at Cambridge have got five out of the seven prizes, and the Harrow Wordsworth has got the Latin Verse at Oxford." In another letter he thanks John Anderdon for his kindness to the "Devils," a nickname for his Harrow school friends the Deffells.

[2] In an autobiographical Note dated 1882, Cardinal Manning wrote of Canon Fisher and Poulshot as follows:—Canon Fisher had been a Student of Christ Church, Oxford, and a second-class man. But he was a thorough scholar. Lord Ashley (Shaftesbury) came to him from Harrow, he told me, hardly able to construe the *Anabasis*. But he trained him into his first class, as he did me also; for to him I ascribe all the accurate scholarship I ever got. He showed me how to read, and what books to use, and how to make up for the inaccurate studies of Harrow. I was at Poulshot nine months reading Latin and Greek and learning French and Italian, reading and writing poetry. I can say I never lost a moment—up early and very late to bed. It was the turn of my life, and the beginning of my second or self-education. We kept up our affectionate friendship till his death a few years ago. Many letters and much doggerel of that period are in the packet marked 1827.

state my own sentiments in this new production: should you find anything misanthropic be assured it was composed by my intimate friend Timon, he of Athens; anything wrong, by Melchisedeck, King of Salem; anything stupid, by John L. Anderdon, Esq.; and anything amusing, clever, literary, and talented, by Henry Edward Manning, Esq., a hopeful aspirant to the Roxburgh and a first class; an Oxford prize poem, and a niche in the temple of the muses, situated between Lord Byron and my friend, the aforesaid philosopher. I shall not be able to handle your proposition before next week. It is one I am particularly fond of discussing, and which interests me very much. What news from Hering? On reading your letter again I find a few words that please me, in which you say that my "letters, verses, and lucubrations interest you very much." Nothing can compliment me more,

> Si te forte meæ gravis urit sarcina chartæ
> Abjicito.

I had a copy of Lucian's epigrams in my hand about an hour ago. I translated one or two. I send you one; which I think pretty literally rendered. I won't send you Greek.

> Rough Richard to the barber came,
> To cut his hair, and thin it.
> But Dick from head to foot's the same;
> Pray where should Suds begin it?

Another, and no more.

> Black Mungo fanned spare Rosalind,
> As slumbered she one day;
> So thin the dame, so rough the wind,
> He blew her clean away!

What did you think of my "Vision"? did you ever see the like?

I picked up a book to-day in Devizes for a few shillings. *Chalmers's Estimate of the Strength of Great Britain*, I daresay you know it well. Have you seen Moore's *Epicurean?* (Which, by the by, the little blackguard—I am glad Charles will not see this—disowned, as I told you at Brighton.) I heard it very highly spoken of to-day by one who should be a judge.

I find I must send two covers or I shall not be able to convey all my *gravis sarcina chartæ* aforementioned. Please to make them into a parcel yourself. *Odi profanum vulgus.* There will be two sheets and a note.

By the way you will break your neck over some old acquaintances, in my stanzas; but you must excuse it.

Nearly twelve o'clock Saturday night. I take up my pen merely to finish this note. A few minutes more, ay, a very

few will elapse before I am ushered into my twentieth year. I fancy myself prematurely old in feeling.—Good night, and believe me, my dear John, ever your affectionate brother,

HENRY E. MANNING.

That Christmastide was in every way a sad one for Manning, for on arriving home from Harrow he found his favourite sister, Harriet, on the point of death. Half a century after her death Cardinal Manning spoke of her as follows:—

My youngest sister, who was my companion, hardly a year older, was so decidedly religious that I used to call her a Methodist. She died about the age of twenty, about 1827.[1] After her death I found prayers she had written for herself. She was innocent, gentle, harmless, of singular modesty and self-control; her death was a great loss to me, and left me alone; the others being so much older as to be no companions to me. I was then about nineteen, and leaving Harrow.[2]

Manning's own account of this critical turning-point in his life shows what a deep impression this threatened disaster—for to forfeit of his own fault a university career, was to one of his temperament almost akin to a disgrace—produced upon his mind and character. For the first time he began to study seriously. His great natural abilities and aptitude at acquiring knowledge were quickened into life by the sense of shame at his indolence, as well as by the fear of losing his chance in life.

Writing in 1882 of this episode in the life of the Harrow boy, Cardinal Manning paid a just tribute to the

[1] Harriet died in 1826, aged twenty.

[2] Manning left Harrow at Christmas 1826. The following account of his own pursuits is put on record:—

"I had no daily companion and few friends near me, yet through all this my head was not empty. The library at Combe Bank was a beautiful lonely room full of books, and I spent hours and days there by myself; taking down book after book, and reading much of many, and a little of most of them. Those that fastened on me most were *Naval Architecture*, *The Naval Annals*, Strutt's *Manners and Customs*, Spenser's *Fairie Queene*, Walter Scott, *Ivanhoe* above all; Tasso, of which I never read much; Johnson's *Dictionary* in two vols., full of quotations, now in our library at Bayswater; and the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which I hunted up and down. It was all idle enough, but not useless."—Cardinal Manning's Journal, 1878-82.

successful exertions of Canon Fisher in preparing him for Oxford :—

At Poulshot I really began to read. And I began to know both Latin and Greek more critically. I gained the method of study and of self-education which, dunce as I am, I have never left off. Down to this day I keep my grammars and books around me, and constantly go over them. Wm. Fisher was a pleasant, manly, and good companion for me. I owe him much. And as late as eight or nine years ago, just before he died, we interchanged most affectionate letters full of old Poulshot days. I ascribe to him all that I did at Oxford. When I went up to Balliol I began at once to read for a first class This, too, I owe to him. And though I read idly, and played cricket, and rowed, rode, and learned Italian, I still kept at work.—Autobiographical Notes.

Since Charles Wordsworth's lamented death, and that of Bishop Oxenden, there is now only one of Manning's Harrow school-fellows surviving—the Hon. and Rev. Canon Phipps. Owing to a break-up at the house of one of the masters where he and his friend George Irby, afterwards Lord Boston, resided, they went to the house of the Rev. B. Evans, and shared with Manning the rooms in Hog Lane. Canon Phipps, though eighty-eight, still vigorous in mind and body, remembers Manning well; but did not remember him, as he did George Irby, as "a hearty good fellow."

In *The History of My Life*, Bishop Oxenden said of Manning, "He did not then appear to be a boy of unusual promise, but he was steady and well conducted. Many is the game of cricket we have played together; but now there is a divergence between us which is never likely to be rectified in this world."

In this testimony all his contemporaries at Oxford, as well as at Harrow, are of one mind. He led a blameless life; not that he was not by nature open to temptations, but because his conduct was governed by religious principles, early instilled into his heart by his mother, and fostered by a well-regulated home life. Another of his Harrow school-fellows, Sidney Herbert, who lived and died in closest intimacy with him, bore like testimony to Manning's early

religious-mindedness. Mrs. Harrison, the widow of Archdeacon Harrison, Manning's closest friend, in a letter addressed to me shortly after her husband's death, said:—"At Harrow the Cardinal and my brother [1] (afterwards Incumbent of Margaret Street Chapel) walked together as friends; and in after years at Christ Church—my husband—those three were as brothers." [2]

Bishop Oxenden, in the *History of My Life*, judiciously fills in the shades which were wanting in the picture left of Manning by others of his Harrow contemporaries. That he was averse to real and serious study, his friend Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews, has granted; but it was left to Bishop Oxenden, clearer of eye, or perhaps less partial, to put on record the early blossoming of one of Manning's chief characteristics, which grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. Bishop Oxenden wrote as follows:—

There was, even in those early days, a little self-assertion in his character. On one occasion he was invited to dinner at Mr. Cuningham's, the vicar of the parish. On his return at night one of his friends questioned him as to whom he had met, whether he had enjoyed his evening, and especially as to what

[1] The Rev. Charles Thornton, one of the predecessors of Frederick Oakeley at Margaret Street Chapel.

[2] Of the state of his mind and heart in regard to religion at Harrow Cardinal Manning has left the following record:—"It was not a good time with me. I do not think I ever ceased to pray all through my time at Harrow. I said my prayers, such as I had learned, I suppose, from my mother. I had always a fear of judgment and of the pool burning with fire. The verse in Apocalypse xxi. 8, was fixed in my whole mind from the time I was eight or nine years old, '*confixit carnem meam timore*,' and kept me as boy and youth and man in the midst of all evil, and in all occasions remote and proximate; and in great temptations; and in a perilous and unchecked liberty. God held me by my will against my will. If I had fallen I might have run the whole career of evil. In the midst of everything I had a veneration for religion. The thought of it was sweet to me, and I lived in the hope and temptation of being religious one day before I died. I never went to church unwillingly; and I always liked hearing sermons, which was my state when I went to Oxford. My first school was a dangerous time. My second was not so. Harrow was my greatest danger. Poulshot less so. Oxford was not dangerous to me. I had gained self-control. I had a high and hard work for which I lived; I never once, so far as I remember, went into dangers."—Autobiographical Notes, 1882.

part he had taken in the general conversation. To these inquiries he answered that he had spent the evening pleasantly enough, but that he had said but little, and indeed had been almost silent, for there were two or three superior persons present; and, he added, "You know that my motto is, *Aut Cæsar aut nullus*, I therefore held my tongue and listened."

Bishop Oxenden adds:—

This was characteristic of the after man. I was with him also at Oxford; and I hope I may still reckon him as a friend, though on one subject, and that a momentous one, we are, alas, and ever must be, far apart. We have met but once since his secession to Rome; but that was enough to show that our affection for each other had not died out.[1]

Though I do not for a moment deny Manning's self-assertion, yet there is another explanation of his silence on that occasion. He was—although I believe it has not been pointed out, or perhaps discovered, by his critics—very shy by nature, and unwilling to commit himself before strangers. It was only by long habit and strength of will, that he succeeded in overcoming or concealing his natural shyness and timidity.

[1] *The History of my Life: An Autobiography.* By the Right Rev. Ashton Oxenden, D.D. London, Longmans, 1891.

CHAPTER III

OXFORD—AN UNDERGRADUATE AT THE UNION, 1829

"The child is father of the man."—WORDSWORTH.

ON the 12th of March in the year 1829, an Undergraduate, young in years, if not in audacity, rose to speak for the first time at the Union in Oxford; rose to speak in opposition to a Tory of Tories in the hot-bed of Toryism; rose to negative a resolution, moved by Sir John Hanmer, an owner of broad acres and many flocks in Wales, to the effect that the importation of foreign wool would lead to the ruin of England; and, what perhaps touched him more nearly, rose to try the metal and temper of the sword with which he already aspired to carve his way to fame and fortune.

The aspiring undergraduate, who did not as yet, in joke or earnest, call himself a Radical, Mosaic [1] or otherwise, saw in the bearding of the Tory lion in his den a quick and ready way of winning distinction; and with the instinctive tact which never deserted him, seized and made the most of his opportunity. Though somewhat boyish in appearance, he was strikingly handsome, graceful in bearing, and gifted with a clear musical voice. He rose, as the veteran orator without a blush once confessed, in fear and trembling to speak his first speech. The sound of his own voice sent a chill to his heart: he stopped short—was on the brink of breaking down—but for a moment only. The next moment, he stood like David with sling and stone, fearless and

[1] In describing his latest development in politics, Cardinal Manning on one occasion in 1889 said:—"I am a Mosaic Radical. My watchword is, For God and the people."

unabashed before the Goliath of triumphant Toryism. His heart rose high; his eyes shone with unwonted lustre; his tongue was unloosed; and carried away by the oratorical spirit which possessed him, he spoke out his whole heart. His hearers, amazed at his audacity, were at first silent; but stirred to enthusiasm at the musical flow of words, most of them were in ecstasies of delight before he had finished. The speech was a brilliant success. Next day the name of Henry Edward Manning was known throughout the University.[1]

After this first event in a life destined to be so eventful and so full of surprises, it was noted by his contemporaries that Manning ever wore a look of self-consciousness; he seemed to fancy as he walked through the halls and corridors, or sat in the common room, that every eye regarded him either with admiration or in envy; oblivious that there were great men at Oxford, or at the Union even, before Agamemnon. It was said in jest in those days, that Manning was self-conscious even in his night-cap. "The boy is father of the man." Self-consciousness like a garment clung to him unto the last; it may have been woven on the day of his first triumph at the Union; but I shrewdly suspect it might have been discovered in the web and woof of his swaddling-clothes.

To win distinction as a successful speaker at the Union is a prize rarely coveted by the ambitious and more capable among the undergraduates. Yet, if it be a short cut to fame in the University, the ordeal to the undergraduate, rising for the first time to speak at the Union, is second only in intensity to that of making a maiden speech in the House of Commons.

[1] Speaking of his first speech at the Union in an autobiographical Note, Cardinal Manning wrote as follows:—"I was half-dead with fright, and when I got up saw nothing but the President's head out of a white mist. But I rattled on and got a majority. I thought I had failed; and never knew till next day what others thought. After this I spoke from time to time, and became interested in politics, and made acquaintance with men going on into public life, and my whole mind was drawn that way. I began reading Burke and political economy. I had read Ricardo before I talked about wool. I had always disliked the thought of being a clergyman, and this, political aspiration finished.

What the Vatican Council was to Cardinal Manning in the high tide of his life, the Union was to his youthful ambition when the tide which led him to fame was at its first flood. It was a fitting field for the display of his oratorical powers. It brought him into contact or conflict, if not, as at the Vatican Council, with the Fathers of the Church, known in every land, yet with men destined to become illustrious in the future, in church or state. What wonder, then, that Manning became a constant speaker at the Union? He spoke well, therefore he loved speaking, as he did to the last, whether on platform or pulpit. Again we see how "The boy is father of the man." The Union nursed his oratorical spirit; fed the fires of his ambition; and inspired in his heart a wistful craving for parliamentary life.

What Parliament is to England, the Union is to Oxford. It is the cradle of eloquence, or rather, since eloquence implies sense, and nonsense is often talked at the Union, of that gift which enables a man to think on his feet. Call it self-assurance, or vanity in action, or by any other name, it is a useful quality, not too common among Englishmen; and because not common rated, perhaps, beyond its proper intellectual value. The Union, if not the nurse of men of lofty aims and aspirations,—the theologian, the man of science, the philosopher, the poet,—is the centre and rallying-place for those that feel called upon to lift up their voices; or who have a message to deliver to the world; or who feel or fancy that they are the born rulers of men —the statesmen, the teachers and preachers of the future; or again, perhaps, of men to whom immediate recognition and public applause, denied of necessity in the schools, is as the breath of their nostrils.

The Union Debating Society owed its origin to S. Wilberforce and Patten, afterwards Lord Winmarleigh. It was frowned upon by the Dons, as Manning once said with a smile of pity, as "likely to lead young men to form premature ideas." The Union at first had no habitation of its own. "We used to meet in one another's rooms, which were small, for we were much pressed for space." On one

occasion, Cardinal Manning told me, the Proctor's bull-dog put in an appearance when S. Wilberforce was speaking, and Patten occupied the chair. "Gentlemen," said he, "the Proctor desires that you should disperse and retire each to your own college."

Patten rose up from the chair and spoke with great calmness and dignity. He said: "Sir, the house has received the Proctor's message and will send an answer to the summons by an officer of its own."

This quiet and dignified attitude of the Union had its desired effect. Its members were never hereafter troubled with the Proctor's polite or impolite attentions. Cardinal Manning said this incident occurred just before he went up to Oxford; and later in life he spoke to Lord Winmarleigh who confirmed the anecdote.

When Manning first joined the Union, men still met for the debates in each other's room; but soon afterwards it found a more convenient habitation of its own. "It was at the Union" said the Cardinal "I learnt to think on my feet."

During the earlier period of his residence, Mr. Gladstone does not appear to have been a frequenter of the Union, for he only heard Manning speak once. In a conversation with him on the subject he said to the present writer, "Upon one memorable occasion I remember how Manning distinguished himself at the Union as the champion of Oxford. I will relate the history of that famous speech," continued Mr. Gladstone. "There was an invasion of barbarians among civilised men, or of civilised men among barbarians. Cambridge men used to look down upon us at Oxford as prim and behind the times. A deputation from the Society of the Apostles at Cambridge, consisting of Monckton Milnes and Henry Hallam and Sunderland, came to set up amongst us the cult of Shelley; or, at any rate, to introduce the school of Shelley as against the Byronic school at Oxford,—Shelley, that is, not in his negative but in his spiritual side."

"I knew Hallam," remarked Mr. Gladstone, "at Eton, and I believe I was the intermediary in bringing about the

discussion. We vied with each other in entertaining our Cambridge assailants. I believe, I know, in that, at least, I took a foremost part; but I did not take part in the discussion at the Union. Manning was the champion of Byron, and he acquitted himself with singular ability in the defence of a lost cause. . . ." In reference to Manning's claim, that he took up from the beginning the spiritual side, Mr. Gladstone remarked, "That to champion Byron was not to take up the higher or spiritual side; had he taken up, if not Shelley, Wordsworth or Scott, I should have thought it more in character." On a remark that, since that day, the Byronic school had almost disappeared, Mr. Gladstone replied, "Oh yes, of course, Wordsworth and Shelley are the greater poets." In referring again to the Cambridge deputation from "The Society of the Apostles," Mr. Gladstone said "Sunderland was a most remarkable man; but had disappeared long since from public life, that is to say, from visible life. I don't know what became of him." Cardinal Manning well remembered the incident Mr. Gladstone spoke of on the memorable occasion of the barbarian irruption. "Yes," said the Cardinal, "Mr. Gladstone was the author of all the mischief in bringing the barbarians from Cambridge down upon us. . . ."

Manning, about twenty-five years ago, gave himself an account of this event in answer to a letter which appeared in the papers by Lord Houghton—the Monckton Milnes of the discussion—on the debate on Shelley's merits at Oxford, in which he ascribed the rash challenge to Manning.

In his reply Manning said:—

> Nevertheless, I do not believe that I was guilty of the rashness of throwing the javelin over the Cam. It was, I think, a passage of arms got up by the Eton men of the two Unions. My share, if any, was only as a member of the august committee of the green baize table. I can, however, remember the irruption of the three Cambridge orators. We Oxford men were precise, orderly, and morbidly afraid of excess in word or manner. The Cambridge oratory came in like a flood into a mill-pond. Both Monckton Milnes and Henry Hallam took us aback by the boldness and freedom of their manner. But I remember the effect of Sunderland's declamation and action to

this day.[1] It had never been seen or heard before among us; we cowered like birds, and ran like sheep. I was reminding the other day, the Secretary of the India Board (Herman Merivale) of the damage he did me. He was my private tutor, and was terrifically sitting right opposite to me. I had just rounded a period when I saw him make, as I believed in my agony, a sign of contempt, which all but brought me down. I acknowledge that we were utterly routed. Lord Houghton's beautiful reviving of those old days has in it something fragrant and sweet, and brings back old faces and old friendships, very dear as life is drawing to its close

H. E. MANNING.

3rd November 1866.

Manning, it must be confessed, joined the Union at a lucky moment. S. Wilberforce had just quitted Oxford; and Mr. Gladstone had not as yet arrived. S. Wilberforce had reigned without a rival at the Union. His musical voice and persuasive speech, and sympathetic tone and touch of mind, not only carried away his hearers, but excited in the undergraduates a love and admiration of eloquence. Manning was equal to the occasion; he combined ambition and boldness with considerable tact and a conciliatory manner. He from the beginning was not one to hide his light under a bushel. S. Wilberforce's place at the Union was vacant. Without a moment's hesitation Manning stepped into it. How well he acquitted himself let his contemporaries at the Union bear witness.

Thomas Mozley in his *Reminiscences of Oriel*, speaking of Manning, says:—

I had known him as a friend of the Wilberforces from his first coming to Oxford, and had frequently heard him at the

[1] Arthur Hallam, whose name has been immortalised by Tennyson in his *In Memoriam*, died at Vienna, at twenty-one years of age. Sunderland's fate is related in somewhat stilted fashion by Sir Francis Doyle in his *Reminiscences*:—"Sunderland's fate, alas, was more appalling than that of Arthur Hallam. Just as he was issuing forth into life—all the stormy hopes, all the struggling energies, all the tumultuous inspirations of his impassioned soul were suddenly arrested by the grasp of some mysterious brain disease. For forty years he remained dumb, torpid, and motionless, recalling to our minds that mighty image suggesting itself to the poet among the glaciers at Switzerland,

'A cataract,
Frozen in an instant.'"

Union. When S. Wilberforce left Oxford, Manning seemed to drop quietly into his place at the Union. He spoke at every meeting, on all subjects, at length, with unfailing fluency and propriety of expression.

On another occasion he writes:—

There are occasions that seem to defy eloquence; but Manning was more than equal to them. Some one came to me one evening and observed that Manning had just made a very good speech, an hour long. On what subject? I asked.

The question was the reduction of the number of American newspapers taken in at the Union, not a half of which was ever read. Manning arose and began by deprecating any retrograde step on the progress of political knowledge and international sympathy. "Did we know," he said, "too much about the United States? Did we care too much for them? It was the order of Providence that we should all be as one. If we could not be under the same Government, yet we had a common blood, common faith, and common institutions. America was running a race with us in literature, in science, and in art, and if we ceased to learn from her what she could teach us, we should find ourselves some day much behindhand." His hearers were bewitched.

Any of us, I may remark, who have heard and been bewitched by Cardinal Manning's platform speeches in favour of the progress of political knowledge; or of closer international intercourse; or of sympathy with the toiling masses, will easily recognise in the speaker at the Oxford Union the future philanthropist who claimed to have been a freetrader at the Union before Cobden.[1] Surely the boy was father to the man.

Thomas Mozley makes some general observations in explanation of the enthusiasm which Manning's speeches excited in the Union that are worth repeating:—

It is a thing elders don't sufficiently bear in mind, that there is nothing young people like better than talk. There is no music sweeter to them than a musical voice that never flags.

[1] Cardinal Manning said to me a few years ago, "I was a freetrader, at least in wool, before Richard Cobden."

They can bear any amount of it, so as it does not offend the taste. Indifferent speakers and disappointed speakers may sneer at it, but they have to admit that all the world except themselves run after it, and cleave to it.

In his discursive and gossiping *Reminiscences*, Sir Francis Doyle, another of Manning's contemporaries at the Union, bears similar testimony to his success as a speaker, and ascribes his ascendency over his fellow-undergraduates in part to his fine presence and impressive manner. Sir Francis Doyle, writing his *Reminiscences* more than forty years after the time he used to meet him at the Union, must have drawn the description of Manning's appearance and manner, not so much from a memory of those early Oxford days, as from impressions received later in life. At any rate, Thomas Mozley describes Manning at the Union, as "a very nice-looking, rather boyish freshman." Ten or a dozen years later, indeed, Henry Wilberforce used laughingly to complain that he was often told when he rose with Manning to speak at public gatherings, to sit down and give place to his seniors, whereas, in reality, he was a year older than Manning, whose venerable appearance assured for him precedence on every occasion.

Speaking of Manning at the Union, Sir Francis Doyle says:—

> Before Mr. Gladstone paid much attention to the Debating-Society, the leader of our house was Manning (the present Archbishop and Cardinal). Besides possessing great natural talents, he was, I think, having been at first intended for a different career, rather older than his average contemporaries. He would always have been in the ascendant, but his greater maturity, as might have been expected, increased that ascendency. He possessed a fine presence, and his delivery was effective. These qualities, joined to an impressive and somewhat imposing manner, enabled him to speak as one having authority; and drew into his orbit a certain number of satellites who revolved round him, and looked up to him, with as much reverence as if he had been the actual pope, instead of only an embryo cardinal. These innocent adulations led him into his most obvious weakness—an assumption of omniscience which now and then overshot itself."

Sir Francis Doyle then relates an anecdote in illustration of Manning's inclination, even in those early days, to pose as an authority on subjects beyond his ken :—

There was a story illustrative of this floating about Oxford in my time, for the accuracy of which I will not vouch. In the debate on the first Reform Bill (at the Union) Mr. Gladstone attacked the Whigs for their administrative incapacity. At that period he was not disposed to make much allowance for Liberal weaknesses and vacillations. He therefore enumerated a lot of trumpery failures in succession, always driving the imputation home with this galling question: If they cannot say the—the whole—and nothing but the—how dare they thrust upon the people of England as if it were a chapter out of their infallible Whig Khoran, the Bill—the whole Bill—and nothing but the Bill? One of these reiterated formulas, was the barilla duty—the whole barilla duty, and nothing but the barilla duty, in the fixing of which some hitch, I suppose, had taken place. Stephen Denison, then a young undergraduate of Balliol,[1] and one of Manning's most devoted vassals, puzzled himself, and small blame to him, over this expression, new and strange to a boy. Accordingly in all humbleness he sought out his pope, and asked him for an explanation of the unknown word. "Dear me," replied Manning (this at least is the tradition), "not know what barilla means, I will explain it to you at once. You see, in commerce" (now Manning had been intended for a commercial career), "there are two methods of proceeding. At one time you load your ship with a particular commodity, such as tea, wine, or tobacco, at other times you select a variety of articles suitable for the port of destination, and in the language of trade we denominate this latter operation 'barilla.'"

Stephen Denison, thus carefully instructed, went his way, but in a week or so he found out that barilla meant burnt sea-weed, or its equivalent, and his faith in Manning's infallibility was no longer the same.

This Oxford legend may be a mere fable, but even if a fable it shows where his Oxford contemporaries thought that the weak point in the future Cardinal's armour might be looked for.

As soon as Mr. Gladstone dawned upon the Union, which was not in the earlier days of his undergraduateship, he took the first place. How far this pre-eminence was gained by eclipsing his predecessor Manning, and how far, because Manning,

[1] Archdeacon Denison, in a letter dated 1890, says—"My brother Stephen, long since dead, was an intimate friend of Manning's at Oxford."

whose degree time was approaching, withdrew from our debates, to fall upon his books, I do not precisely remember. My impression, at any rate, is that the two were not in full activity long together.[1]

The Oxford Union Debating Society, like every other stimulus and spur to youthful intellect and ambition, may have had its attendant temptations and dangers. Croakers in that day, as before and since, were apt to fear, and to prophesy evil things of every good gift given to man. The Oxford authorities looked askance at the Union as tending to the formation of premature opinions; Sir Francis Doyle said, that it encouraged, at any rate in a typical instance, an assumption of omniscience. Wilberforce, the philanthropist, and himself the mightiest of orators, cautioned his son, S. Wilberforce, in regard to the Union, in the most solemn words, against the danger of ambition. Of all the men who have passed from out the Union, S. Wilberforce was without question the vainest of his oratorical powers. In after-life, it is well known how vanity and straining after effect, whether learnt at the Union or no, marred the beauty of his natural gifts. Wilberforce's warning to his son is characteristic :—

Watch, my dear Samuel, with jealousy whether you find yourself unduly solicitous about acquitting yourself; whether you are too much chagrined when you fail, or are puffed up by your success. Undue solicitude about popular estimation is a weakness against which all real Christians must guard with the most jealous watchfulness. The more you can retain the impression of your being surrounded by a cloud of witnesses of the invisible world, to use the Scripture phrase, the more you will be armed against this besetting sin—for such it is—though styled the last infirmity of noble minds.

Perhaps the passage on undue solicitude about popular estimation in Wilberforce's letter to his son might, not without reason, have been addressed to Manning.[2]

[1] *Sir Francis Doyle's Reminiscences.*

[2] It was not only at the Union or in his letters to John Anderdon, or the line of action which he adopted on the condemnation of Tract 90, that Manning betrayed solicitude about popular estimation. Later in life, as Archbishop of Westminster, I have often heard his great friend and

On the memorable occasion of Manning's first oratorical triumph at the Union, many of his more distinguished contemporaries were present, all were within earshot, if not materially at any rate metaphorically. Among his contemporaries at Oxford were Mr. Gladstone, Canning, afterwards Governor-General of India, Bruce (Elgin), Sidney Herbert, Milnes Gaskell, Sir John Hanmer, afterwards Lord Hanmer, Tait, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, James Hope, Cardwell, H. Wilberforce, R. I. Wilberforce, John Henry Newman, Edward Twisleton, Lord Lincoln, afterwards Duke of Newcastle, Dalhousie, Governor-General of India, Charles Wordsworth, tutor to Mr. Gladstone, and Frederick Oakeley.

In recounting these names, with the exception of Frederick Oakeley's, which he had apparently forgotten, in the order given above, Cardinal Manning, with a touch of sadness in his voice, said, "They have nearly all gone before me." Of all these men who rose to distinction in Church or State or Letters three only were living on that day in 1887 when Cardinal Manning uttered his pathetic lament; and those three survivors—without question the greatest of their Oxford contemporaries—were John Henry Newman, W. E. Gladstone, and Henry Edward Manning. To-day Newman is gone, Cardinal Manning is gone—Mr. Gladstone remains the sole survivor.

How little did the small band of his since illustrious contemporaries, who criticised or applauded an unknown undergraduate's first oratorical success at the Union, or on the morrow heard of his fame, dream of his or their own future career in life! And yet men say that the future is in mercy hid from our eyes; mercifully, perhaps, from the eyes of dunces or sinners, but scarcely in mercy hid from saints and sages.

Who shall tell the confusion and surprise of the forlorn prentice lad, when on the sudden, while standing on Highgate Hill to take a last wistful gaze of the mighty city

supporter, Dr. Ward, complain that Manning's desire to stand well with popular opinion in England led him at times into adopting a weak and conciliatory policy.

he was fleeing from in despair, he heard the chimes of Bow Bells ring out, "Turn, turn, Dick Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London." But infinitely greater would the amazement, and anguish perhaps in part, have been, had the bells of the city of Spires been alike gifted with prophetic tongues, and had proclaimed to the eighteen or nineteen young men of mark, present in body or in spirit at the Oxford Union on that memorable day, that out of their scanty number—the pick of the University, I grant—one would be four times Prime Minister of England, disestablish a Church and attempt to wreck the unity of the Empire; three become Cabinet Ministers; three Governors-General of India; one Archbishop of Canterbury; six forsake the Anglican for the Catholic Church; and, wonder of wonders, two, without forfeiting the respect and reverence of their countrymen, become Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church!

Newman, perhaps, with his keen questioning intellect, his early searchings of heart, and his quick, vivid imagination, might have lent a troubled ear to the awful prophecy, and striven in passionate anguish of heart to solve a riddle as mysterious then to him as any conveyed in the Sibylline leaves to the heathen of old. But Manning, with his calm, unruffled faith in the Church of his baptism, with his sober judgment, and with his gift of prudence, worldly or otherwise, would unquestionably have repudiated with infinite scorn the false prophets prophesying things of ill; and banned the voices of the alluring bells as tongues of the Evil Spirit.

Gladstone, *more suo*, would undoubtedly have put an interpretation of his own on the ambiguous prophecy, have accepted the version which was agreeable to his ambition, drawing a subtle distinction between its different parts, if to no one else's, to his own satisfaction. As already a distinguished Oxford man, the ablest speaker of the Union, he would naturally consider that he might and ought to be in the future Prime Minister of England, not for once, twice, or thrice only, but—for his country's good—to the end of his life. As alike High Tory and High Churchman it was, however, morally impossible for him to disestablish a Church

or disrupt an Empire; hence this part of the prophecy was at fault or beyond human understanding, and could only, like the prophecies in the Apocalypse, be interpreted aright by the event.

Both before and since Dick Whittington voices, if not bells, in the air have spoken to the children of men, and shall speak unto the end of time, or until hope ceases to visit the heart, or ambition to vex the soul of man. Thrice blessed are those voices, at least for them who have the ear to discern spiritual intimations. How many a man, inspired like Dick Whittington, has not risen up out of the slough of despond and returned in triumph to the battle of life!

Be that, however, as it may, young Manning, full of hope and promise and purpose, set his foot, on the day of his maiden speech at the Union, on the first rung of the ladder which led him, step by step, each step taken with prudent circumspection, to the eminence—not of his own choosing, but allotted to him under the action of divine grace—which unto the end he so nobly occupied, not only for the benefit of those entrusted to his spiritual charge, but for the moral and material wellbeing of the toiling masses of his fellow-countrymen, in whose cause Cardinal Manning was one of the foremost workers of the day.

But the uses of the Debating Society surely outbalance the danger of its abuse. Sir Francis Doyle characteristically dilated on its social advantages. "Had it not been," he says, "for the Debating Society (at Eton), I should have known nothing of Mr. Gladstone, or of my beloved friend Arthur Hallam, Bruce, Canning, Sir John Hanmer, Gaskell." Had it not been for the Union, Mr. Gladstone would not have found, at any rate not so readily and rapidly found, a seat in Parliament. The Duke of Newcastle gave one of his pocket boroughs to Mr. Gladstone on the strength of his speech at the Union against the Reform Bill, a speech which completely electrified his hearers, among whom was Lord Lincoln, the Duke of Newcastle's eldest son.

Had it not been for the reputation which he earned as a speaker at the Union, Henry Manning, when he left Oxford, might never have returned to take Orders, and thus have

missed the chance—at one period almost a certainty—of an Anglican mitre; missed that far higher badge of distinction, a cardinal's hat, conferred upon him in reward for his services at the Vatican Council.

If, in presenting the picture of Manning as an aspiring undergraduate winning brilliant successes at the Union second only to those of Samuel Wilberforce and Mr. Gladstone, I may seem to overlook or underrate his more solid achievements in the schools, it is only because Manning's name was best known to his contemporaries at Oxford, as their published reminiscences amply bear witness, as a speaker at the Union.

Let me, however, make amends now by recording in a more methodical order Manning's career in the Schools.

CHAPTER IV

IN THE SCHOOLS

1827-1830

HENRY EDWARD MANNING went up to Oxford in 1827, the year after Samuel Wilberforce took his degree, and the year before Mr. Gladstone's name was entered on the books of Christ Church. In the month of April 1827, he went up from Poulshot, near Devizes, the rectory of William Fisher, Canon of Salisbury, to matriculate at Balliol. Posting across country to Wantage, he came into Oxford after nightfall, and went straight to Merton, to Edgar Estcourt,[1] then Fellow of Merton, as Manning himself became in 1832. After matriculation he returned to Poulshot to continue his studies under Canon Fisher.[2]

Manning went into residence in the Michaelmas term 1827. At that date John Henry Newman was Fellow

[1] Edgar Edmund Estcourt followed Newman into the Catholic Church, and became Canon of Birmingham. He died in 1884.

[2] In one of his autobiographical Notes Cardinal Manning gave the following account of his entrance into Oxford:—My first entrance into Oxford I shall never forget. I arrived after dark. The streets and Colleges by lamplight seemed to me a fairyland. I went straight to Merton, and was shown up into the common room, about eight or half-past eight o'clock, after the Fellows' dinner. Edmund Estcourt had undertaken to look after me. There I saw Edward Denison, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, Brakley (E. S. Rankine's father-in-law), Tyndall, Hammond, and others. It seemed to me awful and stately and beautiful; a sort of intellectual Elysium—as Oxford is to me in looking back to this day. After matriculation I went back to Poulshot and read hard. In the October following I went up to Balliol. Soon after I met the Rev. Henry Woodgate, whom I knew before in Kent, in Pailling the bookseller's shop. He asked me, "Do you wish for a good private tutor?" I said yes, who is he? "A good knowledge of logic."

of Oriel; a centre of attraction for men of like views. From his residence at Christ Church dates the life-long friendship between Mr. Gladstone and Newman.[1] Manning's intimacy with Mr. Gladstone was of a later date.

Cardinal Manning had to the last a vivid recollection of the Rev. Richard Jenkyns, Master of Balliol; of his great capacity of governing, and of his profound knowledge of men. It was to this gift, possessed in a singular degree, rather than to any great intellectual power, the Cardinal ascribed the rapid progress which Balliol made under his government. It ended, as Cardinal Manning once said, "in eclipsing Oriel by the number of distinguished men it turned out, too well known to need enumerating; but," the Cardinal added in a tone of regret and pain, "I am afraid it has already lost, and is still losing, ground, both in repute and numbers, owing to the development of Rationalism and Scepticism under the influence of Jowett."

In 1826, Frank Newman was Fellow of Balliol, but there is no record that Manning came into contact with him. Frederick Oakeley, who was all through his long life an intimate friend and disciple of Newman's, as well as a friend of Mr. Gladstone's, and, at any rate at a later period when both were Catholics, of Manning's, was likewise a Fellow of Balliol; and so was Herman Merivale, the elder brother of the historian. In 1828, having just passed through the schools, Herman Merivale became Manning's private tutor.

In after life, the two men remained steadfast friends. To the end of his life, Cardinal Manning retained a lively recollection of his first friend and counsellor at Balliol. "I never knew in all my life," he told me in 1886 or 1887, "a man so ready of speech or possessed of such intuitive knowledge as Herman Merivale." As an illustration of his aptness of speech, Cardinal Manning quoted from memory Herman

[1] The last overt act of this friendship, on the one part, was the following note, written in a feeble hand by Cardinal Newman on the occasion of Mr. Gladstone's visit to Birmingham, 5th November 1888:—"My dear Gladstone, I cannot let this opportunity pass by without writing to you; I am very ill: God bless you.—Yours very affectionately, JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN." And on the other part, Mr. Gladstone, who was much affected by this letter, called at the Oratory, leaving with his own hand a letter for Newman.

Merivale's description of Lord Grey. Merivale was at that time secretary to the Indian Board, and was brought into close contact with Lord Grey, who was then secretary to the Colonies. "Lord Grey's mind," he said to Manning, "is remarkable alike for its great force and its great minuteness; it might be compared to the proboscis of an elephant, able to pick up a pin and pull up a tree."

At the University Manning was not, like Newman, a leader of men, devoted heart and soul to the study of religious questions; nor an earnest student, devoted almost exclusively to his books, like Mr. Gladstone. Manning seemed to play a double part; he was to be seen everywhere; always spruce and smart, in striking contrast to Mr. Gladstone's somewhat slouching gait and careless attire. Manning took part in all the sports; was present on every festive occasion; but, though his conciliatory manners made him popular, he does not appear, owing, perhaps, to his natural reserve, to have entered into any intimate friendships at Oxford. He was, however, always busy and on the alert; devoting much time and study to the debates at the Union. When or how he managed to find time for the schools no one knew. When Mr. Gladstone, who belonged exclusively to the studious set, took a double first, no one, who knew anything about him at the University, was surprised; as almost every one was, when in the Michaelmas term 1830, Manning took his B.A. degree and a first class in classics.

The truth is Manning possessed not only considerable powers of concentration and singular readiness in acquiring and assimilating knowledge, but pursued a strict method in his studies which he first acquired during his nine months' sojourn at the Rectory, Poulshot, before going up to Oxford. Under the severe training and discipline of Canon Fisher, if not effectually cured of his idle habit of desultory and miscellaneous reading, Manning had learnt how to concentrate his mind. Undoubtedly the successes which he afterwards achieved in the schools were, as Cardinal Manning a few years ago gratefully acknowledged, due to the training he received at the hands of Canon Fisher.

Avoiding, then, discursive reading even in regard to

collateral branches of his main studies, Manning attained, somewhat at the expense perhaps of richness and variety of knowledge, the distinguished position in his college he aimed at. Of his contemporaries at Oxford few survive. In some published records, for instance, in the reminiscences of the Rev. Thomas Mozley and of the late Sir Francis Doyle, his name is mentioned, but chiefly in connection with the debates at the Union. Frederick Oakeley, well known in his day as Incumbent of Margaret Street Chapel, and afterwards as Canon of Westminster, was Fellow of Balliol, yet I never heard him make more than a passing allusion to Manning's Oxford career. Mr. Gladstone, who knew a great deal about him at a later period, when they were thrown much together in the pursuit of a common aim, tells me to-day, that not belonging to the same college, he came very little in contact with Manning, who was his senior at the University.

"Manning," he said, "kept very much to himself. I don't know any one with whom he was intimate. He was not intimate with Henry Wilberforce, nor with Robert, who was tutor at Oriel—afterwards, as his brothers-in-law, he became intimate with them—nor with James Hope, nor with Frederick Oakeley—with all of whom I was on intimate terms. He was not intimate with Newman; how could he be? Newman was Fellow of Oriel and occupied no public office in the University. I was intimate with Newman, but then we had many views in common. Manning and I, however," he added, "were on friendly terms when we met in the University, but I had formed no opinion, one way or the other, about his abilities. There may be others who knew him better than I did in his university days."

Besides his natural reserve or shyness, another cause, which in no small measure deprived him of the opportunity of forming acquaintances or of cultivating friendships, was that owing to his state of health—he suffered from asthma—Manning never dined in hall.

Mr. Herman Merivale, his private tutor at Balliol, who, of course, had the best opportunity of forming a judgment of Manning's abilities, has published no records, left no letters that I have seen or heard of about his distinguished pupil. In preparing Cardinal Manning's

biography I have read many hundreds of letters relating to his Anglican as well as his Catholic days, which he had carefully preserved; and yet I have not found a single letter of Herman Merivale's.

The contemporary at Oxford who knew him better than Mr. Gladstone did was the late Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews, a playfellow of Manning's at Combe Bank, and a school-fellow at Harrow. From him I learnt that Manning took to hard reading about the time of his father's failure, withdrawing from the debates at the Union, and from social life, in order to prepare himself for the schools.[1] During the long vacation, 1830, he stayed up to read for his final examination. In that year, Manning became a pupil of Charles Wordsworth;[2] and at his rooms met, for the first time, Mr. Gladstone, who used also to read for an hour every morning with Charles Wordsworth. In a letter, written when he was a Cardinal, to the Bishop of St. Andrews, Manning deplored the time he had wasted in Oxford, and expressed a wish that he might once more read—and to better purpose—with his old friend and master.

The following letter was the first written by Manning after going into residence in the Michaelmas term 1827, to John Anderdon. The letter was undated.

[Balliol, 1827.]

My dear John—The Preacher saith in his Proverbs, "the beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water"—likewise

[1] In a letter to John Anderdon, dated 3rd December 1829, Manning said:—"I have written a letter to my father on the subject of a private tutor; I have not the dibs without application to his generosity."

[2] In *The Annals of My Early Life* 1806-1846, the late Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews, wrote of Manning as follows:—"About the time of his entering Oxford he had, through no fault of his own, to suffer disappointments—serious disappointments of more than one kind—arising out of the change in the worldly circumstances of his father, who had been a large West Indian proprietor, but they had an ennobling effect upon his character, for whereas at Harrow he had made little or no figure, he was now driven to throw himself upon his own inward resources in a way he might not otherwise have done. He withdrew almost entirely from society, became a thoughtful, hard-reading man, and eventually took a first in classics, Michaelmas 1830.

is it with letter-writing. Five have I successively absolved, and lo, out pops a sixth. You have never answered my last, which I admit was a bolus for no ordinary digestion. As "big thinkers require big words, so do long letters require long answers," and that speedily.

I must set you a thesis, on which you need compose nothing, but send me your dicta in about a dozen pithy canons. How is simplicity and strength of style to be acquired? Our language has lost force by the importation of anglicised Greek, Latin, French, etc.

I am very well and sticking to it. I'll bother them some day, heaven willing, albeit they bother me now. And "woe be to the day of retribution." Hang me, Jack, if I do anything by halves hereafter. I will endeavour to be Cæsar, I know I can be *nullus*. But never will I be *Nullocæsar*, which is an amalgam of craving ambition and yielding softness, inadequate exertion and harassed tranquillity. Just enough of one to make one miserable, and too little of the other to succeed in any attempt. Read the 40th chap. of Ecclus. It is your favourite. Let us both have it by heart the next time we meet.

I bought your Butler the day after my arrival, but have detained it in order that I might receive advices from you, should you think of any work in addition.

I want a bottle of spirits of wine, my last being broken *en route*, also a great roll, like Cæsar's *Anticato*, which is to be discovered in Harley Street in my dormitory.

My father is about to send me a present of wine: the above may be concomitants.

I shall send you a copy of the Common Prayer, which I esteem a gem, unless I receive an interdict.—Yours.

In the summer vacation of 1828 Manning enjoyed his first experience of foreign travel. He went abroad with his father and Mr. Herman Merivale to Holland—the first of his travellings innumerable, as his twenty-second visit to Rome in 1883, more than half a century later, was his last. After journeying through Holland, up the Rhine to Geneva, his father returned home, and Manning travelled into Savoy with Herman Merivale. They were nearly lost on the lake of Geneva in crossing from St. Glugolth to Lausanne in bad weather, and contrary to the advice of the boatmen. As there were only a man and a boy in the boat, Manning, who had fortunately learned rowing at Oxford, had to lend

a hand. In one of his autobiographical Notes, in speaking of his first visit to Paris on this occasion, Manning says :—

I went home by Paris, and in Paris I went to the opera or a theatre, I do not know which; but something made me resolve never to put my foot into a theatre again. And I never have. What made me make this resolution I do not know. There was nothing bad in the play itself, so far as I can remember; but I had been reading and thinking more on matters of right and wrong. Perhaps illness had something to do in it; I had suffered much from asthma. But I thank God for the resolution, which has helped me through life.

This resolution, taken apparently without rhyme or reason, and which, in the course of half a century, developed into an unreasoning abhorrence of theatres, is characteristic of the tenacity of Manning's prejudices. As time went on, playgoing became an abomination in his eye. "Theatres," he once declared, "from the penny gaff to the Italian Opera, are unbroken links in Satan's chain." [1]

Perhaps as a result of his foreign travels, Manning on his return to Oxford set to work to study Italian. In an autobiographical Note Cardinal Manning wrote as follows :—

I went on with French and Italian at Oxford. I have now a chart of the Irregular Italian Verbs which I stuck up over my washing basin, and learned while I was getting up. I little knew what it was to end in. Before I went to Rome in 1838 and 1848, I knew Italian, and used to speak it with Cardi at Oxford —badly enough no doubt.

In his earlier letters from Balliol to John Anderdon, Manning gives no account of his studies, his companions, or of life in Oxford outside the Union. It is only in the last year, when his examination was drawing near, that they become interesting as showing an earnest purpose. In the following letter to John Anderdon, however, dated 1st September 1827, from Poulshot, where, just before entering into residence, he was studying under his private tutor,

[1] The late W. G. Ward, whom I had on one occasion accompanied to the opera, begged me not to mention it to Manning, as the Cardinal would be scandalised.

Canon Fisher, Manning expressed a hope that he might be able to take a second class :—

My dear John—I am an unprofitable hound, and deserve no better name. While you are working for *us all*, my best endeavours can but be for myself. What am I to do? I trust to be able to take a second class at Oxford, which, if well done, confers much greater honour than fifty middling *firsts*, on this account, that a man is supposed to do *that*, *in style*, for which he has been working. I am very anxious to be a good logician, and that will I be. Don't read Cant, it is unworthy of you; only a *few* humdrum rhymes; burn 'em, burn 'em. As to Myricus, I am glad you like it, truly more than I do. Pray keep it, I want not to see it again.

You have taken the very line for Cœur de Lion which I had proposed to myself. The Crusades and the Holy Land have been written on and talked about *usque ad nauseam;* anything respecting the other events of his reign would be better suited. I have an idea or two for something, but I will not give way; I will retain them for some otiose moments.

I want to see you; I shall be up at the end of this month; shall you be in London or at Combe Bank?—Good night. Believe me, yours very affectionately, H. E. M.

Poulshot, 1*st Sept.* 1827.

I should like to see Foster's Essay. Where did you get your little seal of Hercules?

In the beginning of 1829, as the following letter shows, his mind was still undisturbed by fears or anxieties about the final examination in the Schools :—

Balliol, 13*th February* 1829.

My dear John—I shall be inclined to predicate well of things on considering that you have had leisure of late, sufficient to cope with Channing's sophisms. A beautiful chapter on the Trinity is trolling with a killing bait, read and digest it, in order that I may profit by it hereafter.

Foster's essays have been a real comfort to me lately, yet do not think that I read them for the first time, . . . I am afraid (no, not *afraid*—pardon the parenthesis) I am throwing for high stakes, and giving my adversary odds; but a letter of Foster's generally inspirits me, especially as a friend of mine some time ago, when asked, held me up as a decided character. My only

corollary is, "do it!" I'll get up, or die in the breach; so there we'll leave it.

What do you think of civil and religious liberty? The old drones will come lagging out of the hive before long.

I will promise to write to you as soon as the powder ignites, until then keep drying it by an occasional line. I listen for the old postman's knock, with as much expectancy as you wait for a Leeward Island packet. . . .

Virtue is virtue, and he's a lucky fellow who had it and died o' Wednesday. Adieu.—Yours, M.

At the end of the year, at the close of a long letter, dated 3rd November 1829, Manning gives John Anderdon reassuring news, as follows:—

My dear John— . . . My class troubles me not, I look to things beyond it. I am, therefore, not getting information, but constructing my machine for future purposes. This state multiplies my chance in the Schools into itself.—Yours,

M.

The following letter is a month later:—

Balliol, *December, Kal. III.*, 1829.

My dear John—You charge me of secretiveness; you are right in so doing; were it to make confession of my errors and deficiencies, you should have them.

Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis, yet I am backward in speaking of anything that may entail a false estimate of myself, there is nothing so levelling as to find others entertain a cheaper opinion of you, than your *amour propre* has been wont to suggest. Wait our meeting. I have just cast my eye on La Rochefoucauld's maxims, among which I find one which suggests comfort after my above declaration, *Nous plaisons plus souvent dans la commerce de la vie, par nos défauts que par nos bonnes qualités.* You know Toilus but ill, if you think in the Huncka-muncka of your last letter, you disturb his philosophic indifference.

You won't know me when I come home, I am grown fat, idle, and impudent. I only hope that you may have been the same, on the true Aristotelian principle of "like loves like."—Yours ever, M.

P.S.—Love to Molly and the Piccaninny.

In answer to John Anderdon's reproaches or fears, that he was wasting his time in writing "poetry" or "jargon

letters," instead of preparing for his approaching examination by serious reading, Manning in the following letter shows how hard he was studying:—

BALLIOL, *Tuesday night*, 12 *o'clock*, 1830.

MY DEAR JOHN— . . . For the matter of the Gradus, 'twas but curiosity that made me ask for it. The Hora Ion. I thank you for. The Aldus tickles my gills excessively, and I shall not fail of duly dreaming of it. I think it beautiful; but observed what you mention at first, however, I am very fully satisfied and pleased.

You talk of severe studies: I must take honours, and they shall be in classics; when that is over I'm ready for you, from Locke to Mrs. Barbauld's *Hymns*. My *leisure* hours during my residence at Oxford shall not be thrown away, you old Zeno. Go to a nunnery, go—More to-morrow.

Wednesday morning.—I collect from your hurried, worried, and disjointed sentences that you suppose my French and Italian would prevent some of my other reading; they can only be as a recreation during those hours in which I should otherwise be at leisure, I mean either in the afternoon or evening; morning and night being *full*. In case you should think that I waste my time here, on what you compliment by calling "poetry," and in writing jargon to you, I can only say that, for five months, I have rarely had more, but very frequently less than six hours sleep at night. Until the beginning of July I never went to bed before three in the morning. I found the ill effects of this to such a degree that I was obliged to forego that which gave me the greatest of pleasures. Now I go to bed at twelve, and am called at six or half-past. How to *squander* the remaining eighteen hours, I know not. But perhaps you may inform me.[1]—Adieu.

In the following letter to his brother-in-law, John Anderdon, dated Balliol, 18th September 1830, about two months before his final examination in the Schools, Manning gives an account of his studies, and in a desponding mood attributes to his Harrow days the failure which he predicts:—

MY DEAR JOHN—I send you some notes rough and ready. I have broken ground; and manage to arrive at or near ten

[1] The above letter, like others at the time, has no signature or date. Generally Manning's letters at this period are signed with an "M" almost lost in flourishes.

hours a day. How profitable this may be I dare not predict. I find myself very much altered, and so far as Oxford is concerned not much for the better. I am sensibly less able to contend with matter of which I see not the rationale. I have been somewhat compromised between real life—laugh not—and Oxford life. In the one, I am compelled to estimate things by their intrinsic importance, in the other, to attribute an importance which belongs not to them. I thank heaven my time is nigh, and feel no hesitation in saying so, seeing that I am convinced the longer I delay my examination the further I am from the highest honours. This I am enabled to explain. I have had opportunity of late to analyse my budget, and I find the truest exemplification of the old dogma, that everything has its result, and every hour we spend has an unknown and distinct influence over our future times. On examining my own state, I find myself thus situated. In all the reading proper to that age during which a boy is at school, I am insecure, even to the foundation. Exertions must be made subsequently, and some I have endeavoured since leaving Harrow to make, but the seed-time was passed, and all the acquisition I was enabled to make fell very short of what I ought already to have mastered. These very exertions, being late in themselves, were relatively misapplied in that they should have been directed to the studies proper to the period at which I had arrived. "There is a time for all things," and in matters of study (as regards the University at least) "there is a thing for all times." Disarrange this, by attempting late in life to be a boy, and you walk on uncertain footing—*incedis per ignes suppositos cineri doloso.* In all the most of the reading proper to my university course I feel myself more confident, I have not done amiss with it, save where the attempt to make good old deficiencies has interrupted my attention. This gives me comfort as regards my own power of application and comprehension. I must fail here, although I neither despond nor despair, you know my sentiments too well to need much asseveration on this point. I almost fear I am too indifferent; yet I pledge myself to work it through. I said I must fail, and my failure will be a result of my Harrow days. Inattention then causes deficiency now, and so it is, Jack, through life.—Yours,

M.

In the following letter Manning shows that he has recovered his self-confidence, and writes in a hopeful tone and in high spirits:—

Saturday Night, 16th October 1830.

My dear John— . . . In bodily health I never was

better, and, if possible, my mental convalescence is the more worthy of marvel. I assure you I never have been so quiet, so imperturbable and happy, for years. Why, I scarcely dare commence to explain. I look forward to my examination with just so much confidence as you would desire, and misgiving as I deem inevitable. Some of my books, and they the most difficult and important, I think I shall most unimpeachably maintain. Butler, Aristotle, and Demosthenes. These are the only points to which inclination as well as prudence have powerfully led me, and I do not think I shall greatly disgrace myself when I render account of my intimacy with them. I confess I delight in them. Two of the greatest masters of ratiocination, and one the single orator of six thousand years—barring (Chrysostom and) St. Paul alone. Of my other books, my Greek poetry and history, it must be a very illiberal selection of *indocile* passages greatly to discompose me. Of my divinity I have not much fear, although it is an inexhaustible and perilous subject. So far so good, of papers, essays, and translations, I hope to keep my way; of such matters as Virgil and Livy, in which my younger days should have been well saturated, I say nothing. We must hope for the best. All the most difficult parts of my list, I expect to find my strong points. I have freely given you my thoughts in the confidence that you neither communicate nor misconstrue them. Now for the other side, contingencies such as examiners, with their respective views, theories, crotchets, picked passages, and talents, more or less, are amply sufficient to throw the odds against the best prepared of men. That am I not. I am the *nil fuit unquam tam dispar tibi.* Disproportionately strong in some parts and weak in others. Mine is a bold manœuvre, strengthening some points of my line, and confiding in the success of my tactics. You will see I am somewhat buoyant, not expectant note me, this I will explain; so much for intellectualism. . . .

In another letter about the same date, Manning wrote as follows:—

My dear John—My buoyancy is the result of a due and deliberate investigation of my own ability, and a recognition of consistency in observing a specific line of operation. I have worked very steadily, and I may almost dare to add effectively. I have at least discovered that I am not of so weak a purpose, as I myself, nor so *unmanned*, as you, thought fit to deem me some months ago. All the confidence, I ever felt in looking forward, has returned upon me tenfold, and if I be not insuperably obstructed I will approve my convictions. I do not expect so

much as to falter in the Schools; this is a moral, not an intellectual principle. I have seen many men pleading ill-health, or nervelessness, or such like pretexts. I will none of them. To say so and to do so is equally an act of volition. No false estimate shall be made of me. If I fail, I will fail in Livy, not in steadiness of principle. If my hopes are ever realised, if the aspirations I dare entertain are ever met, I shall stand in many a more perilous position; such as will require not only intellectual acquirements, but moral courage to collect and employ them. I will try and take a first in this, if not *in literis humanioribus.*

A circumstance happened this evening, scarcely worth recording although in my present state it struck me forcibly. You will remember opening the Bible on passages, as it were of an appropriate signification, to gain their state of mind. This evening it so fell out that I was the senior undergraduate in chapel, an occurrence to me for the first time, it was consequently my duty to read the lessons; the first of which was the eighth chapter of the Book of Wisdom. Turn you to it. It is the precise theory I have been long revolving. Look more especially at the verses 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, which my mind unhesitatingly incorporated with the Utopian aspirations seldom absent from my mind. That chapter contains the perfection of human character. I was so struck that, although I proceeded in the orthodox tone of voice, I had little thought of my congregation. To seek assimilation with such an exemplar is a calling transcendently glorious. I feel the inadequacy of language to figure out to you the ineffable resolves elicited by the entire chapter. But whither are we tending?

> Hope not a life from grief and troubles free,
> Nor think the doom of man reversed for thee.
> Deign on the passing world to cast your eyes,
> And pause awhile from letters *to be wise.*

This wisdom is to know such theories are theories still. Stubborn circumstance and slender abilities, vain conceits and misguided imaginations, these are the amalgam of our nature and its sphere of action. I almost fear the moral of the chapter to be—son of man, thou seest how high the heaven is above the earth, so high is His wisdom above thy wisdom, and this glory He alone can give, above that which thou canst attain to.

Time flies, I must to bed. In six or seven weeks we will discuss not correspond.—Yours truly, M.

P.S.—I wrote this late last night what time I was "filled as the moon at the full." If it be rabid or rampant, forgive me.

Full of his approaching examinations in the Schools, Manning wrote again as follows:—

BALLIOL, *24th October* 1830.

MY DEAR JOHN— . . . In the commencement of December my examination will in all probability be at an end. During the last week I shall do but little. I hope to have closed all my books in about three weeks from the present moment. No great gun, but charged as far as his present opportunities permit. I will not again express my own imperturbed state of mind. I see that nothing can be done very materially to alter my case, what can be effected will be effected—a bold guarantee. I deem my present trial more one of moral courage and presence of mind. In neither of these WILL I be wanting. I fear it not, I await it not with dread or anxiety. If my future hopes be realised, many will be the more difficult positions in which I shall be placed. I have gained of late an estimate of my own power (forgive the word) of which before I did not dream, and finally I discover the nearer my cause of perturbation approaches the more confirmed my own collectedness becomes. From the day on which I ceased to vegetate, 1827, to the present moment I never felt so really happy. The decision of others may deprive me of the object for which I have run. I impugn not its equity, and scarce entertain a regret as to its character; moreover, the only regret is that some who take an interest in my attempt may be through my instrumentality disappointed. Of this, however, nothing can deprive me, the reflection that, during nearly four years, I have maintained a steady course; there have been a few voluntary derelictions, a few involuntary deviations, some have been the result of our weak moral nature, some of our treacherous physical constitution. By the latter, are you aware I have been made somewhat eccentric? I hope, however, a short period of more active life, a change of scenes and thoughts and pursuits, may exterminate all remnants of a troublesome ailment.

Write as often as you are able, and believe me, etc., M.

The above letters, written at the close of his Oxford career, redeem Manning's voluminous correspondence with John Anderdon from the reproach of flippancy, love of ostentation and egotism. They show forth in a striking fashion the chief qualities and strength of his character—will-power, tenacity of purpose, self-confidence and self-control, readiness of resource, and a rare capacity of making the most of his talents and opportunities. In these moral

qualities, as he said of himself—"I will at all events take a first class." And so he did. It was these qualities, more than intellectual attainments, which obtained for him a first class. They did far more; they stood him in good stead in many a difficulty in the battle of life; they obtained for him many a victory. Their possession, in a word, was the secret of his success in after-life.

In the following autobiographical Note, Cardinal Manning gives an account of his relations with his brother-in-law, John Anderdon, and explains the cause of the stilted style of his letters:—

My letters are a strange mixture of wild wandering—sometimes grave, mostly jocular—in an undergraduate slang of grandiloquence, which if it had been serious would have been conceited. John Anderdon was always telling me that I was irresolute, undecided, and over-cautious. I was so, for I had not found either my end or my way in life. This did me much good. Indeed, I owe to him all the moral guidance I ever had. The life of Oxford was delightful to me. I read hard and yet idled. R. B.[1] said I was the idlest hard-reading man and the hardest-reading idle man he ever knew. It is very true. I had made up my mind at Poulshot to read for a first class in classics. I was always fond of mathematics, but had read so little that I could not read more than was required for the first examination. I much regret this now. I went on with French and Italian at Oxford. I have now a chart of irregular Italian verbs which I stuck over my washing basin, and learned whilst I was getting up. I little knew what it was to end in. Before I went to Rome in 1838 and 1848 I knew Italian and used to speak it with Cardi at Oxford, badly enough no doubt. During my years there, the only record remaining is in my letters to John Anderdon. I was learning English that made me write in a style which reads like grandiloquent self-consciousness. But the truth is that I was reading the old seventeenth-century English, and knew no other; my great delight was Barrow's Sermons which are Latinistic and formal to excess, but equally grand. Later on I read Hooker, Jeremy Taylor, and the like. They filled my head with Latin-English, and polysyllabic words. My letters are full of εἰρωνεία, saying half my meaning, and ashamed of saying too much, and yet saying

[1] Robert Bevan, brother of Miss Bevan, Manning's "spiritual mother" in those days.

too much, and thinking aloud about myself, in a way that would be intolerably egotistical if it had not been to a brother-in-law, who was like a physician to a patient. To him I thought aloud about myself, my future, and my aspirations. To anybody else it would have been egotism and vain-glory. But to him it was a kind of manifestation of conscience. — Cardinal Manning's Reminiscences.

About Manning's undergraduate pursuits, the late Master of Balliol, in the following letter, named the only person now living at all likely to be able to give information :—

Balliol College, 21*st July* 1893.

Dear Mr. Purcell—I send you what I have been able to learn about Cardinal Manning. The only person at all likely to know anything about his undergraduate days is the Rev. E. D. Wickham, an old member of the College, who has told me that he used to box with the Cardinal in the days of his youth; also Sir Thomas Acland and Lord Selbourne.[1]—I remain, dear sir, yours truly,

B. Jowett.

The Rev. E. D. Wickham speaks of Manning in his undergraduate days as follows :—

The Holmwood Vicarage,
Dorking, 29*th August* 1893.

Dear Sir—I fear I can be of no use to you, as you so naturally wish in your biographical position. Sixty-five years have passed since my first entrance into Balliol, and our excellent master credits me with rather more intimacy with Manning than I really had. His rooms were on the ground-floor on the first staircase to the right on entering, under the tower. Immediately over him was Mr. Round, the tutor. Then Toogood, an undergraduate, and in the garret above, myself as a freshman.[2] Manning was about a year older in standing than I was, but, living on the same staircase, we knew one another, and it may amuse you to know that my memories of our intercourse are chiefly "combative"! That is, we engaged a certain

[1] In a letter, dated September 1893, Lord Selbourne said—"I had left Oxford before Cardinal Manning came, and was not acquainted with him, to my regret, in after-life. My brother, William Palmer, was a contemporary and friend of his at Oxford."

[2] The party of four inhabiting rooms on the same staircase—Mr. Round, the tutor, Manning and Toogood, undergraduates, and the happy freshman in the garret—were known in Oxford as "The happy family."

notorious pugilist to teach us what was then esteemed as the "noble art of self-defence." This was a way in which undergraduates then took exercise, and it was partly necessary from the disgraceful "Town and Gown" skirmishes which were then frequent—so Manning and I often boxed together; and so I have said in joke, in after-life, that I had proved my Protestantism practically by striking Cardinal Manning, I remember his once saying to me in connection with this exercise, "It is a good thing to learn boxing, for it will make one cautious of picking a quarrel with a small cad who might be more than a match for our skill." I can only add that the future Cardinal was a very quiet and well-conducted undergraduate. He gave no token of special ability, but his conduct was irreproachable—unless you consider "boxing" a reproach.

Manning was too steady, I think, to have part in some of the proceedings recorded in my recently published *Old Memories of Balliol*.—Yours truly,

E. D. WICKHAM.

In the midst of his hopes and fears about the result of his examination, to make an "oration" at the Union was still a temptation to the aspiring undergraduate, as the following letter shows:—

Sunday, 7th November 1830.

DEAR JOHN—Do not think me selfish in begging you to write to me, if it be but ten lines, with some condensed *pabulum animi*.

I long to make an oration in our society, they have enlarged the room, and it is very respectable. Party runs very high, and I anticipate great amusement. I almost fear the approach of the vac. before I get well free.—Yours, M.

Thursday Evening, 25th November 1830.

MY DEAR JOHN—I write in great haste, only to desire you to think of me at half-past ten o'clock, by which time I shall be well buckled to. I have passed two days of my examination—*on paper*. It began earlier than I expected.

I am very well, and begin to look to the end. I have thus far verified all my promises about coolness, and at this moment, although somewhat subdued, I admit, am very philosophic and unperturbed. Write to me a letter in the morning—cheer me up.—Yours, H. E. M.

The late Master of Balliol, Professor Jowett, kindly gave me every information to be obtained at Balliol about Manning from the date of his matriculation, 2nd April

1827, to his final examination in the Schools. Professor Jowett gave me also a copy of the class list, Michaelmas Term 1830, together with a fuller list in Latin,[1] containing the names of the examiners, among whom was Robert Wilberforce, who in later years was Manning's most intimate friend.

Class List, Michaelmas Term 1830.

In Literis Humanioribus.

Anstice, J.,	Christ Church.
Hamilton, W. K.,	Christ Church.
Manning, H. E.,	Balliol.
Palmer, W.,	Magdalene.
Walker, J. E.,	Balliol.
Wilberforce, H. W.,	Oriel.

B.A. Degree, Michaelmas Term 1830.

On successfully passing his examination, and obtaining a first class in Classics,[2] Manning wrote to his father

[1] Nomina Candidatorum

Termino Michaelis A.D. Mdcccxxx. Qui honore digni sunt habiti, in unaquaque classe secundum ordinem alphabeticum disposita.

IN LITERIS HUMANIORIBUS.

Classis I.

Anstice Josephus ex Æde Christi.
Hamilton Gualterus ex Æde Christi.
Manning Henricus E. e Coll. Ball.
Palmer Gulielmus e Coll. Magd.
Walker Joannes E. e Coll. Ball.
Wilberforce Henricus G. e Coll. Oriel.

Examinatores in Literis Humanioribus.
J. Williams
J. Garbett
R. Martin
R. I. Wilberforce
C. H. Cox
G. Moberly

IN DISCIPLINIS MATHEMATICIS ET PHYSICIS.

Classis I.

Anstice Josephus ex Æde Christi.

Classis II.

Wilberforce Henricus G. e Coll. Oriel.

Examinatores in Disciplinis Mathematicis et Physicis.
G. Kay
G. Riggs
H. Reynolds

[2] In his Journal 1878-82, Cardinal Manning wrote as follows :—"In the schools Wm. Palmer and I sat side by side at the same table writing. Of the six in that first class, unless Walker be living, which I do not know, I alone survive. Anstice soon went; Hamilton, H. Wilberforce, and Palmer are gone."

the gratifying news. The letter was duly endorsed as follows :—

To-day my son Henry puts on the bachelor's gown at Oxford.

In a letter to which I have already referred, Charles Wordsworth said :—" On leaving Oxford, Manning's religious opinions were quite unformed." This statement was confirmed by Cardinal Manning, who, in one of his autobiographical Notes, referring to this period of his life, said : —" I had never given a thought to Orders or Apostolical Succession, and had but a vague conception of the Church ; but I had always believed in Baptismal Regeneration."

Unlike " the band of earnest young men " who used to meet in Newman's rooms at Oriel,[1] Manning had formed no religious opinions, one way or the other. He never took part in what Newman called the *conciliabula*, often held in the common rooms of different colleges. Ecclesiastical questions ; or rather the study and attempts at solving profound problems affecting religious faith or Church government, which were stirring the hearts and minds of Newman and Hurrell Froude and their immediate followers, the future leaders of, or fellow-workers in, the Tractarian movement, had no interest for Manning. His heart was in the Union. To talk or teach politics to admiring disciples like Stephen Denison[2] was his delight. For this purpose—out of the Schools—his reading was directed to writers on political economy like Ricardo and Adam Smith.

Though he used occasionally to attend Newman's famous sermons at St. Mary's—sermons which exercised so profound and far-reaching an influence—and though he even enjoyed the advantage—at least during his last term—of personal intercourse with Newman, it was not within the walls of Oxford that Manning fell under the influence of religion. It was not the pulpit of St. Mary's, not the voice of Newman, that first aroused the deeper sense of religious life in the heart of Manning. Misfortunes of a

[1] Newman at that time was one of the greatest Dons at Oxford, and was intimate only with those who shared his views and ecclesiastical tastes.

[2] Brother to Edward Denison, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury.

twofold kind, according to the testimony of the one of all his contemporaries who knew him best at Oxford, had prepared the way for a change of heart. It was not at Oxford under the stir and stress of intellectual discussions or controversial inquiries that what Manning himself described as his "conversion," took place, but in the quietude of a country house under the benign influence of a pious Evangelical lady. "At Belmont, East Barnet, my brother Henry," his sole surviving sister[1] once told me, "used often to spend his vacations with the Bevans, friends of ours." Robert Bevan (afterwards a great banker) was a zealous Evangelical, and one of Manning's friends at Oxford; he was likewise a friend and fellow-worker with John Anderdon, Manning's brother-in-law, in the great Evangelical cause, in which Miss Bevan, Robert's sister, was even more deeply interested.

In that day, before the Tractarian Movement had awakened the Church of England out of its long lethargy; before the ardour, faith, and inspiring genius of Newman had transformed the High and Dry Churchism of that dismal period into a life-breathing body, the Evangelical party alone preserved and kept alive—whatever else they may have neglected or rejected—active belief in the Atonement and a personal love of the Lord. Robert Bevan and his sister were of this school of pious opinion, and into their hands Manning, who, as we have seen, had no formed religious opinions of his own, surrendered himself.

The happy influence which Miss Bevan, whom he used to call his "spiritual mother," exercised over his mind in that time of sorrow, depression of heart, and disappointment was well described in a letter, which the late Lord Forester, Canon of York, wrote to the *Times*, dated 20th January 1892, a few days after Cardinal Manning's death. The following extracts show the spiritual influence exercised over Henry Manning's mind by Miss Bevan:—

. . . Henry Manning was a schoolfellow of Miss Bevan's

[1] Since these pages were in type, Mrs. Austen, who survived Cardinal Manning nearly two years, has passed away.

brother Robert, and was wont to spend the greater part of his holidays at Trent Park. She told me they were as brother and sister, "so much so, that if he were to come into this room now I should talk to him like my brother." His great desire was to enter Parliament, but his father having lost all his property, his prospects in that direction were dashed to the ground. His chief failing, in those days, was excessive ambition. He would say that what he should like, if in the House of Commons, would be to take up some great cause alone, to have the whole Senate against him, but, by dint of persevering advocacy, to conquer and carry his point. These were his dreams. After his father's losses, which changed his whole career, when he next came to Trent, she perceived how depressed he was: in their walks together she endeavoured to cheer him, telling him there were higher aims still that he had not thought of. "What are they?" She replied "The kingdom of Heaven; heavenly ambitions are not closed against you." He listened, and said, in reply, he did not know but she was right. She suggested reading the Bible together, saying that she was sure her brother Robert would join them. This they did during the whole of that Vacation, every morning after breakfast. It was her conviction that this was the beginning of Henry Manning's religious life. He always used to speak of her as his spiritual mother. When the time came for him and her brother Robert to return to Oxford, she proposed that they should continue reading the same portions together, he and her brother at Oxford, and she at Trent, and they were to correspond on the subjects. The result was that she had piles of his letters. After his change of faith, and when she was living at Broseley, he wrote to her, asking her to return him his letters, as he said they might compromise him. With regret she sent them all back to him, asking him, at the same time, to return hers to her. In reply, he said, if she would allow him to keep them he would wish to do so. I recollect when she told me she had consented, she added, "I think I was wrong; it was vanity, perhaps, that induced me, I have thought since that he might make an unfair use of them." This correspondence, if still in existence, from two such persons as Henry Manning and my friend Mrs. T. Mortimer would be most interesting. She was a remarkable woman, full of anecdote, and the most agreeable conversational companion it was ever my lot to meet. Her residence, as my neighbour, at Broseley, was a great gain to me, and she was invaluable as a help in the parish.

In those early days, when she saw a good deal of Manning, he would go with her to hear preachers whom she thought highly of. She took him to hear Dr. M'Neile in his palmy days.

He was much taken with M'Neile's eloquence, thinking it of a higher order than Canning's. He went with her to hear William Howells of Longacre Episcopal Chapel, a very popular and striking preacher of that date. Of him, he said he was unintelligible. If he did not agree with any writer he would get quite angry with any statements put forth, and think it was easy to refute them. Some points in the theology of Thomas Scott, the Commentator, quite stirred him with anger.[1]

The fact that in his numerous letters to John Anderdon the subject of religious belief was not discussed, though they were filled with talks about politics, philosophy, poetry, and "orations" at the Union, is accounted for by the evidence of Miss Bevan as given by the late Lord Forester, Canon of York. In an autobiographical Note Cardinal Manning gives the date of his conversion as 1830, and alludes with

[1] In the conclusion of his letter Lord Forester refers to his own relations with Cardinal Manning as follows:—"About three or four years before Mrs. Mortimer came to reside at Broseley I myself had some interesting correspondence with Mr. Manning at the time he was Archdeacon of Chichester. It ceased when he crossed the border. In the last letter I wrote to him about that date, I referred to the rumour, and entreated him, before he finally made up his mind, that he would have some conversation with good R. Waldo Sibthorp, who had become a Roman Catholic and returned to the Church of England. He promised me he would, but remarked that he knew exactly what were R. W. Sibthorp's views; still, if the opportunity presented itself, he would see him. Again I opened a correspondence with him after the lapse of some thirty years, the occasion of which was that a brother-in-law of mine wanted a copy of a particular number of the *Dublin Review*, which he had in vain tried to get from the publisher. It contained the story of the life of a somewhat remarkable man, who had been a friend of ours. He was English born; began life as a servant of the Pope's, became a Dissenting minister in Lincolnshire, and afterwards joined the Roman Communion again. My brother asked me to get this volume for him if I could. I accordingly wrote to the Cardinal to ask if he could help me to the volume. I said his old friend Mrs. Mortimer and I had often talked him over. In reply he said 'he knew Mrs. Mortimer well in former years; she was a very pious woman.' He sent me the volume. The last letter I received from him is the following, dated October 1889:—

'My dear Lord—Very often I have thought of you, not knowing whether you are still in this world. To us both a long life of many years has been granted. I hope we shall not break the pitcher at the fountain. We have had a multitude of mercies, and I hope they are the pledges of His love and of His keeping to the end. Many thanks for this beautiful letter, and the little pieties which show how her soul was united with God. . . . If you come to London let us meet again.—Yours faithfully in J. C.,

Henry E. Card. Manning.'"

gratitude, though without naming them, to Miss Bevan and her brother. The voluminous correspondence between two such people so eminent in their different ways in after-life as Henry Manning and Mrs. Mortimer on the subject of personal religion and on religious belief could not have failed to be of singular interest. But the whole correspondence has been destroyed.[1] The fact, however, remains that in the year when he was suffering under the misfortune of his father's loss of fortune and the shipwreck of his own ambitious prospects, he found an awakening of conscience under the personal influence of two such pious and God-fearing persons as Robert Bevan and his sister. In his subsequent letters to John Anderdon, from Oxford and from the Colonial Office, Manning did not speak a word of his "conversion" at Trent Park, nor of Miss Bevan, his "spiritual mother."

During his last year at Oxford, however, Manning, under the guidance of John Anderdon, studied the seventeenth-century divines, to whose style both John Anderdon and Manning were very partial; and, under the influence perhaps of Miss Bevan and her brother, read some of the old Puritan writers.

His contemporary letters to his brother-in-law, John Anderdon, which in their fulness and freedom give a graphic picture of Manning's mind at the time, contain no reference to the subject of religion, or to the Church of England, or to ecclesiastical questions. Metaphysics, philosophy, politics are discussed in rather a wild and random fashion. Literature and poetry are alluded to. Byron's poetry is extolled beyond measure. Of Scott, Manning only said, "I wish he had never written a line of poetry." The study of style and English composition, second only to his "Orations at the Union," seemed most to occupy his mind. His letters are often grotesque and rhapsodical.[2] The only serious

[1] On Manning's becoming a Catholic, he wrote to Miss Bevan, or Mrs. Thomas Mortimer, as she then was, begging the return of all the letters he had written to her. Of these letters to his "spiritual mother" not one has been preserved. Of hers, not one has escaped the flames to bear witness to the source and origin of Manning's early Puritanism.

[2] In reading over my letters from Harrow, Poulshot, and Oxford, that is, from the time I was sixteen or seventeen to twenty-two, to John Anderdon,

purpose they reveal is anxiety about obtaining his degree, and regret at the backward state of his earlier education.

Miss Bevan's, then, is the only contemporary evidence we are in possession of as to the state of Manning's religious opinions at Oxford—for from Bishop Charles Wordsworth we only learn that his mind was still unformed—yet we have, in one sense, the weightiest of all evidence—Cardinal Manning's own reminiscences—as to his life at Oxford. Though of the deepest interest, it is not, however, a contemporary record, but a statement written fifty-seven years after the time. In default, however, of the slightest evidence as to his religious views or opinions, in his contemporary letters to John Anderdon, we can only fall back on "Notes and Reminiscences" of his Oxford life, written by the Cardinal a few years before his death.

First, in reference to Balliol, Cardinal Manning points out that

> There were two sets in Balliol—one a rowing and one a reading set. I knew some of both, but I lived with the latter. Herman Merivale, Oakeley, Moberly now of Salisbury, were Fellows. Round, Ogilvie, and Mitchell were tutors—the first, a good and honest pleasant man; the second, good, but too formal to be genial; the third, one of the most bright, innocent, and lovable of men.
>
> I never knew how kindly he thought of me till six months ago, when he died and his words about me and Archbishop Tait were published in the *Times*.[1]

In the next Note there is a short reference to the Union:—

> I am more convinced than I ever was of the debt I owe to him in teaching me to write. He took endless pains, as his letters correcting mine will show. At first the effect of it was to make me write in a stilted, self-conscious style, which is intolerable. But really I did half know it. I thought it was better English. I do not think I had then any literary vanity; and have said somewhere in this book I had it for a time after publishing the first volume of sermons. But in the second I deliberately and consciously resolved to break with it.—Cardinal Manning's Journal, 1878-82.

[1] Mr. Mitchell spoke in high terms of Manning and Tait, both pupils of his at the University. He predicted that both of them would become archbishops. It did not, however, enter into Mr. Mitchell's prophetic head that Manning would become Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

My time at Oxford was very happy. As it went on I grew less inclined to waste my time. I had been attacked with asthma, brought on by a cold caught at cricket at Harrow. It became severe, and I got permission not to dine in hall. My dinner was what was allowed for luncheon — cold meat and bread — and on this I lived all through my time. Gradually I read harder. I belonged to the Union, and, *linguæ instigante petulantia*, I made a speech in favour of free trade in wool; in moving an amendment to a motion of Sir John Hanmer—an owner of broad acres and many flocks—on the importation of foreign wool. This launched me into a new life, and I, for a year or so, joined in this very harmless and very useful anticipation of real speech.

But I found that it took too much time from my reading, and I gave it up. Finally, I stayed up the last long vacation and went into the schools in the November following.

I left Oxford the day I was out of the schools, not knowing the result for some time. I went into Wiltshire to a friend, so dead beat that I fell asleep at dinner, went up to bed and slept till nine next morning, when he came and opened my window in the month of December. It was during that last long vacation that I became first at all intimate with Newman.[1] He was at Oriel, and had St. Mary's, where I used to go for Evensong and his sermon.

The third Note refers to the religious change which came over him at Oxford.

During my time at Oxford a religious change had come over me. First the daily chapel became very soothing, especially the Psalms and lessons. Next, for the first time, I really studied the Old and New Testament. We had to analyse and condense the historical books in writing; next, to answer catechetical questions in the chapel in writing; further, to read the Greek Testament in lecture. Meanwhile, I had begun to read Barrow's *Sermons* with great care; then Butler's *Analogy*, and his *Sermons* with still greater care. It began to take a powerful hold of me; and yet the thought of being a clergyman had so utterly passed from me, and the desire of political life so fully possessed me, that I wrote to my father and told him that it was impossible. I have his answer, which for tenderness and wisdom is beautiful. He felt it much, but would not gainsay it by a word.

[1] Manning, in one of his Journals, has put on record that at this time he was once asked by Newman to dine at his rooms in Oriel, so familiar to his intimate friends.

In a fuller Note of a later date Cardinal Manning wrote as follows:—

I used to like going to chapel. The Psalms and the lessons were always a delight to me. The verse, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, etc." always seemed a voice to me. Every day in the daily Mass it comes back to me. I stayed up at Oxford during, I think, two vacations, either summer or one Christmas.[1] By that time, I had become really in earnest in religion. I had read and re-read Butler's *Sermons* and the *Analogy*. They formed my mind and conscience. Also, as I have said, Barrow. I had read also Scott's *Force of Truth*, and other devotional books, as Archbishop Leighton's *Sermons*. We were required to analyse in writing the Old Testament history; and I read the Greek Testament carefully. By that time I may say, I began a real turning to God. I read also Irving's books on prophecy, and went to hear him preach; and a cracked-voiced Welshman in Longacre of the name of Howell, a wonderful and original thinker, who greatly arrested me. John Anderdon, being on the brink of bankruptcy, was in great sorrow, and read in the same direction; and our reading and talking powerfully determined me in turning to God. I also was intimate with a Puritan family descended from Quakers.[2] The mother, and a daughter between thirty and forty were remarkable women. They lent me, or gave me the names of Puritan books which I read, as Owen, Chandler, Howe, Flavel, and the like. These showed me a side of religion which the Anglican writers, except J. Taylor and Bishop Hall, seemed unconscious of. I have always believed that Anglicanism and Puritanism are the ruins of the outer and the inner life of the Catholic Church, from which they separated at the Reformation and then split asunder. This accounts for the dryness of Anglicanism, and the disembodied vagueness of evangelical pietism.

I was in this state when I took my degree. My letters to John Anderdon from 1829 to 1831 will say all I know about that period. I believe I may say that I had never in my life turned away from God, though I had offended much and often, and had wavered and varied from time to time, in periods or

[1] Henry Manning stayed up at Oxford during his last vacation, 1830; but the previous vacation was spent with the Bevans at Trent Park. It was to Miss Bevan, whom he called "his spiritual mother," that Manning ascribed his "conversion," which took place during that visit.

[2] The name of the Puritan family is not given. Was it the Bevans? But Miss Bevan, afterwards Mrs. Mortimer, in 1829 was between 20 and 30 years of age.

times of greater or less thoughtfulness about God. Still at this time I decidedly turned to him and read many books, and studied and analysed the Greek Testament, especially the Epistle to the Romans in its bearing upon election and free-will and the Apocalypse. But none of this drew me from the desire of public life. I had a drawing to Christian piety; but a revulsion from the Anglican Church. I thought it secular, pedantic, and unspiritual. I remember the disgust with which I saw a dignitary in Cockspur Street in his shovel and gaiters.

These interesting revelations of, or glimpses into, his inner life; this record of the deeper studies which engaged his mind, however much they may teach us to appreciate the higher motives which inspired his action, do not alter the fact that Manning's reputation at Oxford rests in the main on his achievements as a ready and agreeable speaker at the Union. At this famous Debating Society, open to men of every college, and the centre, if not of literary or theological, of public and political activity, Manning appears to have been most at home, and to have formed acquaintance or friendship with men, many of whose names were, like his own, destined to become famous in church or state or letters.

CHAPTER V

THE COLONIAL OFFICE—"LOVE IN IDLENESS"

1831

On taking his degree in the Michaelmas term, 1830, Manning left Oxford and returned to his father's home. There was an end to the day-dreams of his boyish ambition. Inspired by his successes as a fluent speaker, he had hoped to enter Parliament and make a name for himself in the House of Commons, as he had done at Oxford. He had been destined from his boyhood for the Church; he was called by his brothers even in his school days "the Parson." In this view he had been sent by his father to Oxford; but now the Church seemed to him a dull and tame profession. To confine his speech to the pulpit, perhaps of a country village, seemed to the aspiring undergraduate a waste of his gifts and opportunities. At last, on manifesting his aversion to the Church as a profession, his father, though deeply disappointed and pained, kindly acquiesced in his son's desire to be released from the bondage of a clerical career.

Henry Manning on leaving Oxford had no longer a home; no longer a profession. The comparative luxury in which he had been born and lived was his no more. By his father's bankruptcy he lost all chance of entering upon a political career. But how deeply he felt the breaking up of his old home the following Note shows:—

When the ruin was coming near they all left Combe Bank, and I spent my long vacation there all alone. The beauty and sadness of that time I shall never forget. I read all day and

slept little, and did not seem to need it, or to wish to sleep. The wonderful beauty of the place, which to my memory and to my eyes, even to this day, is the most perfect country home of gardens and terraces, and wood and water, kept me in a sort of dream. I wrote lots of poetry, all happily burnt.[1]

In 1831 Combe Bank was sold, and Mr. William Manning, resigning his directorship at the Bank of England, retired altogether from business and public life. But he retained a name untarnished, as well as many firm and influential friends. The closing scene in this drama, which not only shows the sad and premature extinction of his father's public life, but which altogether altered his own career, is graphically and sympathetically described, fifty years after the event, by the son:—

Just after I had taken my degree in the winter 1830-1831 the ruin came. I was with my father in 3 New Bank Buildings. John Anderdon, my brother-in-law, and I were in the principal room together, and I heard him say to one of the correspondents of the house who came for business that "the house had suspended payments." After that all went into bankruptcy, and I went with my father to Guildhall, before a Commissioner in Bankruptcy, and saw him surrender his last possession in the world, his gold watch, chain, and seals, which he laid down on the table. It was returned to him as the custom is. After that I took him away, leaning on my arm. I remember some time before his saying to me with much feeling, "I have belonged to men with whom bankruptcy was synonymous with death." It was so to him. Though his honour was unimpeached, and his friends generously kind, for they bought in his life interest in my dear mother's marriage settlement, and subscribed an income for him, yet he declined from that time. Combe Bank was sold. He lived for a while at 12 Gower Street; after that at a little cottage at Tillington near Petworth; but in the year 1835 he died in Gower Street. He was buried at Combe Bank, and I remember the reverence and affection of the people at his burial was very true and visible.[2]

The pressing question for Manning now was not that of making a name or fortune, but of earning a livelihood. For in his changed circumstances Mr. William Manning

[1] Some of his verses, however, have escaped the flames. Among them a long poem entitled "A Canterbury Tale" has been carefully preserved.

[2] Autobiographical Notes, 1878-82.

was no longer in a position to provide an independent income for his youngest son. Under the circumstances, the best that could be done for Henry Manning was to obtain for him an appointment in the Civil Service. Manning's friends applied to Lord Goderich (father of the present Marquis of Ripon), Colonial Secretary. The only appointment, however, which he could bestow was a supernumerary clerkship in the Colonial Office.[1] Manning had to reckon with the *res angustæ domi;* and in the view of supplementing the slender pay of his clerkship he wisely set at once to work to make use of his Oxford connections. During one of the periods when his services at the office were dispensed with, he went up to Oxford to pursue an active canvass of the resident Fellows of Merton for a vacant Fellowship. But he was confronted with the primary objection that he was not in Orders; for though, of course, unmarried laymen are eligible, clergymen are preferred.

In a letter to John Anderdon, Manning reports the unsuccessful results of his canvassing at Oxford thus:—

Do not be sanguine for Merton. The objection against my laity has been repeatedly and strongly urged. It has reached me with significant concomitants twice or thrice. This very day the Warden of Merton, on whom I called, asked whether I had decided on my profession. I said I had negatively decided against the Church.

In another passage, in answer to John Anderdon's assertion that "you are wanting in the pursuit of disinterested ambition, Manning says:

You are wrong in denying me this possession. You are right in thinking some part of my nature an impediment to my rise. It is the excess of pride. Not that which makes every offence a rankling wound, but that which precludes my presenting myself as a suitor. It revolts me to write, as I have this morning been employed in writing—*ut candidati personam suscipiam, me benevolentiæ vestræ committam.* I know it is folly, but undisguisedly confess I had rather forego a Fellowship than solicit a favour thus purely gratuitous. . . .

[1] A supernumerary clerkship in the Colonial Office conferred no right of regular employment. The supernumerary clerk only attended at the office when his services, for a longer or shorter period, were required.

I wrote to you expressing an odd state of existence. It is only from a wish to get back. I have no interest—not even that of self-improvement—to attract me here. With you I have much. I hope, though our professions diverge at right angles, we may still live in some sort together. Real presence we may be partially denied; the intercourse of subtle fluids cannot be wholly cut off. A community of thought, sentiment, feeling, conviction, and interest, must ever defy, while we like, the attempt to intercept it. For this reason I want to be at home again.

Manning, in the concluding passage of this long letter, defends himself against the charge of writing in a slovenly style. In his letter John Anderdon had said, among other criticisms, "You have no idea of your deficiency in writing English":—

I have been paying considerable attention to English composition, and think I am improving.—I am, your affectionate brother,

HENRY E. MANNING.

OXFORD, 5*th April* 1831.

Under a somewhat angry frame of mind, irritated by the final appeal of his family assembled in conclave calling upon him to go up to Oxford and qualify for Orders, Manning wrote the following letter to John Anderdon:—

13*th March* 1831.

MY DEAR JOHN—Pray send the accompanying letter to Lombard Street. Your lines were very *epidictic*. I could see the whole group, yourself and your note, and my father and his watch and the frank, and all the subordinate concomitants.

I thank you for your advocacy, not omitting to estimate "your convictions." Suppose I were to begin twaddling about convictions—not another word.

Your argument of apprenticeship is based on false analogy; and Lucian's dialogue in misapprehension.

An apprentice is articled to his trade, and from the hour he, *laying down his worldly capital*, enters upon his calling, is an incipient bootmaker. His education is in the bootmaker's shop, and his acquirements are made by actual employment on the subject matter of his future eminence. I leave you to supply the close and inevitable parallel to political initiation; with a caution that in future you avoid such suicidal analogies.

Again as to Lucian's dialogue, the young man was desirous of legislating before he had learned how; I wish to learn how before I legislate. The Athenian agora was no school for statesmen; the British house of parliament, the only one. The former was precisely like a district meeting to petition Parliament; the latter is the only *initiation to itself*. Your words ten days ago were, on my asking why, how long should a man be learning the *practices* of the house? *Twenty years!* Marvel; this is but the *practice* contradistinguished from the matter in debate. However it was through the same backward spirit—I accuse no one, except myself—it was through the same backward spirit that I had to commence my education at eighteen instead of eight years. I am now seriously called upon, consistently enough, I admit, to delay my initiation into the very elements of public life, until I be, not three and twenty, but thirty. I say, and religiously believe, that the next seven years, without a positive, definite, specific, and immediate duty, are lost, entailing not only a loss of seven years, but an incalculable diminution of my ultimate chance of success. In whatever race I run, I will never voluntarily carry weight; in whatever contest I engage, I will never bind one arm behind my back: I know, from experience, what is an uphill game; I have played one, gained one, and suffered by one. Did I think my present views entailed upon me the same degree of stress of mind and body, the same ill health, the same attendant circumstances, which you can neither know nor appreciate, while I both feel and suffer from them, I would never gravely propound to myself the attempt. I have, by an accelerated pace, recovered my lost ground; and am now advised to relax my arms, and retrograde with the current, that I may again pull up—a process having in all human probability no conclusion other than disappointment; but possibly a termination you little anticipate. My resolves were spoken long since. You know my purposes. If my family, I say not my father, from a knowledge of his character, will lend me their aid to my endeavours; in asking which, I only ask what a man unintroduced in life may fairly expect; I shall cheerfully abide by the result. I ask no sacrifice from any individual member of the stock. I only wish a cordial sanction; and a sincerely exerted influence among those they are able to incline in my behalf. But if in the place of sanction, I meet disapprobation, if when I ask for encouragement, I am hindered by opposition, I may be excused for abstaining to solicit their opinion with their assistance; and for considering such conduct a liberation from consulting further with them on matters individually my own.

Do not think any expression intended to convey asperity. I am incapable of it. I speak strongly because I feel strongly.

If I be competent to undertake public life—for the sake of reason give me such encouragement as may hearten me, while it puts others to no expense; at the least, do not deny assistance, and augment difficulties besides.

If I be incompetent, let me be told so, I will believe it. But not by such an argument as this, "You are inexperienced, while we are consistently endeavouring to prevent your acquisition of that experience," and above all by no stolidity about "too young." None are "too young" to begin but fools.—Yours, dear Jack, M.

This eager letter, written in a spirit of vexation, was but natural in a young man of twenty-four, disappointed at finding that his father, who, especially since the loss of his fortune, knew the value of money—and his brother Frederick, and even John Anderdon, his special patron and advocate,—were alike convinced that for a man without money or prospects to aspire to a parliamentary life was an idle day-dream. It was worse, for they insisted that it was waste of time, of energies, and of the chance of earning a livelihood in another calling or profession. All this, indeed, is very true—the simple dictates of common-sense; but who is there that does not sympathise with Henry Manning in that day of bitter disappointment? His success as a speaker at the Oxford Union first inspired him with a desire for Parliament. Friends like Gladstone, Sidney Herbert, and Lord Lincoln were destined, as he knew, on leaving Oxford for public life. Before his father's bankruptcy, he might, perhaps, without blame have indulged in such ambitious hopes. To forgo the life which he had pictured to himself was a hard trial to a man of his ambitious temperament; it was not in Manning's nature, however, lightly to give up plans he had once formed. Perhaps his father and eldest brother were too rigid in their ideas, that since he had enjoyed a University education for the express purpose of becoming a clergyman, he ought now, since under changed circumstances a public career was out of question, to take Orders.

It was a difficult task, even for John Anderdon, to con-

vince Manning against his will. All that he got for his pains was to be flouted at as "Old Square-toes," or "Puzzle-headed Christian."

Unfortunately for him, as a supernumerary clerk Manning had only intermittent employment in the Colonial Office. Therefore, when his services were dispensed with at the office, unless he had pleasanter engagements in town or at Harrow, Manning, in the idlest year of his life, used to spend his days at Combe Bank, which, before it was sold, was in the charge of a caretaker. He amused himself during his absence from the Colonial Office by very miscellaneous reading, as is described in the following letter to John Anderdon :—

COMBE BANK, *April* III. MDCCCXXXI.

MY DEAR JOHN—I have not heard of thee lately. Art busy, man? or dolorous, or idle, or uxorious, or contemplative, or among autographs protuberant, or with hot cross buns dyspeptic, or, what the devil art thou? What though I know not what thou art anent; full well I know my own perilous and passing strange condition.

I have dabbled to an infinitesimal shallow degree in multitudinous books on manifold topics; and all this in a state of perverse and pertinacious indolence. I am now enveloped in metaphysics pure, writing for the essay, of which product I expect neither your approbation nor perusal.

I am very cynical and resolute, without which virtues never could I outlive my present routine of nonentitous existence.

Have a bed ready for me on Saturday night in New Bank Buildings, and a letter by the return of the next post. Faith, I have an half mind to inflict certain scourges on thy cuticle, to the end of expelling somnolency.

Six months of this rustic vegetation, and my cerebellum would put forth mustard and cress. If I abide here much longer, *je deviendrai bientôt fou.*—Yours, M.

Manning, after his father's home was broken up, lived at first with his brother-in-law, Mr. John Anderdon, in Upper Harley Street then with his brother Frederick, who at that time lived in Wyndham Place, Bryanston Square; finally he took lodgings at 32 Mount Street.[1]

[1] In a letter to John Anderdon he describes his rooms as small but neat and clean. He had taken them for three weeks at £2 per week.

By all accounts he was most orderly and punctual in his attendance at the Colonial Office. His friends were busy in seeking to promote his interests at headquarters. The most intimate of them all, S. F. Wood, who through his eldest brother, afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer, had influence at the Treasury, wrote to Manning asking how his interests at the Office might be best served, and what were the names of his co-secretaries.

Other friends, like Lady Stanhope, were less judicious or more patronising. Cardinal Manning's sister, Mrs. Austen, on one occasion said:—"No doubt I must have been indignant at Lady Stanhope's patronising remark—'I am glad to hear that your brother writes a good hand'—when I made the saucy retort: 'Yes, and knows a little arithmetic.'"

Here on the very threshold of action or public life, we come across one of those strange myths which so frequently grow up in the course of time about the early beginnings of the careers of great men. Since Manning became famous in the world, it appears to have been thought necessary by officious or flattering scribes to invent a theory to account for so commonplace a beginning in the career of their hero.

The theory invented for the occasion was that Mr. Manning entered the Colonial Office in 1831 in preparation for a political career, which had always had a fascination for him, and for which he fitted himself by a close study of constitutional law and of political history.

What a fancy picture! The real story of that brief, but in one especial sense eventful, period wears quite a different complexion. The year 1831, I verily believe, was the only idle year in Manning's busy life.

Happening on one occasion to mention this "theory" to Mr. Gladstone, he at once scouted the idea as absurd, saying:—

> Had Manning entertained any intention of entering upon a political career, he would not have sought such an appointment in the Colonial Office, but have acted as I did; would have come up to London to take active part in political pursuits;

make political friends; and seek an opportunity of finding his way into Parliament.[1]

Mr. Gladstone expressed his belief that this appointment was obtained for Manning owing to his father's bankruptcy; "but," he said by way of caution, "don't mention this in the 'Life,' unless you find the statement confirmed by other authority." He then added, "A subordinate post in the Colonial Office must have been intolerable to a man of Manning's great mental powers."

Fortunately for himself, and for the Church of England, to which, even though eventually abandoned on dictates of conscience, he was an ornament and an honour, and fortunately most of all for Catholics in England, he was not destined to pass his days in the drudgery of the Colonial Office.

It is idle to speculate what the result would have been to Manning himself if the river of his life had been diverted from its natural course. But this at least may be said, that had he followed a career dictated rather by adverse circumstances than by natural selection, there can be no doubt that, with his great talents, energy of character, and worldly wisdom, he would have risen to a high post in the Civil Service. But Oxford would have known him no more, and the Anglican Church would have lost one of its most eloquent and persuasive preachers. Beyond the reach of the Tractarian movement, and relieved from the painful necessity, induced by the great Oxford conflict, of examining afresh the title-deeds of the Church of England, Manning would in all human probability have lived and died a pious Protestant of the Evangelical type. The Catholic Church in England, too, would have lost in her hour of need one of her truest and boldest defenders; the Vatican Council, the foremost champion of Papal Infallibility; and the sacred College of Cardinals, one of the most eminent of its members.

But man proposes and God disposes. Divine Provi-

[1] Mr. Gladstone, in allusion to his own pursuits on coming up to London, said, "On leaving Oxford I finished my education, at least as regards foreign languages and literature."

dence had other ends in view for its chosen servant. God often chooses strange instruments to work out his inscrutable designs. Love with its vicissitudes—as the lives of saints, or of men who were all but saints, amply show—is a not uncommon instrument in the hands of Divine Providence.

Manning was only too glad to escape from the restraint and drudgery of office hours, and from the tedious work of copying letters, and instead of poring over musty books on political economy, revisited Harrow; renewed old acquaintances; made new friends, and passed many a delightful summer evening in the neighbourhood of the place he loved so well. Even in those early days, Harrow was proud of her gifted son, fresh from his triumphs at Oxford. Mr. Oxenham, second master at Harrow, was always glad to welcome Manning; and at Harrow he met again, on more than one occasion, his two old school-fellows [1] the Deffells.

In his *Annals of My Early Life*, the Bishop of St. Andrews, the late Charles Wordsworth, Manning's oldest friend and contemporary, made a casual allusion to misfortunes different in kind which had befallen Manning in 1831, that sufficiently indicated, to those at least who knew the story, that the Bishop was familiar with his friend's first disappointment in love.

In a letter dated Easter day 1892, Bishop Wordsworth, in giving his early reminiscences of his old friend Henry Manning, explains the allusion he had made in his *Annals* to the twofold misfortunes which befell Manning in 1830-31.

The Bishop's letter is as follows:—

[1] A year or two ago, Cardinal Manning's sister, Mrs. Austen, said, "I knew the Deffells, two charming boys, school-fellows of my brother Henry at Harrow. He used often to bring them to spend their holidays with us." The "two charming boys" had two charming sisters who were frequent guests at Mr. Oxenham's house at Harrow. The late Rev. H. N. Oxenham, son of the second master at Harrow, as a boy often saw at his father's house Henry Manning in the year 1831; and, like Charles Wordsworth, Manning's school-fellow and oldest friend, knew all about the unhappy love affair between Miss Deffell and Henry Manning. Twenty-six years later, in 1857, H. N. Oxenham, curate of St. Thomas, Oxford, was received into the Church by Mgr. Manning.

KILRYMONT, ST. ANDREWS, *Easter Day*, 1892.

MY DEAR MR. PURCELL — When I have completed the second volume of my *Annals* — which cannot be for some months, as I have been again thrown back by illness (a severe neuralgic disorder, from which I have been suffering during the whole winter)—I will do the best I can to comply with your request about my old friend Henry Manning's letters. At present I require them for my own use. I have not many—not more than six or eight; they contain little or nothing of public interest. Almost all the earlier letters I received from him, *i.e.* up to 1846, are given in my volume already published.

He was about two years my junior, and consequently at Harrow two or three removes below me. But, so far as I remember, your impression is quite correct that he was not distinguished as a student either there or at Oxford, until external circumstances drove him to his books, which was, I think, very soon after he went to Oxford. Like Gladstone, I only heard him speak once at the Union (viz. in the Shelley-Byron debate) and I doubt whether he was a frequent speaker.

As to his religious opinions, they were quite unformed till he was settled at Lavington, where I paid him two visits, both after his wife's death.

My "allusion," about which you inquire, was to the way in which he was jilted by Miss Deffell.

No Deffell, so far as I know, was a Master at Harrow. Oxenham was.—I am, yours faithfully, C. WORDSWORTH,
Bishop of St. Andrews.

Bishop Wordsworth, I think, was mistaken in saying that Miss Deffell "jilted Manning." It was the other way about; at least according to the testimony of Mr. Oxenham, who was an intimate friend of the Deffells as well as of Manning. Whilst he was in the Colonial Office, Manning, who naturally saw a great deal of the Deffells who were friends of Mr. John Anderdon,[1] fell in love, whether with or without the knowledge of his brother-in-law, at whose house he was staying, with the younger Miss Deffell. The attentions and attractions of a young man of such prepossessing manners and appearance were well received and responded to by the young lady. But "the

[1] Miss Anderdon, Cardinal Manning's niece, said to me a year or two ago,—"When we were living in Upper Harley Street we were friends of the Deffells who lived in Grosvenor Street."

course of true love never did run smooth." An angry father intervened and parted the happy pair in the heyday of their love-making. Besides entertaining eccentric views on the subject of marriage, Mr. Deffell was opposed to the match on the practical grounds that Mr. Manning's position in the Colonial Office and prospects in life were not such as to warrant proposals of marriage. The young lady's father—his dull eye not seeing visions of future greatness in Manning's brow — forbade a formal engagement, though permitting to the disconsolate lovers the consolation of correspondence.

Thus Henry Manning's first love affair came in the early summer to an untimely end; for love, at least a man's love, does not long thrive on mere letters. The woman was faithful unto the end to her first love; for Miss Deffell, though her elder sister married, lived and died for Manning's sake in single blessedness. Unlike Father Faber, who declared that to be crossed in love was a blessing in disguise to the heart of man, and who as a poet glorified the human instrument which led to his own conversion, Manning never either in verse or prose bewailed the sorrows of the old, old story, unless, indeed, in an indirect fashion in letters to his brother-in-law.

The two following letters to John Anderdon, bespeak at any rate the emotions of Manning's mind under disturbing influences: now in the seventh heaven of delights, singing out his heart in joy; now under the sting of disappointment, incoherently railing out of the depths of his heart's despair against everything under the sun, against everybody, himself and his unfortunate brother-in-law included:—

COMBE BANK, 22*nd May* 1831.

MY DEAR JOHN— . . . You need not designate my last as "rigmarole" for it was in matter deliberate, and in execution not divested of method, however unable you were to descry it.

I have enjoyed the last few days most royally. I have lived in the library, or strolling by myself . . . enjoyed a most illimitable wandering through regions of general literature—all ages, subjects, dialects. I have been hunting down every game that came afoot, following through all the mazes of association.

To crown all, I have gone a-fishing by evening light; catching not many fishes, but a store of pleasing thoughts.

At night the air has vibrated with nightingales. The bushes under the terrace are peopled densely by them "Making their summer lives one endless song." And then anon, a bird from out the brakes bursts into voice a moment, then is still! You see to what development all this hastens. I have succumbed to an ancient weakness and poured me forth in poesie. Thus then with studying, strolling, rhyming, reflecting, and angling, I have lived happily, nobly, and quietly as a poet, philosopher, moralist, fisher, and *rex denique regium.*—Yours, M.

The following letter tells its own tale:—

MOUNT STREET, 13*th June* 1831.

My DEAR JACK—You will laugh at receiving a *brutum fulmen!* The fact is somewhat has disquieted me to bring me up! I know not what. This morning I slaughtered the remains of the subordinate magistrates; smote the aliens, denizens, and natural-born subjects hip and thigh, but pursuing my victorious career through the clergy, got a fall, horse and man, at the spear point of the obstinate and arrogant prelate, Archbishop Anselm; I was utterly turned over. My head went round, my courage and attention left me, and I, by turns, took in hand every book within my reach and could not follow three consecutive lines. I rummaged my porte-feuille; tore some letters; read some verses, but nothing would do. So I finally subsided into this half sheet which I purpose to fill, liberating you on the payment of twopence from the task of reading the same.

I have not a single particle of application. How long I may remain so, I dare not contemplate, but of this I am assured, that my present services are not worth the minutest fraction of the national coin. I am splenetic, sick, savage, sour, rabid, indolent, useless, and ill at ease. I want to be anywhere but where I am, do anything but what I do, see anybody but whom I see, hear anything but what I hear, recollect anything but what I recollect, hope anything but what I hope, feel anything but what I feel, know anything but what I know, care for anybody but whom I care for (there you go); in fine, be anything, body, monster, beast, or creature, but what I am. If for this you think me discontented, you will at least acquit me of self-love. By the way—I don't know what I was going to write. I'll fall to abusing you and your philosophick coxcombry: 'Study to be quiet,' 'contemplate,' and catch gudgeons. Talk transcendentalism, and torture fish. Read Barrow's sermons and

practise pilfering. Screw sanctimonious grimaces and your customers' pockets. "Keep your sales-book with all diligence," and your heart with the remainder. *You* talk of doing your own business who art up to your neck in pragmaticalness and naughty meddling six days out of the week, and art restive on the seventh. "'Tis eight o'clock, saith the fool, and in an hour more it will be nine." Certes, thou art supereminently sagacious. Perdition catch my soul, but thou'lt turn a silver penny to pay the brushing of thy straight hairs for a Michaelmasse sermon. Oh I could divide myself and go to buffets and it would be a tough time for my left-handed moiety, perdy. Brother Jack, thou art as paradoxical as thou art pugnacious. Nay, by the rood thou art; so think not to put me by as a ribald scoffer. I can do nothing under heaven but rail, rail, rail. Now for a *requiem*. My watch says it is half-past three, but I would not believe it on its oath. All things are false, whether made of body and soul, or cog-wheels and claptraps. Deceitful, proud, and desperately wicked.

Why look ye now, there's philosophy, *vitæ Magistra*, *doctrinarum excultrix*, *artium indagatrix*, with as many superincumbent polysyllables of collaudation as His Imperial Mightiness of Ava, Siam, and Regia. When all is snug and warm and comfortable, She's the trustiest friend, companion, counsellor, comforter, and protector; but when matters take an angry aspect—whiff, she's off with her tail in the air, like a robustious cow in sultry weather.

Timon will to the woods.

I have more to say that I have thought upon.—Yours, M.

In another letter a day or two afterwards, Manning tells his brother-in-law that he had yielded "to an ancient weakness and had composed reams of poesie." In another letter he avowed his supreme contempt for Walter Scott's poetry. Byronic rapture or despair was, perhaps naturally, in those days of disappointment, his admiration and delight.

In so venerable and austere an ecclesiastic of a celibate Church as Cardinal Manning, it was perhaps not unnatural to shrink with extreme sensitiveness from the avowal of human passions, which, in compiling or recording the reminiscences of his early life, might have seemed to him, and, perhaps, to many besides, out of keeping with his spiritual character, lofty aims, and ascetic appearance.

Unlike Faber again, Manning did not recognise, at least

as yet, love's sorrows as a blessing in disguise. His spiritual eye was still unopened; he did not as yet see the pointing of God's finger; hear the call of the Divine voice; for in an unspiritual or human fashion he sought and, found a year or two later, consolation for love's first disappointment in marriage with another lady.

CHAPTER VI

HOLY ORDERS AND MATRIMONY

1832–1833

THE misfortunes, twofold in kind, which befell Manning in the untoward years 1830 and 1831, not only exerted a chastening effect upon his character, but were not without important results in regard to his career in life. For these disappointments, aided as we have been told by a growing sense of his duty towards religion, induced him to resign his irksome post in the Colonial Office; and, acting on the advice of his friends Samuel and Henry Wilberforce, to return to Oxford in the view of qualifying for Orders. In those days the fact of taking Orders did not of necessity imply what is understood in the Catholic Church as a vocation to ecclesiastic life. The Church, like the Bar, or the army or navy, was one of the recognised professions to which on leaving the University a young man, even though of no great promise, has a right to look as a convenient opening into active life.

Neither was the necessity imposed of long preparation or trial as to fitness for sacerdotal life or of special theological study or training. A man, who had taken his degree and was prepared to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles was entitled, on finding a curacy, to present himself for Orders. Manning was in every way fitted by character and by godly repute as well as by mental gifts for the position to which he aspired. He was better than his environments, had far higher views than most of his contemporaries in that day of spiritual dulness; for, as the following letter to his brother Frederick shows, he did not regard the Church as a mere profession :—

DOWNING STREET, 1*st February* 1832.

MY DEAR FREDERICK—When we parted I promised you that my next letter should contain as few unnecessary words as possible.

While I made that promise the subject I now write on was not absent from my mind. I trust you will not hear with disapprobation that I have at length resolved to follow the advice you have uniformly and without variation offered to me, I mean, to take Orders.

I was withheld by motives I will not now discuss. They were altogether of a conscientious nature; and I trust they would upon fair consideration be pronounced correct. I shall be ready at any moment to state them should you desire it, but as they now cease to oppose any obstacle to my acting as you have advised, I will pass them over in silence.

I do not regret the delay I have thus occasioned, indeed I cannot avoid remarking by the way that I am by *six months* only qualified to take Orders, for my mind has settled into a preference for the Church; without which feeling I never could have discharged its duties otherwise than as an irksome and unpleasant labour.

I have communicated this change in my views to my father and mother; and I am anxious to hear from you with what feelings you receive my letter.

Since the period of my leaving Oxford we have been brought more together than at any period I can remember. The kindness I have at all times received from you, both in word and act; and the warm interest you have shown in conversing with me on my prospects in life, render me necessarily desirous to hear you approve and sanction the decision I have made.

It would indeed be to me a source of great pain and disquiet were you to see cause to censure and condemn the course I propose to adopt.

Pray communicate this letter with my love to Edmunda; as I owe to her that I should desire her approbation also.

I will add one word more: you may see cause to regret that I accepted my present situation, but believe me it is this only that has removed from my mind the main objection I have so frequently stated to you.

I trust this will cancel any reason you may have to regret that event. Believe me, dear Frederick, ever your affectionate brother,

HENRY E. MANNING.

In answer to his brother Frederick's remonstrance at throwing up on the sudden, an appointment which had been

obtained for him not without difficulty, Manning gives the following explanation :—

I may seem to have been precipitate in acting upon my altered view, but I did so under the belief that I well knew *your* mind, and that it was due to Lord Goderich to give immediate notice of my intention, that he might not be inconvenienced by my leaving the Office, and that he might proceed at once to serve some other of his friends, by appointing him in my room.

I was very kindly assured that there existed no need for me to continue any longer in the Office; and I left it on such a footing with all I had there known, that I can never recur to the last few weeks without sincere gratification.

All that now remains is to make inquiries for a curacy, without which I am not qualified to be ordained, I should desire to commence about Michaelmas next, so gaining seven or eight months to prepare myself, before I enter upon an active discharge of the duties of my profession.

To his grave eldest brother, Manning naturally refrained from alluding to the disappointment of heart, which together with higher or more spiritual motives sent him back a wiser, if sadder man to Oxford, and to the Church which in his undergraduate days he had abandoned as a profession.

If to his brother Frederick, Manning wrote under reserve, or only told half his mind, or that part of his mind in regard to qualifying for Orders, which would be most agreeable, in his letters to John Anderdon, on the other hand, he poured out without reserve heart and soul. From these letters, it is clear that Manning was driven against his will to take up the Church as a profession. His inclinations were all the other way—for life in the world, in Parliament. He complained of opposition on the part of his family, of their backward spirit in refusing to give him a chance of entering into public life. What he wanted, and asked for in vain, was help to enable him to prepare or pave his way into Parliament: the influence of his friends to obtain for him a start in life, or, at any rate, their cordial sanction of his hopes and plans, instead of opposition and obstruction. Had Manning succeeded in his canvass, whilst at the Colonial Office, for a Fellowship at Merton he might perhaps

have resisted the importunity of his friends. At any rate, the emoluments of the office would have secured for him a more independent position, and relieved him from the necessity of entering the Church as a profession.

Even after he had gone up to Oxford and was qualifying for Orders, Manning in the following letter to John Anderdon expresses a fear that he has taken too precipitate a step:—

OXFORD, *9th March* 1832.

MY DEAR JOHN—. . . I think the whole step has been too precipitate. I have rather allowed the instance of my friends, and the allurements of an agreeable curacy in many respects, to get the better of my sober judgment.

The "agreeable curacy," which Henry Wilberforce, who was engaged to one of the rector's daughters, had painted in such glowing colours as an inducement to his friend to come up to Oxford was that of Lavington. Another obstacle which stood in Manning's way was the difficulty of coming forward a second time as a candidate for a Merton Fellowship. Last year, on finding, after a canvass of the resident Fellows, that he had no chance of success as a layman, he had announced his intention of withdrawing his candidature. But now, having adopted the Church as a profession, he consulted his friends whether he should put himself forward again as a candidate. In the following passage of a letter to John Anderdon he gives the gratifying results of his inquiries:—

I have been induced by the strong expression of opinion from many of my friends, in addition to more than one intimation from Fellows, or friends of Fellows of Merton to submit my case to my friend Ogilvie. I frankly gave him to understand my scruple in respect of becoming a candidate. Upon a full consideration he unhesitatingly urged me to stand again. I afterwards spoke to other of my friends, and in consequence of their concurrent advice I have determined to revoke my former intention.

Another difficulty of a more serious or higher nature was the unwillingness he felt to enter upon a profession of such responsibility as the Church without more mature preparation. This reluctance speaks well for the conscientiousness of Manning's character.

On this point he wrote as follows to John Anderdon :—

There is another subject of material importance, requiring immediate consideration. From what I have seen of my own attainments in theology, although I might satisfy the Bishop of London's chaplain, I should by no means satisfy myself by June next. I do not think I can possibly enter upon a profession of such responsibility without a much more mature preparation. I did not know till I came hither how greatly deficient I am, and I should feel myself highly culpable were I to press forward without more solid acquirements and deliberate study.

After an active canvass carried on among the Fellows, resident and not resident, of Merton by his friends the Wilberforces and S. F. Wood, Manning was elected at Easter Fellow of Merton. The emoluments attached to the Fellowship, about £200 *per annum*, fortunately relieved Manning from the necessity of pressing forward for Orders, and enabled him to study theology for nine instead of three months quietly at Merton.

In one of his Journals, Cardinal Manning, speaking of this time, said :—"It was a quiet time, and Merton is the most perfect resting-place in the natural order. I read 'acres of Anglican writers.'"[1]

In another passage of his "Journal" he likewise related how he began to analyse the Epistles of St. Paul and the doctrines of predestination and grace, and declared that he never in his life accepted Calvinism, even in its most mitigated form :

The ethics of Aristotle and the nature of the will to morality always made it impossible to me. I analysed the Epistle to the Romans, and the result was in the main exactly the Catholic doctrine. I tried also to analyse the Apocalypse, but with no other result than to believe that the Protestant interpretations are untenable.

In spite of all this reading, or perhaps in consequence of it, Manning's religious opinions on finally leaving Oxford were, according to all contemporary testimony, in a state of confusion or flux. In a letter already quoted, the late Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews, speaking of

[1] In a sketch of Bishop Hamilton's life occurs the above phrase.

Manning, said: "As to his religious opinions, they were quite unformed till he was settled at Lavington, where I paid him two visits, both after his wife's death."

Before Henry Wilberforce had obtained a home for him at Lavington, Manning's mind was troubled, as the following letters show, about a suitable curacy:—

Private.

2nd March 1832.

My dear John—The haste in which I left London prevented my making such inquiries in respect of the parish of All-hallows, as it is indispensably necessary I should satisfy.

I would write directly to the Dean of Chester, but I am anxious not to trouble him further at present. I intend, however, to call upon him on Wednesday week. I should nevertheless be glad if you could ascertain for me some particulars: the number of inhabitants I believe to be about 1700. It is very material in what rank of life they may be. Such a population of poor would be far more than any man, and very far more than one with my health and strength, could undertake.

If one half were poor it would be a grave responsibility for a novice to assume. It is not as if I were of several years' experience. To visit, and to become acquainted with such numbers is an office of no ordinary labour. Indeed the occasional duty such as burials, christenings, etc., can be no light employment; and sufficient to preoccupy my time from the acquisition of much indispensable knowledge.

Now make inquiry, and report with *candour*. I am canvassing the question in a grave point of view. I should be guilty of a heavy offence, were I to allow any secondary inducement so to influence me, in such a case as this, as to overlook the spiritual evil likely to result upon others from my determination. I have health and strength far less than I have hitherto had, and some time will elapse before I am qualified to discharge any office of much labour.

I shall return on Tuesday week. The Bishop of London has desired to see me on the Thursday following.—Yours affectionately,

Henry E. Manning.

4th March 1832.

My dear John—I send you a scratch. As usual the transition from London to the country indulged me with a slight touch of asthma. This really makes me very anxious. I think it highly questionable whether for some years I shall be able to live out of London. This is the third or fourth time I have

been visited in like manner. Do not mention this, as my mother will conjure up phantoms of suffocation and asphyxia.

If I could get a curacy in London, I should accept it; provided it were not in some parts of the town to which neither my health or strength are equal.—Yours, M.

Whilst he was qualifying for Orders, Manning complained to S. F. Wood[1] about his uneasy state of mind, to which, in a letter, dated 26th May 1832, Wood replied—

Consider how much the state you complain of may be owing to what I often find myself doing—lowering my own feelings to those of my companions; and try to counteract this by remembering to what higher things *you* are called.

In another letter, dated 15th June 1832, Wood added—

That you do not feel comfortable of course pains me; but separated as we now are, I shrink from offering any *comment* not

[1] During these months of trial, Manning confided his troubles and uneasy state of mind to Wood, who sought, as the following extracts from his letters show, to console his unhappy friend by reminding him that they had both alike to give up the career they had chosen for themselves; and that it was their duty to conform their hearts to God's will:—

"*May* 26, 1832.

"My dear Manning—What a blessing is Christian friendship! I feel as if the thought suggested by your letter should doubly endear us to each other, dear as I trust we are already, I mean the thought of how our heavenly Father in His great love for our eternal welfare has taken from us the course each of us had fondly shaped for himself, and given it to the other. I do indeed discern His hand most especially in this matter, and may we both conform ourselves to His will, and run with patience the race that is set before us. Most truly and wisely do you say that the lot which has been apportioned to us is for our spiritual benefit.

"I think I see plainly how *your* change is for your good."

From another Letter.

"But here I find even the present blessing of the choice we have been enabled, praised be God, to make. We have chosen not ourselves but Christ. And this places us above self-seeking and high aims which lead to these disappointments, and gives a singleness and straight-forwardness to our schemes, which in the cheerfulness and fixedness it brings with it is its own exceeding great reward. L says 'O, it is a comfortable thing to have an upright mind, and to love God for Himself, and love life for His sake, and not for its own things.'"

"The Temple, *Friday*, 1832.

"I will get Rutherford's *Letters*, as you advise, which I never saw;—I remember while reading Baxter's *Saint's Rest*, how strongly the feelings of my own deadness and coldness of spirit pressed upon me."

founded on due grounds. I know you weigh what I say, as not said lightly, and nothing in a case like this can ensure against its adapting itself to the wrong scale. . . . When you come to town you must go to William Dodsworth's Church (Margaret's, Weymouth Street). I have not heard such sound doctrine for some time.

At that date W. Dodsworth was an Evangelical, as indeed were Wood and Manning. In another letter about this date is a passage with a full Evangelical flavour. Wood writes:—

O my dear friend, how suffocating is the sense of our own vileness when one loses sight of the fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness, and with what a "dimness of anguish" would our eyes strain to the Christian pattern of purity were it not for the blessed strengthenings of the Holy Spirit.

His leaving the Colonial Office and his return to Oxford were events in Manning's life which, naturally uncommunicative, he did not care to discuss or canvass with his friends. If even so intimate a friend as S. F. Wood only heard of Manning's sudden change of ideas in regard to the Church as a profession, after his return to Oxford, it is not surprising that Edward Twisleton, another friend, was left to learn from common report, as the following letter shows, of his friend's approaching ordination:—

54 Jermyn Street, 14*th December* 1832.

Dear Manning—I have heard *of you* from many quarters, more especially from Popham, who tells me that you are shortly to be ordained and to take a curacy in Somersetshire—and I cannot refrain from writing to assure you that you carry with you my best wishes and warmest sympathies. I am convinced that you will never regret having "chosen the better part"; and I trust that many years hence you will look back with pleasure to the day when we walked together on Waterloo Bridge—the day, I believe, on which you finally determined to enter the Church. After you have been settled some time in your curacy, you must give me an account of yourself—I prophesy that you will find the retirement of a village curacy highly charming at first—for you know you have naturally a mixture of the *recluse* in your disposition—but I hope you will quietly look forward to a more active sphere of exertion, and will not suffer your energies to lie dormant.—Believe me, yours very sincerely, E. Twisleton.

In an autobiographical Note, written more than half a century after the event of taking Orders—which he justly describes as a turning-point in his life—Cardinal Manning recounts the motives which induced him in the year 1832 to resign his post in the Colonial Office and become a clergyman in the Church of England:—

> At this time I came to know Henry Blunt of Chelsea, and found him not only earnest but highly intelligent. He had been, I think, twelfth or fourteenth wrangler. All this made a new thought spring up in me—not to be a clergyman in the sense of my old destiny, but to give up the world and to live for God, and for souls. This grew on me daily. I had been long praying much, and going habitually to churches. It was a turning-point in my life. I wrote and asked Henry Blunt to come to me at the Colonial Office. He did so; and, after a long weighing of the case, I resolved to resign, and to give myself to the service of God, and of souls. My doubt was whether God had called me; and I had a great fear of going uncalled. It was as purely a call from God as all that He has given me since. It was a call *ad veritatem et ad seipsum*. As such I tested it, and followed it.

These are very solemn words—a statement capable of the highest spiritual signification—"Purely a call from God: a call to Truth, and to Himself."

At first sight, at all events, such a statement seems strange and startling.

Most men, it should seem, familiar with the events of Manning's life in 1831-32, and who had read his confidential letters to John Anderdon, would naturally come to the conclusion that he took Orders, not of his own choice and will, but under force of adverse circumstances. In his numerous letters to his brother-in-law there is no allusion, not a hint even, that in giving up his passion for politics he was acting simply from spiritual motives, far less in obedience to a Divine call. John Anderdon was a religious-minded man, a pious Evangelical devoted to the Church, or at least to his section of it, yet in all Manning's letters from Harrow, Poulshot, Oxford, and the Colonial Office religious subjects found no place. Even in 1832, when he was qualifying for Orders, he still speaks of the Church as a "profession," describes his hurrying up to Oxford for this

purpose as "a precipitate step," "as allowing the instance of friends to get the better of sober judgment." Where the call from God comes in is not so apparent as to render needless explanation or qualification of some sort. If Manning was quickened to action by ambition, he was endowed, at the same time, with great practical sagacity. He knew how to devise means to attain the ends he desired; failure in one direction only sharpened his wits to discover a road to success in another. After a sharp struggle, he had recognised the fact that his father's bankruptcy put an end to his hopes of a parliamentary career. The only question was, What other walk in life should he look to? A subordinate post in the Colonial Office did not count for much, as he was painfully reminded by Miss Deffell's father in 1831. The Civil Service was a slow career, and in its lower ranks unprofitable. Manning could not afford to wait. Neither temperament nor circumstances allowed of a waiting game. In 1832 he was twenty-five years of age. He was drifting to the leeward in comparison, at least, with the high hopes he had so long given way to. He was still dependent on the bounty of his family.[1] His university education and Oxford connections pointed to the Church as a profession nearest at hand, and readiest of acquisition, for in three months he could, at a pinch, make himself fit for Orders. Undoubtedly it was a wrench to his heart to give up his political aspirations. But there was no help for it, for he knew now that they had no material bottom. To become a clergyman was a sacrifice—a sacrifice, however, not of his own choice, but imposed upon him by the necessity of things.

If the broad outlines of his life in youth were impressed on the mind of Cardinal Manning, in his old age the details had long since faded from his memory. The fact, however, remained embedded in his mind that in becoming a clergyman he had sacrificed the desire that lay nearest to his

[1] After his father's failure his mother used to allow him £100 *per annum*, even after he was Rector of Lavington and archdeacon. In acknowledging, on one occasion, the receipt of the quarterly sum of £25, Archdeacon Manning wrote to his mother expressing his hope and trust that this gift was not out of her necessities, but out of her superfluities.

heart—the desire of a parliamentary career. What more natural than to attribute the self-sacrifice made in his youth to the spiritual motives and ideas with which his mind had since become so deeply imbued? He was conscious of the potentiality in himself of such a sacrifice. It was only a lapse of memory to convert the potential into the actual. Cardinal Manning's statement, taken in the broader sense, that by God's intervention he had been saved from a life in the world, and had been called as a clergyman to His service for the salvation of his own soul and of the souls of others, is in closer accord with the facts of the case than the words made use of by Cardinal Manning in his Journal in 1881.

Yet this view of a special call is reiterated in a Note of a later date, 1883, in the following words:—

I was met at the moment of my aspirations with the ruin of my father's fortunes. Public life without a penny is a hopeless trade. I do not think that this in any way slackened my desire for public life. It was the only thing I longed for. I shrunk from everything else—especially from the life of a clergyman. I read constitutional law, etc., and in a letter to John Anderdon I said, "I am revelling in Bolingbroke's *Patriot King*," about 1831-2.

Nevertheless there was growing up in me a feeling or a thought that I must save my own soul, and that I ought to try to save others. I would have willingly preached in the open air. Of Apostolical Succession, and Orders, I had little knowledge or thought. But I believed in the regeneration of Baptism. This feeling that God was calling me worked continually. I spoke of it to no one. I could not lay it. Every day it grew upon me and I found myself face to face with this choice: To leave all that I was attracted to, and to take all that I shrunk from. If I ever made a choice in my life in which my superior will controlled my inferior will, it was when I gave up all the desires, hopes, aspirations after public life at the dictate of my reason and my conscience.

The main difference between the two interpretations lies in this, that "God's call *ad veritatem et ad seipsum*," according to one interpretation, took the indirect form of external circumstances, and not of interior intimations, conveyed directly to the soul, as asserted by the other. Of this latter interpretation, at all events, there is no contemporary evidence given by Manning in his letters to John Anderdon, or

suggested even in any other form; on the contrary, the evidence, as, for instance, in S. F. Wood's letters, points the other way. His exhortations to Manning to conform himself to God's will, and run with patience the race that is set before him, indicate the struggle which was still going on in his heart, even during the time he was qualifying for Orders—a struggle like unto that of Saul kicking against the goad. From the known facts and circumstances and contemporary records, the natural conclusion seems to be, that Manning, in becoming a clergyman, was actuated, as men often are, by mixed motives.

In this autobiographical Note, from which I have just quoted, on the eventful year 1831—a turning-point in his life—Cardinal Manning observed a silence like unto that of the grave, touching his first disappointment in love. In compensation, as it were, he gives a full description of the interior motives which induced him to become a clergyman, as well as an amusing account of the contempt with which he regarded bishops of the Established Church; he makes besides a solemn declaration that in becoming a clergyman he had not a spark of ecclesiastical ambition. The autobiographical Note continues as follows:—

In a day or so I saw Lord Gooderich, and resigned; but the giving up of political life was an enormous wrench to me. I felt it through my whole mind, for I had lived for it, and had been reading political economy, constitutional law, history, and such books as Burke, Bolingbroke, Lord Somers, and the like. When I left the Colonial Office, which was, I believe, on 3rd February 1832, as I walked away I met one of the doorkeepers of the House of Commons, whom I had known, and who had known me for years. This brought back over me the whole flood of political thoughts and aspirations which began in the Union at Oxford.

Moreover the thought of being a clergyman was positively repulsive to me. I had an intense recoil from the secularity of the Established Church. I can say as before God, that I had not a spark of ecclesiastical ambition. The sight of an apron and a shovel hat literally provoked me. The title "Father in God," applied to bishops living in ease irritated me. I remember saying I shall be a proscribed minister. My one thought was to obey God's will, to save my soul and the souls of others.

This feeling had been greatly increased by some very good, but very extreme friends.[1] I owe very much to them. Nobody ever sought ordination with less attraction to anything but God; His Word, so far as I knew it, and souls.

In Manning's letters to his brother or to his father and mother, perhaps very naturally, not the remotest hint is given that the sight of an apron and shovel hat provoked him to laughter, or that the title "Father in God," moved him to anger. But it is more strange that not a trace of this contemptuous aversion to the outward honours and dignity of an Anglican bishop is to be found in contemporary evidence. Far from exhibiting such aversion, Mr. Gladstone says:—"Manning was always most loyal to the Church, and spoke of its bishops with great reverence. I remember on the occasion of an address of sympathy being presented to Archbishop Howley, Manning spoke of the Archbishop of Canterbury as being the head of the Church." Some demurred to the use of the term "head." "But," added Mr. Gladstone, laughing, "head is a very elastic word." Then he suggested as an explanation, "that Manning, who was always very ascetic, might have objected to bishops on account of their wealth and pomp."

On Manning's being elected Fellow of Merton, he hastened to communicate the good news to his mother in the following letter:—

BALLIOL, *9th April* 1832.

MY DEAR MOTHER—Although much hurried I cannot omit to send you a few lines, so gratified was I with your affectionate letter of this morning. God has indeed been bountiful to us all from the hour in which our former resources were annihilated. I have watched the gradual return of prosperity with feelings of reverence, and now that I myself am thus happily provided for, I am anxious still to preserve in my mind a due gratitude and thoughtfulness of the Giver.

It is a hard task: and unhappily the easier our lot the less we think of Him that disposes it.

My pet iron bed, and some other matters I shall want at Merton.—Believe me, my dear Mother, your affectionate Son,

HENRY E. MANNING.

[1] Miss Bevan and Robert her brother, to whom Manning owed his "conversion," as he called it, at Oxford.

Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill were the two great political events of that day. About Emancipation Henry Manning did not trouble his head; but on the Reform Bill he wrote to his brother-in-law as follows:—

MERTON, ——— 1832.

MY DEAR JOHN—I send you a few lines to thank you for your letter of this morning. The Merton election being on the 8th of April, I shall leave Oxford on the following day.

So the great question has passed one important inquisition. I wish it well as to its *integrity*. Some of the details, should they have an unfavourable tendency, I should be glad to see remodelled. I wish to see the most efficient and most trustworthy men elected to Parliament. I wish to see the unconstitutional influence of the aristocracy and borough-*mongers* extinguished. I wish to see the expenses of election, and thereby the corruption, annihilated. I wish to see the franchise vested in the most intelligent, moral, and stable members of the community: such men as have interests in securing public order and power to repress democratic turbulence. I wish to see our virtual representation improved by an approximation to actual representation. I wish to see the large towns teeming with interests and swelling with riches, return their members to serve in Parliament. I wish to see ditches, walls, mounds, and corn-fields cease to stultify the people of England by claiming representatives, where nought is to represent. These are my wishes. I hate democracy, because I hate tyranny. The tyranny of licentiousness is more intolerable than the tyranny of despotism. I hate democrats because they are reckless and desperate men, trusting to their own cunning to save their necks, and to their irredeemable indigence to secure them possessions; behold the democratic security of person and property. I hate universal suffrage, annual Parliaments, secret voting, Parliamentary societies, potwalloping constituencies like Penryn because they have each in its proportion a tendency to the above.—Yours truly,

H. M.

But home-thoughts as well as politics occupied Manning's mind. The following letter to his sister Maria, wife of John Anderdon, was written just a month before he took Orders:—

MERTON, 23*rd Nov.* 1832.

To his very excellent and dear Sister Maria, and to her two younger daughters, the old Monk sends peace and good wishes.

Whereas he has promised to write to them all three this week, and whereas he is not altogether at leisure, and whereas there is no post to-morrow, he is compelled to write a sweeper to-day,

Let each take her own.

MY DEAR SISTER—

. . . I suppose your husband is pottering on in his own old way. We now and then fire a squib at each other; but are not quite as good correspondents as in days agone. You do not tell me anything about your *revolutionary* household, when I left you I remember there was much reform needed, and no little unpleasant examination to be made. . . . You may read on, but as I have to answer Fanny's theological queries, I must wish you good-bye.—Believe me, your affectionate brother, H. M.[1]

On the 23rd of December 1832, Manning was ordained priest by Dr. Bagot, Bishop of Oxford, through letters dimissory from the Bishop of Rochester, on the title of his Fellowship at Merton. His first sermon[2] was preached on Christmas day, as Cardinal Manning told me five or six years ago, at the Church of Cuddesdon, where Mr. George Anthony Denison, now Archdeacon of Taunton, was curate, on the text, "*Surge illuminare O Jerusalem.*"

The venerable Archdeacon Denison, in a letter dated 2nd February 1889, says:—

The Cardinal recalled to me not very long ago his first preaching for me, then curate of Cuddesdon, in dear Bishop Bagot's time, 1832-8. I have no memoranda enabling me to answer your first question put to me about my impressions in regard to the Cardinal in early days of my life—nothing certainly unfavourable. I became acquainted with him at first as an acquaintance only; afterwards we came nearer together in public action. He was an intimate friend of my dear brother Stephen at Oxford. My brother is long since dead.

In regard to his first sermon, Cardinal Manning wrote to his sister Mrs. Austen, in a letter dated

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE, WESTMINSTER, S.W.,
9*th January* 1882.

MY DEAR CAROLINE . . . This is the fiftieth year since I

[1] Other letters follow to his young nieces which need not be given.

[2] His first sermon as a Catholic, twenty years afterwards, was preached at a little church in Horseferry Road, under the charge of the Jesuits, then, if not now, in the slums of Westminster.

began to preach. Last night I preached on the same words which were my first text on Christmas day 1832, Isaiah lx. 1, 2, 3. I hope we may enter into that light.[1]

The tables show that the 8th of January 1882 was a Sunday, the Sunday within the octave of the Epiphany; the sermon was preached at the Italian Church, Hatton Garden.

On 3rd January 1833, Manning went to Lavington as curate to the Rev. John Sargent, Rector of Lavington and Graffham. Henry Wilberforce, who expected to take orders about Easter or midsummer, had no difficulty in arranging with the Sargents, that at any rate in the interim until his own ordination, Manning should act as curate. He also had the charge of a very small twelfth-century church on the Downs at Upwaltham—a hamlet about two miles from Lavington, with less than 100 people, chiefly shepherds and farm labourers. The little church held less than forty people; not more than a dozen attended on Sundays Manning's ministrations or sermons.[2] Manning's half-sister, Mrs. Carey, was living at Graffham; the rector with his wife and daughters occupied Graffham Rectory. Mrs. Sargent, daughter and heiress of Richard Bettesworth, and widow of John Sargent, M.P. for Seaford, who died the year before (1831), lived at Lavington House and was patron of the benefice. Manning had the good fortune to be invited by Mr. Sargent to reside as curate with the family at the Rectory House. His friend, S. F. Wood, wrote to congratulate him on the happy arrangement, which he had heard of from Henry Wilberforce.

That the young curate fulfilled his duties with zeal and alacrity goes without saying. He was indefatigable in his walks over the Downs to Upwaltham, talking to the stray shepherds on the hillsides, or seeking out their wives and children. It was in every sense of the word an uphill

[1] Private letters.

[2] When I went there I fully expected to return to Oxford before the summer, I had nothing before me, I disliked the whole state of the Church of England; and felt drawn to nothing but preaching the Word of God in public or in private.—Autobiographical Notes 1881.

work. Rarely were more than ten or a dozen people gathered of a Sunday morning at Upwaltham Church. The handsome young curate's graceful sermons were, however, listened to with special pleasure, on Sunday morning or evening, at Graffham or Lavington. Mr. Sargent himself took pleasure in Manning's varied conversation, and the zealous and learned Evangelical rector, not an unworthy disciple of Simeon under whose influence he fell at Cambridge, was perfectly satisfied with the theological soundness of his young curate who, though fresh from Oxford, brought down to Lavington no High Church views or pretensions.

In 1829, about three years before Manning came as curate to Lavington, Emily, the eldest of the four Miss Sargents, was married to Samuel Wilberforce, then rector of Brightstone, Isle of Wight. She, like her sisters, on the death of her father and of his two sons, who died early, became entitled to a fortune. Her three unmarried sisters, of whom Caroline was the third, were living at the Graffham Rectory. The handsome young curate, as fascinating in manners as he was religious-minded, soon made himself quite at home with Mrs. Sargent and her charming daughters. Mrs. Sargent was beloved by all her family, especially by her son-in-law, Samuel Wilberforce, in whose house she lived, after the death of his wife in 1841, for twenty years.

Speaking of the Miss Sargents, Thomas Mozley says:—"In 1829 I met all the four celebrated sisters together at breakfast at Robert Wilberforce's, and looked at them with a strong mixture of curiosity and admiration. Mrs. S. Wilberforce was a bride in her first year. The brighter constellation must have eclipsed the brothers from my memory—I remember Samuel. The youngest seemed a mere child, indeed, she looked hardly more, when I saw her at Hanbury in Staffordshire, seven years after, as Mrs. Dudley Ryder—a very sylph in form as in feature. I met Mrs. S. Wilberforce not two years before her death; she was still beautiful, but her strength was evidently declining."[1]

[1] *Reminiscences of Oriel*, vol. i. p. 131.

As friends of the Wilberforces and as frequent visitors to Oxford there can be but little doubt that the four Miss Sargents were acquainted with Manning in his undergraduate days. But to meet girls up in Oxford at the festivities of Commemoration is quite a different thing from becoming intimately acquainted with them in their own homes, as Manning became with the Miss Sargents at Lavington,[1] under the piloting hand of Henry Wilberforce, who was engaged to marry Mary Sargent. In those days of early love Henry Wilberforce frequently ran down from Oxford and formed one of the bright, genial, and happy party who used to assemble of an evening in the Graffham Rectory, after a pleasant stroll on a bright Spring day over the South Downs, on a visit, perhaps, to the curate's little church at Upwaltham. On such favourable occasions, the fondness for speaking which he first learnt at the Union, still strong upon him—as it was indeed to the end of his life—Manning was led to deliver to the admiring girls and to Henry Wilberforce, listening with wonted reverence, little lectures, more or less learned, on the beauties of twelfth-century architecture. If Manning himself in after-life was silent on the events of those days of hope and joy and love, Henry Wilberforce to the last was never tired of telling pleasant stories of the double courtship; or of marvelling, whilst making faces at himself in the glass, "how the most beautiful woman in the world could have loved and married such an ugly fellow as I am."

Under such favouring circumstances of time and tide, the fascinating young Curate of Lavington and Graffham

[1] On entering upon the duties of his curacy S. F. Wood wrote as follows:—

"*March* 17, 1833.

"My dear Manning—I rejoice for your sake that you are acquiring—however bitter be the lesson—the most precious knowledge of your own heart, and I rejoice, too, that the means which discover it to you are such as lead you to the active and social duties of holiness rather than (what I think we both inclined to) to secret brooding and repining over it."

From the Same.

"Let us not faint, my dear friend, but pray to the same Spirit who discovers to us the root of bitterness, for strength to pluck it out."

made his choice; and in the spring-time of 1833, not very long after the death of her father, Caroline Sargent accepted Manning as her husband. On the death of the Rev. John Sargent[1] on the 3rd of May 1833, from consumption, accelerated by an attack of influenza, which was in that year as prevalent, if not as fatal, as it was a year or two ago, Mrs. Sargent of Lavington House, as patron of the benefice, presented the living to Manning, as she had presented it twenty-seven years before to her son, the late rector. In June he was formally inducted into the living by Samuel Wilberforce.

With his wonted reserve, Manning had not communicated his approaching marriage with Caroline Sargent even to so intimate a friend as S. F. Wood, but, hearing the news from Henry Wilberforce, the most communicative of men, Wood congratulates Manning in the following terms:—

12 Paper Buildings, Temple, *Sunday.*

My dear Manning—I was truly grieved that we did not meet during the few days you were in town; we had so much of interest to talk about. It is very delightful to be able to go further than the commonplaces of congratulation on your present prospects to know that the engagement, being entered into in all its sacredness, brings along with it the pledged blessing of God, and a new and more extended range of true Christian joy. Such an opinion founded on what I know of you, and all I have heard of the Sargents, is better than a thousand idle wishes, and I believe (I need not say I hope) that your marriage will be a very holy, and a very happy one. When you write, pray let me know when it is to take place, and any communication about it or your plans, which your feelings allow you to make, will be read with very great interest.

I had heard of it from H. Wilberforce, who spoke with his usual affectionate and self-regardless spirit on the subject.

I do not suppose that public news will much interest you at present. Believe me, very affectionately yours,

S. F. Wood.

None of the numerous letters of congratulation which

[1] On the death of the Rev. John Sargent, Rector of Lavington, in May 1833, S. F. Wood writes to Manning as follows: "May we find each other, my dear friend, stablished by every trial in holiness, growing up into the full proportions and refreshed (as is due to this season) by the abundant power of the Holy Ghost!"

Manning received on the auspicious occasion of his marriage with Caroline Sargent have been preserved, except the above characteristic letter of Wood's. It is not, however, to be regarded as the survival of the fittest, for I am afraid it was only by accident or oversight that it escaped the flames or the scissors.[1]

On the 7th of November 1833, Manning, Rector of Lavington, married Caroline, the third daughter of Mrs. John Sargent, and grand-daughter of Mrs. Sargent of Lavington House and Manor. The marriage ceremony was performed at Lavington Church by Samuel Wilberforce, then Rector of Brighstone, Isle of Wight, Manning and Wilberforce thus becoming brothers-in-law. Owing to the recent death of the bride's father, the Rev. John Sargent, the wedding was celebrated in a very quiet fashion. Manning and his wife took up their residence at Lavington Rectory.

By this marriage the designs of Providence in regard to the future Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church seemed to have been frustrated. But Providence has a long arm, and God in his wisdom [2] took to Himself, in the fourth year of her marriage, the wife of Henry Edward Manning—the cardinal priest to be.[3]

About his marriage Cardinal Manning always observed a singular reticence. In his Anglican days, the death of his wife produced in his heart and whole nature a grief so profound and abiding, as to forbid even the mention of her name. As a Priest and Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, he never alluded to his marriage, either because the fact of his having once been a married man was personally painful; or because he feared that the common knowledge of his early marriage, strange as it may seem, might produce, somehow or other, among his Catholic flock, especially

[1] On his death in the year 1880, Frederick Manning bequeathed to his brother Henry two volumes of his letters extending over a period of twenty years, 1830-50, but Cardinal Manning's ruthless scissors destroyed all the letters, 1833-37, covering the interesting period of his married life.

[2] In Manning's Diary, dated 1844-47, among "God's Ten Special Mercies," is to be found the date "1837," the year of his wife's death; see Diary.

[3] If, instead of marrying Caroline, Manning had married either of the other two unmarried daughters of Mrs. Sargent, who did not die young, what a different life would not his have been!

priests, monks, and nuns, an unpleasant impression derogatory to his high ecclesiastical dignity and position. So effectually was the story of his marriage suppressed, that on his death, Catholics with one or two exceptions, as well as the general public, knew nothing about his married life.

In all the late Cardinal Manning's letters innumerable, in his journals, diaries, note-books, and memoranda; in his most intimate communications, not the remotest allusion is made to his marriage, except in one brief record written obviously for after-publication, about the year 1880. This autobiographical Note may be aptly described as Manning's *apologia pro matrimonio suo.* It is as follows:—

Suddenly, on 3rd May 1833, Mr. Sargent, the Rector (of Lavington and Graffham) died, and the livings were given to me. At that time I was as ignorant of the Catholic Church—of its faith, its priesthood, its counsels, its instincts—as the dead. I was never opposed to the Catholic Church, for I had not been reared in that way. I knew absolutely nothing about it. I had grown up as an Englishman, and had turned with all my soul to God, and had given up political life for His service.[1] In this state of mind and light, knowing nothing of the Catholic life, or instincts, or perfections; in November 1833, I married, and in July 1837, found myself again in the state in which I have been for more than forty years. The cause of death was not what some writer has imagined, but consumption, which had already carried off two of the family, an elder brother and a sister.[2]

Cardinal Manning chronicles his marriage and its dissolution by death in one brief sentence. But the first four years of the happy married life and ministerial work of the Rector of Lavington cannot be so summarily dismissed.

[1] In his "Reminiscences," written late in life, Cardinal Manning seems to have "caught on" to the idea that in resigning his clerkship in the Colonial Office, he was giving up "political life," whereas, in reality, he was only giving up the Civil Service. For the Colonial Office is no more a school for politics than the Foreign Office or Somerset House, or the Post Office. His chance of entering into political life was lost by his father's bankruptcy in 1831. "Politics," as the Cardinal himself said in regard to his own case, "without a penny in one's pocket, is a bad trade."

[2] Mrs. Manning's elder brother predeceased her, but her sister, Mrs. S. Wilberforce, did not die until 1841.

CHAPTER VII

THE RECTOR OF LAVINGTON—EARLY WORK—DEATH OF HIS WIFE

1833–1837

"When Manning left Oxford," as Mr. Thomas Mozley relates in his *Reminiscences of Oriel*, "he passed rapidly and completely from politics to a high part. He was heard of as a great speaker at religious meetings." The young undergraduate of three years ago, the fluent debater at the Union, was now transformed into a grave ecclesiastic; but, true to the bent of his nature, he made use of his great gifts as a speaker, not now to excite the enthusiastic applause of his fellow undergraduates, but to win the hearts of grown-up men and women to the cause of religion. His voice was as persuasive and captivating—if not at Exeter Hall, at religious meetings in the country of the type common in that day of Evangelical ascendency—as it had been at the Union.

It speaks well for his earnestness of character and great adaptability to circumstances that Manning, at the age of twenty-six, should have so readily made himself at home in a little country village, and endeared himself so soon as their spiritual friend and teacher to the rustics and shepherds of Lavington parish. The late rector, the Rev. John Sargent, was an earnest Evangelical, imbued with the spirit of Simeon, well known as one of the leaders and shining lights of the Evangelical party. For twenty-seven years he had lived and laboured in the united parishes of Lavington and Graffham. Parish and parsonage were imbued with his spirit. He handed on to his successor the pious traditions

of the Evangelical School, already at the beginning of its decline. Like Manning, John Sargent was a scholar and, what his successor at Lavington was not, a poet.

Fortunately for the peace of the parishioners, and of the Sargent family and household at the Rectory at Graffham, and of Mrs. Sargent, the mother of the late rector, at Lavington House, Manning had no novel views to expound in religion. He did not bring down with him to Lavington the infection, in its seed-time, of Puseyism, as it was called in those days. His mind was free from all doubt or trouble about the Primitive Church or the Church of Rome, or about the relation of the Church of England to antiquity and tradition, or about the Thirty-nine Articles and the nature and extent of their authority. By such questions or controversies, which were perplexing the heart of Newman and his disciples at Oxford, Manning set no store.[1] Still less was his spirit vexed by the faintest misgiving as to the "blessed results of the Reformation," as he was wont, in his Evangelical zeal, to describe the fatal work of the Reformers. Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer were, indeed, men after his own, and—as he stoutly maintained—after God's heart.

When Manning was qualifying for Orders in 1832 the *Tracts for the Times* had not yet been started. Newman indeed was writing a series of Letters[2] in the *Record*, to the setting up of which well-known Evangelical paper he had subscribed a few years before a small sum. But Manning knew nothing of the great religious movement that was going on. During his last year at Oxford, when he was

[1] In speaking last year of his undergraduate days and Manning's, Mr. Gladstone said, "On one occasion, Henry Wilberforce told me in his abrupt fashion that he was a High Churchman. I certainly was surprised that one bearing his name had given up Evangelicalism. His father, the great philanthropist, was indignant beyond measure, and, fearing that the name would be degraded, was about to forbid his son Henry taking Orders; but, having a high opinion of Manning's piety and good sense, consulted him on the point. Manning said, 'Let him become a clergyman; work among the poor, and the visiting of the sick and dying will soon knock such High Church nonsense out of his head."

[2] Newman's Letters, in reply to attacks on and misrepresentations of his religious opinions, were so mauled and mutilated by the editor of the *Record* that Newman refused to continue the series.

qualifying for Orders, he did not, as he has recorded, even once meet Newman. The echoes of Keble's famous sermon on National Apostasy—a sermon which roused the hearts of men, and stirred Oxford to its depths, and to which Newman assigned the origin of the Tractarian movement —could scarcely have reached, since there are times and seasons for all things, during those happy summer months of 1833, the preoccupied heart of the young Rector of Lavington. Manning, indeed, was comfortably settled some three or four months at the rectory, on the eve of his marriage with Caroline Sargent, when the future leader of the Oxford Movement opened the *Tracts for the Times* on the 9th of September with the memorable words: "I am but one of yourselves, and a Presbyter."

Like Mr. Gladstone, Manning had left Oxford after taking his degree without knowing, without even a suspicion, of the religious ferment going on in the minds of Newman and Hurrell Froude, and of those under their immediate influence.

"When I left Oxford," Mr. Gladstone tells me to-day, "I should have said we were on smooth waters: there was no indication of the coming storm. From Thomas Mozley's *Reminiscences* I first learnt that in Oriel there was a movement going on at the time. I cannot say whether I knew Hurrell Froude of Oriel; I think I did; I am not sure.[1] But Manning knew nothing of Froude. I don't believe he was on terms of intimacy with Newman." Then he added; "How could he be? Newman was Fellow of Oriel, and held no office in the University, and Manning was an undergraduate belonging to another college."

Manning's personal piety was beyond question. He was a devout believer in God and in the Bible. To preach His Word to the poor and to the ignorant was the aim and delight of his life at Lavington. This Evangelical spirit, quite in keeping with that of their late rector, endeared him to his parishioners. It was not so much the substance

[1] In the course of conversation Mr. Gladstone said, "I was disappointed with Froude's *Remains;* he was distinguished not so much by intellectual power as by force of character. That accounts for his undoubted influence."

of his sermons as his impressive and earnest manner that attracted those who came to hear him or those unto whom he went out to preach. In after-life he disclaimed the title of Tractarian, of High Churchman, and of Low Churchman alike; if he is to be called by any religious party name, we can not do better than accept his own definition. As a Catholic he said of himself: "I was a Pietist until I accepted the Tridentine Decrees."

For twenty-seven years his predecessor had laboured in what he delighted to call "the Lord's vineyard" at Lavington. The Rev. John Sargent was a man of culture, of varied reading, and the author of "The Vision of Stonehenge," and other poems of no mean order. His heart and mind were devoted to his little parish. He was content within its narrow bounds, and sought no preferment. Manning followed in his footsteps. It was not long before the rector knew not merely by sight but by name every one of his scattered flock. He visited their homes and established Bible readings. The Rector's wife, imbued by a like spirit of Evangelical piety, took her part in every good work. She was his constant companion, accompanying him on his visits to the poor, or sitting by his side whilst he was composing his sermons, or reading over with interest and admiration the neatly written sheets.

Fortunately, I can call the best of all evidence as to the way in which Manning discharged his ministerial duties as Rector of Lavington, and with what zeal he tended to the spiritual interests and temporal wants of his little rustic flock—the evidence of still-living witnesses. One of these, Mr. Richmond, R.A., the celebrated painter, whose unbroken friendship with Manning began in the thirties, describes Lavington as a model parish: the gentle influence of the Rector was everywhere felt; his administrative skill was apparent in every detail in the management of the parish as in the order and arrangement of the church. His kindness of heart and sympathy drew by degrees almost the whole parish to the little church. This eye-witness, who, in those far-off days, was a frequent visitor at the rectory, speaks with high appreciation of the aid offered to

the Rector of Lavington by his wife in tending to the wants, spiritual and temporal, of the villagers and shepherds, in visiting and comforting the sick or the afflicted, and in looking after the village school. Daily morning prayers were the rule in the little church. In the preface to the Prayer Book it is directed that "the curate that ministereth in every parish church or chapel shall say morning and evening prayer, and shall cause a bell to be tolled thereunto a convenient time before he begin, that the people may come to hear God's Word and to pray with him." "It was a picturesque sight," says this friend of Manning in his Lavington days, "to watch the zealous and stately rector, vested in surplice, himself tolling the bell, whilst in the grey of a winter's morning the straggling villagers hurried to morning prayer before going out to their daily toil in the fields."

To inculcate the duty of daily prayer in the parish church was a task, which Manning set himself to with characteristic zeal. His simple and persuasive words, more than the tolling of the bell, drew by degrees the villagers to the little church for morning or evening prayer. It was one of the happiest results of his pastoral work. "The language of the English liturgy," as the Cardinal once remarked, "was no more and no less intelligible to my rustic congregation than would have been the Latin offices of the Catholic Church."

Mr. Richmond well remembers the Rector of Lavington's beautiful young wife. On one occasion, in the Spring of 1837, she gave him a first sitting for her portrait, but died before she could give a second. The unfinished sketch mysteriously disappeared, or, as Mr. Richmond says, he would have completed it from memory.

On the other hand, the Rector of Lavington was a somewhat strict disciplinarian; he might almost be called an ecclesiastical martinet in regard to his church and parish. Among other rules, he insisted that none had a right to take part in the service unless they had joined in the confession and received absolution. A little of his ancient discipline would not have been amiss at a later

period of his life in the churches under the Cardinal's jurisdiction, where the dropping-in of late-comers on Sunday mornings is much more common than in the Anglican churches. To mark his displeasure at the late ones, the Rector of Lavington made a practice of stopping till they were seated, and had presumably done penance for their remissness. "On one occasion," as Mr. Mozley relates, "the church door opened. Mr. Manning stopped. An old lady was heard tottering to her pew. There was a terrible fall. It was Mr. Manning's own mother, who had vainly endeavoured to hurry her pace during the reader's awful pause." [1]

There is another living witness to Manning's work at Lavington — Mr. Gladstone. In a conversation a few years ago on this subject, Mr. Gladstone said: "Manning's devotion to his pastoral work had the most successful results. The population of the parish was small, but Manning on one occasion told me that almost every parishioner was a communicant. That," added Mr. Gladstone, "was as it ought to be." Referring to the nature of his work, Mr. Gladstone said:—"Manning did not, of course, as rector of a small, unimportant parish, advocate any special views; his sermons at Lavington, both as rector and afterwards as archdeacon, were simple, moral discourses. Of course they were not printed. There is another witness," Mr. Gladstone added, "who knew more of him than I did in his early days at Lavington, and that is Lord Chichester. He was an Evangelical, not only at that time, but he remained an Evangelical to the end; and he told me that Manning was the most exemplary clergyman he had ever known, both for his pastoral zeal and personal holiness."

As yet Manning had made no mark in the Church he loved so well. His love and labours were confined to the narrow limits of his own parish. The controversies which the *Tracts for the Times* were exciting in Oxford and in the religious world beyond, had not, as yet, ruffled the surface of Manning's mind, or disturbed the happy serenity of Lavington, where the pious Evangelicalism of

[1] Thomas Mozley's *Reminiscences of Oriel*, vol. i. p. 426.

the rector's wife found a counterpart and crown in the zealous Pietism of the rector. I cannot do better than recite Manning's own account of his religious opinions in those early Lavington days, 1833-37.

In an autobiographical Note in his "Journal," dated 1878-82, Cardinal Manning wrote as follows:—

> The state of my religious belief in 1833 was profound faith in the Holy Trinity and the Incarnation, in the Redemption by the Passion of our Lord, and in the work of the Holy Spirit, and the conversion of the soul. I believed in baptismal regeneration, and in a spiritual, but real, receiving of our Lord in Holy Communion. As to the Church, I had no definite conception. I had rejected the whole idea of the Established Church. Erastianism was hateful to me. The royal supremacy was, in my mind, an invasion of the Headship of our Lord. In truth, I had thought and read myself out of contact with every system known to me. Anglicanism was formal and dry, Evangelicalism illogical, and at variance with the New Testament, Nonconformity was to me mere disorder. Of the Catholic Church I knew nothing. I was completely isolated. But I held intensely to the "Word of God," and the work of souls. In this state I began preaching to the poor in church, and in their homes.
>
> The first question that rose in my mind was, What right have you to be teaching, admonishing, reforming, rebuking others? By what authority do you lift the latch of a poor man's door and enter and sit down and begin to instruct or to correct him? This train of thought forced me to see that no culture or knowledge of Greek or Latin would suffice for this. That if I was not a messenger sent from God, I was an intruder and impertinent.

As time went on, and the Oxford Movement grew in volume and intensity, and penetrated even the quiet precincts of Chichester, though ruled by the lowest of Low Church bishops, Manning's religious opinions were beginning to take a more definite form. His sermons in those early days were not printed, but I learn from contemporary sources that they only advocated, even if preached beyond range of his own parish, such doctrines and guiding principles of the Church of England as were commonly accepted at that date by all parties within the Church. But in July

1835 Manning was invited by Archdeacon Webber to preach at Chichester Cathedral. This, his first published sermon, was entitled, *The English Church: its Succession and Witness for Christ*, and was preached on the occasion of an archidiaconal visitation at the Cathedral of Chichester, 7th July 1835. His selection as preacher on such an occasion was a high tribute to his oratorical repute. The object of the sermon was to prove the apostolic succession, and to show that the English bishops were the successors in lineal descent of the apostles. The argument was apparently directed against what Churchmen in those days regarded as the arrogant claims advanced by Dissent and its supporters in and out of Parliament to be put on a level with the Church of England.

I will recite the opening passage of this sermon as characteristic:—

> In obeying the call to address you, my reverend brethren, it seemed right to select a topic of the simplest nature, and of the most extended interest as being the fittest for me to handle, and, therefore, the worthiest for you to hear. Leaving, then, for others the more perfect wisdom and the higher mysteries of our holy faith, I have chosen a subject with which to be familiar is a prerequisite to the *rôle* of our sacred ministry. For the first fifteen hundred years of Christian antiquity, Christ's earthly Church was one, and His ministry one, till apostolic unity of faith and practice withered away in the hollow sameness of the Roman ceremonial. Now, for three hundred years men have seemed to sicken of the very name of unity, and to contemplate the unhealthy self-production of sect and divisions within the bosom of the Church with a spurious charity, a cold indifference, and even a misguided satisfaction. At length it has come to pass that every one of the self-separated fragments of the body catholic has successfully preferred a claim for itself and its teachers to be regarded as the Church and ministry of Christ.

The preacher, addressing a sympathetic congregation of clergy assembled at the visitation, then put the pregnant question—"Our commission to witness for Christ hangs on this question, Are the bishops of our Church the successors in lineal descent of the Lord's apostles?" The question was answered to the satisfaction alike of the preacher and

the congregation. The subject matter of the sermon as well as the stately manner of its delivery obtained for the preacher the well-deserved recognition of a request for its publication. Apostolic succession is a doctrine not ungrateful even to Evangelical clergy or a Low Church bishop. Manning's first essay in dogmatic religion was a success. It was published with copious notes and learned quotations from the Fathers and Anglican divines of the seventeenth century. His brother-in-law, Mr. John Anderdon, the author of the *Life of Bishop Ken*, wrote in part, in part revised Manning's first published sermon.

On this sermon Cardinal Manning has the following Note :—

> At the visitation of September 1835, I preached a sermon on the "Succession and the Evidences of the Church." The Oxford Tracts had been coming out for some years. I agreed with them in outline, and in the main, but remotely, and so as to make me unable to identify myself with them. My only participation in them was to send a catena of quotations on tradition from Anglican writers, which was incorporated in a larger list.

The appointment of Dr. Hampden to the Regius Professorship of Divinity in 1836 roused strong feeling in Oxford. Tractarians and Evangelicals, at daggers-drawn on every other question, were of one mind and one heart in opposing Dr. Hampden, who was denounced as a Semi-Arian. His Bampton Lectures[1]—*The Scholastic Theology: considered in its Relations to Christian Theology*—were attacked on all sides, and the author was charged with Rationalism and Socinianism. In order, it was hoped, to render his appointment as Regius Professor of Divinity impossible, a motion was made before Convocation to condemn his Bampton Lectures. "Puseyites and Peculiars"[2] stood shoulder to shoulder on this unique occasion.

[1] The Bampton Lectures were founded by the Rev. John Bampton, Canon of Salisbury, in 1780. These lectures, eight in number, are delivered annually at St. Mary's, Oxford, the foundation being vested in the University of Oxford. The subjects of the lectures are mainly connected with the Christian evidences.

[2] "Peculiars" was a nickname given at Oxford to the Low Church party.

Cardinal Manning, in the year 1887, related to me how he and his old Oxford friend, Edward Twisleton, went up to Oxford together to give their vote:—"When the voting took place Twisleton walked first and I followed him; passing by the proctor into a circular gallery, he voted against the condemnation, I for. On coming out, Twisleton said, in explanation of his vote, 'Dr. Hampden to-day; to-morrow it will be Neander's (Newman) turn.[1] There is a party of German Rationalists rising up in the University which will carry all before it.'" Cardinal Manning told this anecdote in illustration of his friend's singular perspicacity and foresight, adding, "Twisleton was a Commissioner under the Poor Law; I was in constant communication with him. He was a good man; he died about fifteen years ago."

In those days the meeting place of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge was the battle-ground for many a stout fight between the Evangelicals and the High Church party. The Low Church party, harassed at Oxford and losing their ancient influence in the country, disputed every inch of ground. They had laid hands on the S.P.C.K. High Churchmen, as well as moderate Evangelicals, resolved to rescue the management of the Society from the undue control exercised over it by an extreme faction. For this purpose the Archbishop of Canterbury was prevailed upon in 1835 to convene a meeting of the society at 23 Lincoln's Inn Fields. Eager or zealous country clergymen, as their wont was in those days, on critical occasions, hastened up to London, to attend, as it was called, the Archbishop's meeting. The *Record*, the

[1] "Neander was born (1789) at Göttingen, and died 14th July 1850. The first volume of Neander's great work, *The History of the Christian Religion and Church*, appeared in 1825, soon afterwards it was translated into English. With Neander, theology was not as it is with too many both at home and abroad, a mere profession. The purity of his daily life—his devotion to Christian labour, the self-denial which was his soul's habit—proved how genuinely he believed the truth of his favourite motto, that it is neither the profoundest learning, nor the most vigorous intellect, nor most fervid eloquence, but *pectus est quod facit theologum*—'It is the heart which makes the theologian.'"—"Neander," *Biographical Treasury*. In the early days of the Tractarian movement Newman was often called Neander.

mouthpiece of the more extreme Evangelical party, had sounded the trumpet, and raised the rallying cry, "Evangelicals to the rescue." The echo of that trumpet had reached the silences and solitudes of Lavington.[1] The voice of the Rector's wife pleaded, perhaps for the last time—for the shadow of death was already upon her—for the cause and traditions so dear to her heart.

It was on the occasion of this meeting that Mr. Gladstone met Manning for the first time since their Oxford days. Speaking with me January twelvemonth of Manning's early days Mr. Gladstone said:—

On our leaving Oxford we naturally lost sight of each other; Manning went down into the country in charge of a small parish and I lived in London following political pursuits and finishing my education—at least as regards foreign languages and literature. It was only several years later that I met Manning by accident. It was on the occasion of a great meeting in 1835 or 1836 I think, called by Archbishop Howley—a revered man[2]—in connection with the Christian Knowledge Society. The extreme section of the Evangelicals had been getting too much the upper hand, and the object of the meeting was to put restraint on their action. I was walking with Lord Cholmondeley, a leading man among the Evangelicals but not a factionist, on our way to the meeting, with the view of supporting the Archbishop, when, in turning out of Queen Street into Lincoln's Inn Fields, we rubbed shoulders with Manning. After a friendly interchange of greetings and questionings, I asked Manning what had brought him, a country clergyman, up to town. "To defend," was his answer, "the Evangelical cause against the attempts of the Archbishop." "This shows," added Mr. Gladstone, "that Manning belonged at that time to the section of the extreme Evangelicals."

In 1836-37, before definitely breaking with the Evangelicals, Manning made some tentative approaches to the great leader of the Tractarian movement, as will be set

[1] Manning in those days was a regular reader of the *Record*.

[2] Speaking of Archbishop Howley, Mr. Gladstone said:—"Though plain of feature, Archbishop Howley had the most remarkable countenance I have ever seen, a truly ecclesiastical, a highly spiritual countenance. You must not think because he was a friend of mine that I am unduly setting him up above other men." Cardinal Manning once said to me, "Mr. Gladstone's geese are all swans." This, however, had no reference to Archbishop Howley.

out at large in the correspondence given in a subsequent chapter.

In the meanwhile, the Rector of Lavington kept up active and friendly relations with the Evangelical party, if not at Oxford, in his own Diocese of Chichester. His Bishop, Dr. Maltby, out of the fulness of his ostentatious zeal—for he was prone to pomp and show—for the propagation of the Bible in foreign parts, was anxious to establish a diocesan society in aid of the Foreign Translation Committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. To effect this a public meeting was held in December 1836, at the Council Chamber, Chichester, of which Manning was one of the secretaries. It fell to his share to arrange preliminary measures, and to write circulars inviting co-operation.

The fine flowing hand of Manning may be traced in those passages of the circular especially in which he speaks with unction "of the duty of the Church at large to bear witness to the Scriptures; and more especially of the Church of England, as being the mother of many churches in the colonies, and in a peculiar way the ark of the pure and apostolic faith amid the various and conflicting errors of the Church elsewhere." The excellence of the English version of the Bible, as well as the German version of Luther, is spoken of with praise; mention is likewise made of the praiseworthy results obtained in France, Italy, and Spain by the translation of the Bible.

The *Record* of 2nd January 1837 gave a long report of the meeting, saying "That the Dean, Dr. Chandler, proposed, and the Rev. H. E. Manning, in an excellent speech, seconded, the first resolution."

In those days the *Record*, the mouthpiece of the Evangelical party, still bestowed its mild benedictions on Manning, against whom, later on, it pronounced its anathema.

Manning's activity was not confined to his services as secretary to the Society for Propagating the Bible in Foreign Parts. He was ambitious of trying his hand at controversy in the press, and adroitly seized on a favourable

opportunity. In the year 1836 Dr. Wiseman first made his mark in England by a series of lectures delivered in St. Mary's, Moorfields, on the doctrinal differences between the Catholic Church and Protestantism. These lectures were widely discussed and criticised in newspapers, magazines, and tracts. The *Record* at once fell foul of the Roman champion. Protestant prejudices were aroused. To do battle with so formidable an antagonist as Dr. Wiseman was Manning's opportunity. Accordingly, in an elaborate article or letter in the *British Magazine*, under the title, "Dr. Wiseman's Errors or Unfairness," he charged, among other strictures, Dr. Wiseman with deliberate unfairness; for the writer of the article could not conceive it possible that "Dr. W., with his high pretensions to learning, was ignorant of the essential difference between the Church of England and other Protestant or Dissenting bodies. The assumption of the exclusive right to the name 'Catholic' for the Church of Rome, and the confounding the Church of England with other Protestant bodies, was," he continued, "on the part of Dr. W. an unworthy controversial artifice."

In entering the lists for the first time against Wiseman and the Catholic Church, Manning wore his vizor down, for he wrote under a *nom de guerre*, "A Catholic Priest." But this "letter" provoked a remonstrance from his intimate friend and familiar correspondent, S. F. Wood. Wood, who was making a holiday excursion in Ireland, after giving a graphic account of the country and people,[1] wrote as follows:—

TEMPLE, 3*rd Nov.* 1836.

MY DEAR FRIEND—

. . . A letter in the last *British Magazine* on Wiseman, signed "A Catholic Priest," has just met my eye. From its clearness and ability, and from a little talk we had together in August, I have a slight suspicion of the *author*. If I am right, I know he will forgive and consider of thus much:—Agreeing with him most fully that the Anglican Church's *idea* of the rule of faith is as he states, and earnestly longing for its actual development in our

[1] For S. F. Wood's account of Protestantism and the Catholic Church in Ireland in 1836, see a note at the end of the volume.

day, I still think, that viewing our Church as an *outward historical* fact, looking at its tendencies and connections for the last ten or twenty years, its living preachers and members, Dr. Wiseman had a right as a *controversialist*, with his principles, etc., to *group* it with Biblical Protestants. And that it would be more wise, more humble, more truthful, and more Xtianlike to confess our practical defection from our principles, and to warn and to recall men to them, than hastily to tax him with unfairness.—Ever, my dear Manning, your affectionate S. F. WOOD.

Manning rather resented this criticism, as denying the Catholicity of the Anglican Church, and, after publishing in the *British Magazine* a second article attacking Dr. Wiseman, wrote to S. F. Wood, expressing regret at his untimely defence of the Roman champion.

In reply Wood wrote as follows:—

TEMPLE, *Saturday, 2nd Dec.* 1836.

MY DEAR FRIEND—Not feeling the least vocation to defend Dr. Wiseman, and having but a low opinion of his personal truthfulness, I had much rather drop the subject altogether, but your kind reply calls for a few words, and they shall be as few as I can. I never denied (God forbid) the comparative Catholicity of our Mother the Anglican Church, in the general, and as to this very point, "the Rule of Faith," I consider her notion is practically modified by her reception of the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds and by her Liturgy, and as expounded by her greatest Doctors, the best of any Church. But I still think there is sufficient ambiguity in her own symbolical and formal exhibition of the rule, and quite sufficient contrariety in the expounders of it, to justify an hostile controversialist, with the present temper of the living Church members before his eyes, in taking (more or less) Wiseman's line, and the very obvious irregularity of the witnesses he calls rather proves to me, that he thought *habemus confitentem reum* and I need not labour the point, for surely if he had wished to blind he might have got up a very respectable *catena* on his side. Take first, §§ 1, 2, and 3 of the *Dissuasive*, Pt. 1, B. 1 (not in one or two detached places, which we owe to a more or less really Catholic ἦθος) but in their whole scope and line of argument; take Chillingworth's notorious axiom, take Tillotson and Burnet and twenty other *low* people in *high* places, take lastly Bishop Mant's just come out *Churches of Rome and England Compared*, p. 12, where he distinctly lays down the Bible as the Rule, and I think candour will allow this. . . .[1]

[1] In the course of the above letter Wood said, "Newman comes to town

If his ecclesiastical career was prosperous and promising, this period of his life brought upon Manning two domestic sorrows: one, the death of his father at a ripe age; the other, the premature death, in the fulness of her young life, of Caroline, his wife.

His father died on Good Friday, the 17th of April 1835, at his house in Lower Gower Street. In that house of mourning Manning found assembled, on his arrival from Lavington, his mother and his brothers Frederick and Charles, and his sisters Maria and Caroline. On the morning of the funeral, 24th April, Frederick Manning says in his Diary:—"We joined together around the remains of our dear parent in prayer, which dear Henry was kind enough to give us." John Anderdon, with his eldest son William, and Colonel Austen, Manning's two brothers-in-law, attended the funeral at Sundridge Church, near Combe Bank, the home of his prosperous days. The funeral service was performed by the Rector of Sundridge, Dr. D'Oyly, an old friend of the family. William Manning was laid to rest in the vault where his daughter Harriet was buried in 1826.

The following inscription was placed on the tomb of Mr. William Manning:—

In a vault beneath are deposited the Remains of
WILLIAM MANNING, Esq.
Formerly of Combe Bank, in this Parish,
Born December 1st, 1763,
And in a firm reliance on the merits of his Redeemer,
Departed this life on Good Friday, April 17th, 1835.
He was forty years a Director of the Bank of England and a Member of Parliament for nearly an equal period. His meekness, purity, benevolence, and unwearied endeavour
For the welfare and happiness of all around him, will be long remembered by an extensive circle of grateful Friends, but chiefly by his own Family, who deeply feeling their bereavement,
Desire to record by this Tablet
Their reverential and pious affection for the best of Fathers.

on Monday to spend a week with R. I. Williams, and I hope to see and talk with him a good deal. We are mustering stronger in town, though I suppose the framework of society here must preclude one's having much influence collectively."

The following memorandum, as a witness of the day, was written by Henry Manning on the day of his father's funeral:—

My dearest Father was 71, born 1st Dec. 1764; Died 17th April 1835, Good Friday. Buried 24th April 1835, to-day, at Combe Bank.

I write this as a witness of this day, which has been full of a complication of strange and painful and consolatory feelings. We carried him over his own former possessions, by the road he made himself. May this date a new life to me and mine.

The details of to-day I will put down when less overwhelmed by fatigue.

24*th April* 1835.

But the sorrow of his life, of which Manning never spoke to a living soul in his Anglican or his Catholic days, was the death of his wife. His shy and sensitive nature shrank from the expression of a grief of the heart so deep and so abiding. Her death, though not unexpected, came at the end almost with the suddenness of a surprise. Her mother, Mrs. John Sargent, had been unremitting in her attendance on, and tender care of, her dying daughter. Her last words to her mother were: "Take care of Henry." Mrs. John Sargent fulfilled, with all her heart, her daughter's last wishes. Until the death of her elder daughter, the wife of Samuel Wilberforce, she "took care of Henry," was his constant and watchful companion, and kept house for him until she was called upon to discharge similar offices of care and kindness to her elder son-in-law on the death of his wife in 1841.

The sermon which Manning preached at the beloved little church at Lavington on the occasion of his wife's death touched every heart by its simple pathos, and still more by the certitude of the high hopes which it expressed of the heavenly joys that awaited the child of election in the home of her Eternal Father. The touching sermon was never published in full; but large extracts from it have been preserved. With the omission of the more personal references, the substance of the sermon has been published under the title, *Thoughts for those that Mourn.*

The following passages, in their tenderness and hopefulness, indicate the sources from which Manning, in his great grief, drew comfort and consolation:—

Had you not rather bear yourself all the affliction of anxiety and grief which clouds a season of death?

The hopes, fears, blights, faintings, and recoils of cold blood on the overwhelmed heart, the quick step, sudden message, hasty summons, the agony of lingering expectation, somebody must bear, for it is appointed unto all men once to die, and you must die too at the last. Would you not that they should be spared all you suffer?

Is the solitude of bereavement afflicting?

Would you not rather endure it and let them enter into the fellowship of saints and angels? The heavy days, long evenings, leisure changed into loneliness. The sad nights and sadder days when the reality of our bereavement breaks in upon us. Sleep, much more dreaming, puts us back where we were, but working thrusts us again into the present.

Is death terrible and its avenues rough?

Will you not rejoice for them that they have got their trial well over, and that now there remains for them no more suffering and sickness, because no more sin: that the spirit is now enfranchised, the body laid up for renewal? They shall be restored, not with the hollow eye and sharp severe crisis of distress, but in a transfigured perfection of all that they once were. Death has dominion only while we are dying. They are born to a new life when the spirit passes forth.

Is it blessed to enter into rest?

Then do you not rejoice that they have entered—ay, so soon? Would you not give way to them, and yield any greater blessing to them? And will you not rejoice that they have entered into that rest at the cost of your sorrow and solitude? This is only the greatest act of self-denial you have ever been called to, for their sakes.

The death of Caroline, his wife, young in years, in the high tide of happiness in the natural order, was not merely an earthly sorrow, but an event in the providence of God which effected an entire change in the course and character of Manning's life. God's designs in regard to the future of His elected servant were undreamt of by him at the time, which lends an additional pathos to that scene of earthly sorrow.

The happy home at Lavington, with its pleasant ways, its simple joys, its tranquillity and gladness of heart and deep domestic affection, which for well-nigh four years had made it a paradise on earth, was turned into a house of mourning, a home for ever after widowed of its earthly joys. It has rarely fallen to the lot of any of the sons of man to endure such a deep, abiding and unspeakable anguish of heart as befell the Rector of Lavington on the death of his young, sympathetic, and pure-hearted wife. In that sorrowful summer and autumn of 1837, when even the flowers of Lavington, which he loved so well and loved to the last—for they were constantly sent to him unto the end of his days as memorials of his early home—lay faded at his feet, widowed of their ancient gladness. He was wont, after his first anguish of heart had subsided, to sit for hours, day by day, at the grave of his wife, and compose his sermons.[1] "The great thought," as he wrote to Newman, a month or two later, "is before me night and day, but I have long since become unable either to speak or write of it. . . . All I can do now is to keep at work. There is a sort of rush into my mind when unoccupied, I can hardly bear."

To a near relative he described it as "a sort of grapple with what was crushing me." When at last he rose up from that silent grave, it was with sealed heart—with sealed lips—for henceforth he never more breathed her name to a living being. Not even to his nearest and dearest relatives in the intimacies of life did he ever once allude to his wife or utter her name in joy or sorrow. He was very reticent indeed, even during her lifetime. Seven or eight years ago, in a conversation with Mr. Gladstone on Manning's Anglican days, I happened to mention that this interesting episode in his life was a sealed book, unknown to all except a very few, who had a more intimate acquaintance with the Cardinal's life, or with his few surviving

[1] Speaking some six or seven years ago with Mr. Richmond, R.A., on Manning's married life at Lavington, and on the deep grief he felt at the death of his wife, Mr. Richmond said:—"Yes, his grief was great and abiding—too great for words; he never spoke of her. I was a frequent visitor at Lavington in those days of sorrow, and often found Manning seated by the grave-side of his wife, composing his sermons."

contemporaries. In reply Mr. Gladstone said: "I am not in the least surprised; Manning never spoke to me about his family or friends; and, intimate as I was with him for a time, he never once alluded to his wife, excepting in a few lines announcing her death."

In the frequent and intimate conversations I had with the Cardinal about his Anglican days, he only alluded to the subject twice, and that in an indirect fashion. Once he said: "You may write just as you think fit about me in the 'Life'; I don't wish to see a page. But there is one episode early in life which I wish to see in manuscript before it goes to the printers." Of course that passage, I knew, referred to his marriage.

On another occasion Cardinal Manning told me that he had received a letter from the churchwardens, announcing that the grave at Lavington was falling into decay, and asking for instructions about putting and keeping it in repair. "My reply was: 'It is best so; let it be. Time effaces all things.'"

After long years, even unto the end of his life, Lavington still remained green in Manning's memory, still dear to his heart. But it was characteristically associated in his mind, not with the days of stress and storm, but with the early beginnings of his life, when the little church of Lavington was his pride, his hope, and the joy of his heart; when his home, under the shelter of the Sussex Downs—"an abode amid calm streams and green woody hills," of higher beauty still, I may add—an abode of peace and piety, dearer far to him than life, as the home for nigh upon four years of the ministering angel of his heart and hearth, the copartner of his joys and sorrows.

They, who have so often read the Cardinal's touching description of his home at Lavington, now that the veil over that hidden episode of his life—from that glad day in November 1833, when he was married to Caroline Sargent, to the dark day in July 1837, when he followed her to the grave in Lavington Churchyard—has, with reverent hand, been lifted in part, will discover in those words, now that their "true inwardness" has been revealed, an additional

and deeper pathos: "I loved . . . the little church under a green hillside, where the morning and evening prayer, and the music of the English Bible, for seventeen years became a part of my soul. Nothing is more beautiful in the natural order; and if there were no eternal world, I could have made it my home."

The following lines seem to have a true and touching application to widowed Lavington, and to the sword which severed the natural bonds that bound Manning to a life of learned leisure and earthly happiness:—

"Alas! for Thou must learn,
Thou guileless One! rough is the holy hand;
Runs not the Word of Truth through every land,
A sword to sever and a fire to burn?
If blessed Paul had stayed
In cot or learned shade,
With the priest's white attire,
And the Saints' tuneful choir;
Men had not gnashed their teeth, nor risen to slay,
But Thou hadst been a heathen in thy day."[1]

[1] Newman, *Verses on Various Occasions*, lxxiii. "Warfare," "Freely ye have received; freely give," p. 119.

CHAPTER VIII

DEVELOPMENT OF MANNING'S RELIGIOUS OPINIONS

1838

Up to the year 1838 the Rector of Lavington's heart and mind were devoted to pastoral work, to the teaching of the poor and ignorant, to inculcating holiness of life and the spirit of prayer. Outside the parish church, his voice was heard at religious meetings pleading on behalf of the Bible Society for Foreign Missions, or defending on public platforms by speech or vote the Evangelical cause against the encroachments or attacks of its enemies, even if headed, as I have already shown, by the highest of his ecclesiastical superiors. On special occasions, so highly was he esteemed that he was invited by his old friend the Dean, Dr. Chandler, to preach at the cathedral of Chichester.

But in the year 1838 the *Tracts for the Times*, which for five years had kept Oxford in a ferment, were producing an effect and evoking a response in the outer world. Newman's voice reached even the seclusion of Lavington. In one of his autobiographical Notes, Manning acknowledges that, though not identifying himself with the Tractarian movement, he had at least read some of the Tracts.[1] When he first began to preach and teach in Sussex, dogmatic religion, which it was the work and aim of the *Tracts for the Times* to inculcate, was to Manning a closed book. But now, under favouring circumstances, he

[1] This scant acknowledgment somewhat minimises the extent and nature of Manning's relations — at least from 1836-40 — with Newman and the Tractarian party, as a reference to letters, pp. 219-237, will show.

began to emancipate himself from the influence of his Evangelical surroundings, and from the earlier tendency of his own mind towards a system of vague undefined Pietism. Indeed, from his copious correspondence with S. F. Wood of Oriel, the earliest and most intimate of his Oxford friends, it is abundantly clear that Manning's mind was no longer satisfied with the narrow and undogmatic teachings and traditions of the Evangelical school, Tractarianism was "in the air"; and the electric shock of Newman's personality was conveyed to Manning in his seclusion at Lavington by his constant communications with S. F. Wood, once, like Manning himself, an ardent Evangelical, but now a disciple and an apologist, as his letters show, of the Tractarian movement.

It was one of the most marked elements of Manning's mind to ponder long—even for years—on the changes which his religious opinions were undergoing or had undergone. In private letters, in confidential conversations, he would discuss and profess changes in his religious convictions long before he made them manifest in public speech or act. Owing to this slow deliberation or prudent circumspection, it was only in 1838 that Manning passed out of the slough of Evangelicalism, and incurred the anathema of the *Record* newspaper.

Among the first effects of the *Tracts for the Times* was to force men, if not indeed to choose sides, at least to know their own minds. The theory of dogmatic belief had to be faced. The Evangelicals were up in arms; the High-and-Dry Church party of the school of Hook, mistrusting the tendency and spirit of Puseyism, held aloof. At Oxford, the dons and heads of houses feared and hated the Tractarian movement. The dignitaries of the Church looked upon Newman and his disciples as disturbers of the peace, which was to them the jewel beyond price. The bishops frowned upon the movement, but in the beginning held their tongues, except the more extreme Evangelical bishops; or such a Bishop as Edward Maltby of Chichester, who, knowing little of, and caring less for, religious principles, whether High Church or Low, regarded the Established

Church with pride and affection, simply and solely as a State Institution.[1] But, happily for Manning in that day of trial and transition, the translation to Durham of Edward Maltby, the first of the four Bishops of Chichester under whom Manning served, removed a stumbling-block from his path. It was forgotten even by Mr. Gladstone[2] that the Rector of Lavington's first "Father in God" was that Bishop of Durham to whom Lord John Russell addressed, in the year of the so-called "Papal Aggression," his notorious "No Popery" letter, which for a while set all England ablaze with the frenzy of religious fanaticism.

The charge of the diocese of Chichester rested henceforth on the easy sloping shoulders of a bishop of no religious opinions in particular. Bishop Otter, the new bishop, was described by his contemporaries as being "neither fish, flesh, nor fowl," partly as a pun on his name, partly on account of the vagueness of his religious views, for he was neither High Church, Low Church, nor Broad. Ruled no longer by a bishop of pronounced Low Church views, Manning had a free hand, and made use of his opportunities to the fullest. Favouring circumstances helped the young Rector of Lavington onwards and upwards. He was quick in discerning that the Tractarian movement was becoming a power in the land. His mind was no longer satisfied with the vague and undogmatic views of Evangelicalism. High Church doctrines, as taught at Oxford by the Tractarians, though held in a spirit of moderation, conjoined with becoming reverence for the Reformers and gratitude for "the blessed results" of the Reformation, approved themselves to his heart and mind. It was a great transition period in the revival of religion. The hearts and souls of men were being quickened into life.

[1] With such a bishop Manning had no relations. As a quiet country parson he kept aloof from Chichester, and wisely made no attempt to approach the bishop or his palace.

[2] A year or two ago Mr. Gladstone told me that "Manning served under three bishops—William Otter, Shuttleworth, and Gilbert—with each of whom, though of different religious opinions, he was always on excellent terms."

"In June 1838," writes an eye-witness of the religious movement, "Hook preached on the text 'Hear the Church' before the Queen and her Court at the Chapel Royal.[1] The sermon set all the reading world talking, thinking, and feeling too. Manning, long known as an eloquent and agreeable speaker at Oxford, became now more widely known as the preacher of a learned sermon at Chichester on the "Rule of Faith."[2] This sermon was preached by the Rector of Lavington in the cathedral of Chichester on 13th June 1838, at the primary visitation of William (Otter) Bishop of Chichester.

The *Rule of Faith*, with its appendix and notes, considerably more than thrice the length of the sermon itself as originally delivered, is in every way an interesting work. First of all, it is a clear and precise declaration by Manning of his religious opinions; secondly, it is his primary essay in controversy. For the first, and I may say for the last time, at any rate as an Anglican, Manning descends into the common arena, and does battle with adversaries on equal terms. He supports his theories by arguments, meets objectors and their contentions face to face, challenges contradiction and provokes controversy. Assailing now the position of "popular Protestantism," now the pretensions of "Romanism," quoting the writings of those whom he attacked and naming their names, he fearlessly laid himself open to retort. At any rate he stung popular Protestantism to the quick, and brought a hornets' nest about his ears.

The work was distinguished by the author's characteristic moderation and prudence, for though avowing for the first time High Church principles, he was careful not in any way to commit himself to Tractarianism. He steered a middle course between what was called in that day—and by such a witness, for instance, as Mr. Gladstone—High-and-Dry Anglicanism and Tractarianism. Hook, who represented the High-and-Dry Anglicans, pleased no one; he offended popular Protestantism, and perhaps still more by

[1] Hook's sermon gave great offence to the Queen. S. Wilberforce, in his Diary, says, "The Queen at once drew the curtain of her pew."

[2] Thomas Mozley's *Reminiscences of Oriel*, vol. i. p. 446.

his shallowness, his half-heartedness, and time-serving spirit, the Tractarian party. Unlike Hook, Manning, by the earnestness and deeper religious zeal which he displayed, gained the confidence and esteem of the Tractarian leaders, and was even invited by Newman to write for the *British Critic*. It was indeed a time of such searching conflict and controversy that men who aspired to take a leading part in the struggles of the Church were forced, in order to obtain a hearing, to define their position, or at any rate to show their colours. Unlike the writers for the *Tracts for the Times* and the *British Critic*, Manning still retained a great reverence for the reformers. At the very moment when Newman and Pusey and Keble were refusing to countenance the memorial which was being got up by the Low Church Party at Oxford in honour of Latimer, Cranmer, and Ridley,[1] Manning, in the *Rule of Faith* pronounces a blessing on Cranmer,[2] and speaks of "his pretended degradation," and cites him "as foremost in rank, and second to none in experience among many witnesses," to show "that the rule of faith, Scripture and antiquity, or Scripture and the creed, attested by universal tradition, is the recognised principle of the Reformed Church of England, and also of the Church of primitive times. Cranmer and Ridley and Latimer, Manning puts on a line, as witnesses to the faith, with the fathers of the Primitive Church. The gist of Manning's profession of faith is the acceptance of the rule laid down by Bishop Ridley at his last examination. After referring to the wise counsel of Vincentius Lerinensis that "when one part (of the Church) is corrupted with heresies, then prefer the whole world before that part; but if the greatest part be infected, then prefer antiquity," Ridley goes on as follows:—

[1] In one of his letters, S. Wilberforce said, "I have been urging in vain Newman and Pusey to subscribe a small sum to the testimonial."

Again, in a letter to Charles Anderson, "I am very sorry that Newman and Pusey set themselves against it. It was just the opportunity they ought to have seized for doing away some of the evil of dear Froude's book; but they are bent on their own way."—*Life of Bishop Wilberforce*, vol. i. p. 130.

[2] "All the good I know of Cranmer is that he burnt well."—*Hurrell Froude.*

In like sort now when I perceive the greatest part of Christianity to be infected with the poison of the see of Rome, I repair to the usage of the Primitive Church, which I find clean contrary to the pope's decrees, as in that the priest receiveth alone, that it is made unlawful to the laity to receive in both kinds, and such like, wherefore it requireth, that I prefer the antiquity of the Primitive Church before the novelty of the Church of Rome." [1]

To this profession of faith, Manning's sermon and appendix is a long-drawn-out amen.

Between the delivery of the *Rule of Faith* and its publication with appendix and notes, which convert an ordinary learned sermon into a controversial treatise of special interest, an article had appeared in the *Dublin Review*,[2] criticising and challenging the position taken up by Keble and other Tractarian leaders on the subject of private judgment, and Article VI. of the Thirty-Nine Articles. This Review, an able Catholic quarterly, published in London, was the organ of Dr. Wiseman, the foremost champion of the Catholic cause in those days of eager controversy. Full of sympathy with the Tractarian movement and characteristically hopeful of its results, he watched and criticised every step, every position taken up by the Tractarian writers.

This Catholic criticism in the *Dublin Review* of Keble's sermon, attacking the position taken up by Anglicans, as representing the faith of the Primitive Church, incidentally assailed and upset Manning's theory of the identity between the rule of faith in the Reformed Church of England and in the Primitive Church. Thus challenged by Dr. Wiseman and the *Dublin Review*, Manning buckled on his armour and entered for the first time publicly into the arena of controversy.

After having established to his own satisfaction the identity between the rule of faith distinctly recognised by the English Church, and that of the Primitive Church, the author goes on to confirm his proposition "by considering two fallacious rules, which have been, in later ages, adopted by

[1] Ridley's Life, pp. 613, 614.

[2] July 1838.

the Church; both, therefore, *modern*, and condemned as novel, by universal tradition: I mean the rule of the Roman Church; and the rule that is held by all Protestant bodies, except the British and American Churches. The former may, for distinctness, be called the Roman, and the latter from its extreme novelty the New." [1]

Manning then deduces "from a work in great repute among the Roman Catholics in this country," [2] the following propositions:—

1. That there is a living judge of interpretations, guided by an inspiration the same in kind with that which dictated the Holy Scriptures.
2. That the rule by which the judge shall proceed, is "what was anciently received."
3. That some points of *belief* which, if it means anything more than the sixth Article of the Church of England, must mean of *necessary faith*, were not committed to writing in Holy Scripture, but rest on *oral* tradition *alone*.

Acting on this rule, the Church of Rome, at the Council of Trent, added to the Nicene or Constantinopolitan creed many doctrines which cannot be proved from Holy Scripture; *e.g.* transubstantiation, purgatory, invocation of saints, veneration of images, indulgences.

4. A profession of this faith she requires as necessary for communion.

Manning, then, having defined the Roman Rule,[3] contrasts it with the Catholic [Anglican] in this way:

The Church of Rome asserts that *oral* tradition is a *sufficient* proof of points of necessary belief.

The Church of England, that Scripture is the only sufficient proof of necessary faith.

The Church of Rome says, that the doctrinal articles added to Pope Pius's creed, may be proved from Scripture, but need not.

The Church of England, that they ought to be proved from Scripture, but cannot.

The Church of Rome maintains that they are binding, because they are Apostolical traditions.

[1] *Rule of Faith*, Appendix, p. 81.
[2] Berington and Kirk, *Faith of [Roman] Catholics*, p. 100.
[3] *Rule of Faith*, Appendix, p. 83.

The Church of England denies that they are Apostolical traditions, in as much as they will not stand the Catholic test; not being *primitive*, nor have they even been *universal*, nor held with consent of all Churches.

The Rector of Lavington then defines what he calls the "new rule," the rule of faith of popular Protestantism, and contrasts it with the Anglican as follows:—

The other fallacious rule is as follows:

That Holy Scripture needs no interpreter, but is plain to all.

But this is felt to be so evidently untenable, that it is generally stated in this form:

That the Holy Spirit, which dictated the Scripture, now guides all who seek the truth into a right understanding of it.

Now here is exactly the same fallacy as in the Roman rule above given. The Church of England carefully distinguishes between the immediate guidance of inspiration, and that guidance which leads men through the means God has ordained for the conveyance of truth.

After contrasting the two fallacious rules of faith with the true [the Anglican], he says:—

But we must go on to a still more instructive topic, namely, the close agreement of these two principles, notwithstanding their seeming irreconcilable opposition.

In the following six points they closely agree:—

1. Both exalt the *living judge* or interpreter above the written rule.
2. Both claim a *special* guidance.
3. Both argue *a priori*.
4. Both oppose antiquity and universal tradition. And, as a natural consequence of all these,
5. Both introduce new doctrines.
6. Both, in effect, undermine the foundation of faith.[1]

The Rector of Lavington having thus summoned the Evangelical party and the Catholic Church before the bar of his own infallible judgment, passes sentence alike on the Evangelical party, which he had just left, and on the Catholic Church to whose tribunal in after years he submitted his mind and will.

[1] *Rule of Faith*, pp. 84, 85.

Both the Roman and the new rule exalt the *living judge* or interpreter above the *written* rule. That this is so, many decrees of councils and popes will sufficiently prove. We need not quote the profane sayings of bygone controversy, expressing in too homely a way the malleableness of Scripture in the hands of the *living* Church. The maxim *Scripturæ sequuntur Ecclesiam* is enough. They have been made to follow the *living* Church with too ductile a pliancy. For it is plain that the meaning of a mute document, if it is tied to follow the utterance of a *living* voice, which shall claim the supreme right of interpretation, must vary with its living expositor. And in this lies the real danger of the Roman doctrine of infallibility.[1]

Manning then quotes and makes his own long passages from Chillingworth, in which that apostate priest describes "the pope as the real enemy of Christ, who under the pretence of interpreting the law of Christ, doth in many parts evacuate and dissolve it; so dethroning Christ from his dominion over men's consciences, and instead of Christ setting up himself."[2]

On this Manning remarks:

Although this investing of the pope with infallibility is the *Italian* doctrine, the Gallican and British Romanists placing it in the Church assembled in council, I have quoted the whole passage for a twofold reason. First, because it is equally applicable to the interpretation of the *living* Church in council; and secondly, because, in the rashness of controversy, this passage, levelled against the *infallibility of the living judge*, whether *pope* or Church, is turned against the very ground on which Chillingworth stood when he wrote it, *i.e. primitive and universal tradition.*[3]

Manning then contends that antiquity was sacrificed by modern Protestants, in order to establish the right of private judgment, and that the rejection of universal tradition has led to schism and Socinianism, but that the Church of England, reviving at the Reformation the rule of faith of the Primitive Church, resists both Calvinism and Romanism by appeal to universal tradition.

[1] *Rule of Faith*, Appendix, p. 86.
[2] Chillingworth, vol. i. pp. 11, 12, 13.
[3] *Rule of Faith*, Appendix, p. 87.

In this controversial appendix to a learned sermon, it is curious and interesting to note that the future Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, one of the most active fathers of a council convoked to define the dogma of Papal Infallibility, speaks, as Rector of Lavington, his first word on "the Roman doctrine of the infallibility of the pope." Between the preacher on the Anglican rule of faith in Chichester Cathedral in 1838, and the father of the Vatican Council in 1870, what a gulf; what a difference between his first word on papal infallibility and his last!

That the publication of the *Rule of Faith* excited not only wide-spread interest, but no little criticism, there is abundant evidence. The sermon itself gave great offence to the Low Church clergy of Chichester, who naturally were Manning's chief friends. For five years they had looked upon him as one of themselves; for had he not followed reverentially and lovingly in the footsteps of his predecessor the Rev. John Sargent? The declaration of religious principles contained in the *Rule of Faith* came upon them like a surprise. The Rector of Lavington was attacked in print and at public meetings.[1] Still worse, complaint was laid against him with the bishop. Bishop Otter had no sympathy with the Evangelicals, quite the contrary; nor, indeed, with the Tractarians; what he valued most was peace, and the quiet dignity of an Established Church. His first and natural impulse was an attempt to induce Manning to keep the peace, and offer for charity sake his cheek to the smiter. To this end, in the hope of stopping the publication of a controversial Appendix, Bishop Otter wrote as follows:—

MY DEAR MR. MANNING—Since I wrote to you last I have reflected somewhat more upon the state of mind which has been produced amongst us by the incipient controversy, and I cannot but think that, unless you are quite convinced that your Appen-

[1] In an autobiographical Note, referring to the period 1837, Cardinal Manning says:—"When in 1837 (1838?), at the next visitation, I preached on tradition or the rule of faith, I was attacked by a clergyman named Davies. But he had many of the so-called Evangelicals behind him. I defended it in an appendix. From that time they gave me up."

dix is very important under some large view, you had better reserve it for some more convenient season. You have yourself taken much pains to bring the Evangelical party in this part of the diocese into a more harmonious co-operation with the rest, and with good effect. Are we (*sic*) not now undoing this good, and that, too, without necessity? Some allowance is to be made to persons situated as they are, and have been. And the peace of the Church is of much more advantage than any advance even to a good cause, which can only be attained at the expense of peace. I say this under a fear that, be as cautious as you may, you will find it difficult to avoid saying something that excited minds may take offence at. I throw this out hastily for your consideration; for after all, you may have weightier reasons in your mind for proceeding. I have seen Mr. Herbert and Mr. Davies respecting the meeting—they will come—besides these Grible and others. I am sincerely anxious for your own health, which requires tranquillity. Try to consider this, for there are many who estimate your services at a high price.—Yours sincerely,

W. CHICHESTER.

P.S.—I hear you are going to preach two sermons on Sunday. You are doing too much. Will you come here to luncheon at 2 P.M., and to sleep?

Manning succeeded in persuading the bishop that it was best to let things take their course. The *Appendix* was published. The controversy in Chichester broke out afresh.[1] Its writer had made up his mind to break with his old friends the Evangelicals, perhaps on the axiom—I tremble lest I should be thought profane or frivolous—"It is well to be off with the old love before you are on with the new."

It was Manning's invariable habit, early and late in life, to distribute among his friends and to send to men of repute in letters or politics his sermons or tracts. To those who were more intimate with him, or whom he wished to attract or conciliate, he often sent his proof-sheets. He accordingly sent his sermon, *Rule of Faith*, before it had been enriched by "Notes" and "Appendix," to Newman,

[1] The *Rule of Faith* and the *Appendix* were fiercely attacked by Mr. Bowdler. He published a book exposing Manning's "errors" as a "betrayal of Gospel truth." The "sermon was bad enough, but the Appendix was abominable."

who acknowledged the gift as follows in a letter dated 9th August 1838.

I like your sermon (*R. of F.*), and thank you for the sight of it. The part about the creeds, p. 33, seems to me particularly useful. It was much wanted. Are you quite safe in the note on p. 282? If the canon of Scripture was formed, as you say, in the second century, how could the Roman Church doubt of the Epistle to the Hebrews up to Jerome's time, and the Greeks of the fourth century keep a most pregnant silence as regards the Apocalypse? . . . I see you have adopted the old style; it takes off somewhat from perspicuity, though it is fuller.

Two months or so later Manning sent the *Appendix* or postscript to the *Rule of Faith* in proof-sheets to Newman. In reply Newman writes:—

HURSLEY, 24*th October* 1838.

(I go back on the 26th.)

I return through G. and R. the two first sheets of your postscript. The beginning is rather hard, *e.g.* I do not see how Paley's *Evidences* have to do with the the "rule of faith," in any sense in which the words are or can fairly be used, *i.e.* I do not see the meaning or drift of calling "the grounds and proofs of revelation" the rule of faith. Nor do I think it subserves the part of exhausting the divisions of the subject which seems to have led to your noticing it. Again, I think this obscure. [Another passage marked.]

Bating this objection in the outset, I think all that follows very good; the twenty objections are valuable and happy, particularly the last, and the whole is clearly and well worked out. As to Chillingworth, I should consider him a shuffler; but I do not see why we should not use the better sayings of shufflers against their worse. It was a homage they paid to truth, and both exposes them and stultifies their admirers—two worthy ends.

In a letter undated Keble also writes as follows:—

MY DEAR MR. MANNING—I am much obliged by your sending me the sheets of your pamphlet, which I have read with great interest, and think most seasonable both in matter and spirit. The few remarks which have occurred to me you will find on the other side. . . . I shall wait with great interest for your *Appendix*. I hope I am right in gathering from your note that the Bishop of Chichester has no dislike to your views.

If his own bishop, for peace and quiet sake, viewed with some concern and misgiving the development of Manning's religious opinions, the Bishop of Chester, a man of sterner stuff and of decided Evangelical views, lost no time in condemning the *Rule of Faith* and *Appendix*. S. W. Trower (afterwards Canon, then Bishop of Gibraltar), an intimate friend of Manning's, and, as will appear later on, a confidant of Samuel Wilberforce, in a letter dated 26th December 1838, writes as follows:—

MY DEAR MANNING—The Bishop of Chester, I am sorry to hear, is publishing a diatribe against you. You will smile at my saying against *you*. What a world of strife we live in!

To a man of peace and goodwill towards all men, like Manning, it must needs have seemed strange to be attacked, and, above all, by a bishop. To be accused of falling from Gospel truth by the *Record* might be met with a smile; but to be hauled over the coals by a bishop was no laughing matter to the peace- and bishop-loving Rector of Lavington. Having been requested by Manning before starting for Rome to report how his pamphlet had been received, Trower could not well avoid sending him the rough with the smooth. In the following passage he gives his own criticism:—

I was thinking the other day of writing to you and beginning my letter by inquiring what was become of your *Appendix*, when the door opened and in it came. I have read the last part aloud to the ladies, and was not disappointed in my expectations of finding there very pithy reading. I cannot tell you how entirely I agree with you, nor was my fair audience, I hope, wholly unpersuaded—albeit not the most persuadable part of creation. I cannot, however, report the opinion of others on the work, having seen no one since it was out. There is an opinion often expressed of your style, and I own, *me judice*, with some correctness, that it is obscure in many passages. It is said that the impressiveness of your manner in preaching carries it off, but when read it is found less correctly written than had been supposed. For my own part, while I confess that I allow some truth in this, I only wonder how you could have written in such a hurry, so correctly and so logically.

J. W. Trower relates in this letter an amusing story about some of the Chichester Evangelicals and Manning's sermon :—

I could not but smile, even in the midst of that most melancholy matter, at breaking in once or twice on a conclave to which Barhut appeared to have been descanting on a theme of no little interest, to judge from his flushed cheek and eager manner; I only caught the words, 'They say it is *all* verbiage,' or something like them, but watched with much amusement his eyes stealing up from under their lids at me whenever he gave utterance to any of his crudities.

Speaking of a clergyman of this school, who "had just lost his wife under very sad circumstances," Trower says :—

Poor James, none, I am sure, will feel for him more truly than yourself. . . . Spoke to me to-day much of your kindness in allowing his visiting an outlying part of your parish.

Manning, it should seem, in those early days was more tolerant than later in allowing a dissenting interloper or ecclesiastical "poacher" into his parish.

Even three years and more after the publication of Manning's first controversial treatise, Samuel Wilberforce wrote to Miss M. S. Elliott in answer to her as to his views on Manning's book, the following letter :—

18*th May* 1842.

I believe the Bible and the Bible only to be the rule of faith; and I believe that to bring this strongly and sharply out is a matter of the greatest moment. I think the whole school of the Tract-writers fail here; that they speak, and seem to love to speak, ambiguously of the necessity of tradition, and the tendency of all which (even if they do *not* mean what is positively erroneous) must be, I think, and is (1) to lead men to undervalue God's Word (a tendency on which I enlarged in one of my Oxford sermons); (2) to lead men to regard the Romish view of tradition without suspicion and dread.

Now, to these objections I do honestly think some of my dear brother-in-law's statements are exposed, and I could not, therefore, have written as he has done; but when I have talked with him I have found it difficult to fix him to any meaning beyond what all Churchmen hold.[1]

[1] In S. Wilberforce's *Diary* is a letter dated 7th December 1838 to Charles

Manning, it should seem, stood at that time somewhat in awe of his catechising archidiaconal brother-in-law.

In these days when the spirit of Erastianism prevailed in high places, not only in the State but in the Church, the creation of the Ecclesiastical Commission in 1838 raised a most determined opposition, not only on the part of the Tractarian leaders, but of the bishops and cathedral dignitaries. The royal commission, appointed by the Government to inquire into and report on Ecclesiastical property, was naturally denounced on the one side by Newman, Pusey, Keble, and others, "as a claim on the part of the civil power of supreme" ownership and administration; whilst it was opposed with even greater warmth, on the other, by the bishops and cathedral authorities, touched in their tenderest point. The approval given by the Archbishop of Canterbury (Howley) to the Royal Commission only added fuel to the fire. The Tractarians held him up as a terrible example of the Erastian spirit which prevailed in the high places of the Church, whilst the bishops looked upon him as a betrayer, instead of being the highest guardian, as he ought to have been, of ecclesiastical property. What the appointment, two years before, of Dr. Hampden as Regius Professor had failed to effect, was brought about by the appointment of the royal commission; the bishops no longer reclined inert on their episcopal thrones, but sprang to their feet like one man in defence, if not of the faith, of the property of the Church. Perhaps the most energetic, most active, and certainly the most persistent of the opponents of the Church Commission in the House of Peers was Bishop Otter of Chichester, Manning's own bishop. His constant attendance at the House of Lords in opposition to the measure, especially in the year 1840, when he was in weak health, accelerated his death.

With the aid of his old friend, Dean Chandler, Manning,

Anderson, in which the following passage occurs, "Henry Manning is gone to Rome for the winter: the Bishop of London wickedly says he thought he had been there ever since publishing his last volume of sermons." Manning's last volume was the *Rule of Faith*. Bishop Blomfield must have been morbidly alive to such apprehensions if he could detect any "Romanising" tendencies in that sermon of Manning's.

under such favouring circumstances succeeded in setting up friendly relations with his bishop in spite of the fact that they had little or nothing in common in their religious opinions. But now a bond of union and work in common brought them together—resistance to the encroachments and usurpations of the civil power. To this congenial work Manning, henceforth and to the close of his Anglican life, devoted himself heart and soul. To free the Church of England from the bondage of the State was the desire of his heart, the end and aim of all his public labours. If the motive which roused Bishop Otter and his Episcopal brethren to action, was love for the temporalities of the Church, Manning was inspired by the far higher and purer motive of safeguarding its spiritualities. Another advantage then had presented itself, another opportunity which he was quick to make use of: in opposing the Ecclesiastical Commission he was, on the one hand, following the lead of Newman and co-operating with the Tractarian party at Oxford; whilst, on the other, he was carrying out the work on which his own bishop had set his heart, and acting in common with almost all the bishops and dignitaries of the Church.

His active opposition to the Ecclesiastical Commission brought the name of the Rector of Lavington for the first time into public notice; it earned for him the regard and approbation of the bishops and cathedral authorities on the one part, and of Newman and the Tractarian party on the other. It was an uncommon event and of happy omen to be spoken well of by the *British Critic* at Oxford, and to receive in London the benign blessings of the *Record*.

Manning's first step in those prolific days of tract-writing was to write and publish a tract entitled *The Principle of the Ecclesiastical Commission examined in a Letter to the Bishop of Chichester*, 1838. The next step was to send his little book to bishops, deans, archdeacons, to peers, members of the House of Commons, as well as to Newman and Pusey and the leading Tractarians. In acknowledgment, Newman, in a letter dated Oriel, 12th January 1838, writes as follows:—

My DEAR MANNING—I like your pamphlet much, and so does Pusey, and trust and believe it will be useful. I have nothing to find fault with, but a few grammatical and other points which I have marked.

After stating that in the next number of the *British Critic* Pusey is to write a strong article on the Church Commission, Newman goes on :—

By the bye, I rely on your article too, on Justin Martyr. It must be ready by the end of February at latest.

N.B.—I see no notes to your pamphlet, except one or two shabby little ones at the foot of the page. I cannot read what you say about Misopapisticus—who, and where is he?[1]—Ever yours affectionately, J. H. NEWMAN.

P.S.—Why don't you date your letter?[2]

Manning's pamphlet was a success. It was a stout defence of the right of the Church to the independent control of its own affairs, spiritualities as well as temporalities. Had it even been known that the Rector of Lavington was in close correspondence with Newman, and a writer in the *British Critic*, abhorred alike by Evangelicals and by bishops, what bishop so bigoted as not to condone the offence, when he turned a grateful ear to Manning, exalting in his "letter" not only his own bishop, but the whole Episcopal Body in the following glowing terms :—

In our minds, your lordship is not only one of the Apostolical Body to whose united wisdom and equal authority the Church in this land is, by a divine commission, put in charge, but also the sole consecrated ruler and guardian of the Church, and diocese to which we belong. Our bishop is to us the source of authority, and the centre of unity in order, deliberation, and discipline. In his suffrage our assent and dissent is virtually expressed. We believe that no power, spiritual or ecclesiastical, excepting only collective authority of the whole Episcopal Order, to which supreme jurisdiction all bishops are severally subject,

[1] A violent anti-Catholic and anti-Tractarian pamphlet under the name of *Misopapisticus* was published in 1838 by Seely, the Low Church publisher.

[2] The pernicious habit of sending undated letters was very common at the above period, for of the hundreds of letters which I have had to read or decipher, the vast majority with the exception of Newman's were either wholly or in part undated.

can reach us, unless it pass through his express permission. Your lordship is therefore both the natural protector of our privileges, and the natural depository of our fears.

He adds, what was undoubtedly true, that:—

We have been told that the greater proportion of the clergy are in favour of the commission; that they have expressed their consent by their silence; that the cathedral bodies indeed as persons interested oppose, but that the parochial clergy tacitly approve the recommendation of the Ecclesiastical Commission.

Again the Evangelicals would not take amiss from Manning's lips many passages of stately and ornate diction, written for their edification. The following is significant:—

We have once well seen the corruption of the Church in discipline and faith from the supremacy of the Roman patriarch. We have now another supremacy to beware of. The two swords have passed from the pope to the king, from the king to the people. The next patriarch of the English Church will be Parliament, and on its vote will hang our orders, mission, discipline, and faith; and the pontificate of Parliament is but the modern voluntary principle in disguise.

In another passage, Manning appeals directly to the principles taught and upheld by the Tractarians.

Better far to undergo another exile from our hearths and altars, to wear out in patient waiting the long delays of another twelve years' oppression, than to yield for peace or policy one tittle of Apostolical Order.

For two years the Rector of Lavington aided his bishop; was in constant communication with him as to the steps to be taken in the House of Lords in organising opposition to the Ecclesiastical Commission. Such a state of things naturally led to Manning's being a not infrequent visitor at the bishop's palace at Chichester.

The clergy of the diocese of Chichester were in due course invited to meet at the two archdeaconries, Lewes and Chichester, to present addresses against the Ecclesiastical Commission to the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Ven. C. Webber, Archdeacon of Chichester, was too old and infirm, or was thought to be so, for the special work in

hand. Dean Chandler, with the clergy of the archdeaconry, met to choose in the consistory of the cathedral a proctor for Convocation. Manning had drawn up an address to the archbishop. He read it to the assembled clergy; it was accepted unanimously, and Manning was elected as proctor and instructed to present it to Convocation.

Speaking of the presentation, Manning, in one of his Notes, says:—

> In the Convocation we had a hot debate. I said what I had written; and I heard a voice say, "1525." It was Sydney Smith in a corner invoking Henry VIII. But he really agreed with what I said, and joined afterwards publicly and did not much like it.

The Tractarians were taking active steps to defeat the object of the Ecclesiastical Commission by insisting, in their own uncompromising fashion, on the restoration of the right of the clergy to meet and confer upon the affairs of the Church as in old times. In this view a petition was projected in the form of an amendment to the address of the two Houses of Convocation to be presented to the Crown on the occasion of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne. Manning, hearing that a petition of this kind was in circulation, wrote to Keble expressing a wish to see it. In reply, Keble, in a letter dated Hursley, 11th December 1837, wrote as follows:—

> My dear Mr. Manning—I find I have the foul copy of the paper you wished to see, which I have accordingly sent you by a friend who is going to Oxford. You will see that it is rather a stretch of words to represent that which is in circulation as being in any sense my production. Perhaps you will disapprove of the proposed address leaving it doubtful *who* the proper organs of the Church are. The reason of our doing so was the certainty of creating endless discussions and losing many signatures, whether the bishops in Synod or Convocation were specified, and I like to fancy the Queen on reading the address inquiring who are the proper organs, and receiving from the bishop who should present it, a full and true statement. But I am told that in fact no address comes near her.
>
> Pray remember me kindly to Newman, Pusey, Harrison,

Copeland, Williams and Co. Wilson and I are very anxious to know what is to be done with the *British Critic*. I am, dear Mr. Manning, most truly yours, J. KEBLE.[1]

In his *Reminiscences of Oriel*, the Rev. Thomas Mozley, Rector of Cholderton near Salisbury, who was putting about a form of amendment to the address to the effect of making Convocation a reality, says:—

Among others to whom I sent the proposed amendment was Manning, who had lately become a widower, and was said to be entering warmly into the coming struggle for the independence of the Church.

To this appeal for his co-operation in the proposal to make Convocation a reality instead of being "a pure piece of lumber dragged out one day and dragged back into its closet the next,"[2] Manning wrote as follows:—

MY DEAR MOZLEY—I have been many times at the point of writing to you to thank you for your letter, and the draft of the amendment, and also to ask you to consider whether a somewhat different line would not more surely attain our purpose; and that is to move your amendment, substituting for the prayer of licence to debate in Convocation, either a petition that no measure of the Ecclesiastical Commission should be laid before Parliament until it shall have received the assent of the Church in a council of the province, or offering both this and your proposal as an alternative, of which without doubt, if either, the provincial council would be most favourably received. Perhaps the expressed alternative of Convocation might have a very good effect in that way.

The reasons for suggesting this are:—

1. That Convocation probably contains three parties. One against all change; the second hot for Convocation; the third against Convocation but anxious for some active measure. The two last, if combined, will be a majority; if disunited, altogether defeated. I cannot say decidedly that I could vote for your amendment as it stands. For the alternative I could; and so would the Convocation men.

2. The bishops would to a man resist your proposal, but a

[1] This letter of Keble's shows that Manning was already in 1837 entering upon friendly relations with the Tractarian party.

[2] *Reminiscences of Oriel*, vol. i. p. 426.

larger number would vote for a provincial council; probably all who are so opposed to the Commission; and in this way the amendment would probably pass both Houses, and for once unite them.

3. However, many laymen in and out of Parliament are ready to support a measure to obtain the consent of the Church, and to restore some canonical council, but not Convocation. These are some of the reasons why I believe the amendment, as it stands, would be both defeated in Convocation and unpalatable out of it. I write in great haste; pray let me hear how it strikes you, and what is doing in your diocese. In our archdeaconry the address is going very successfully—forty-five replies and only five refusals, and that in about a fortnight. It is also in circulation through the proctor in the other archdeaconry (Lewes) and I know of some approvals.—Believe me, my dear Mozley, yours very sincerely, H. E. MANNING.

P.S.—Do you know Mr. Strutt, who married the Bishop of Chichester's daughter? Tell me if you know anything of his religious opinions.

FESTIVAL OF ALL SAINTS.

The line of argument pursued by Manning in his reply to Mozley's proposition about Convocation, is in accord with Keble's views as expressed, two or three months previously, in the following letter:—

HURSLEY, 25*th September* 1837.

MY DEAR MR. MANNING—I palliate to myself my indolence in not sooner replying to your interesting letter by two considerations:—1. I have not yet received your promised proofsheet of a petition. 2. It was only yesterday that I was able to find the number of Blanco White's *Review*, which I send with this. I fear you will hardly find much in it; but it struck me from memory as a curious admission on the part of so lax a churchman of the anomaly and inequity of our present ecclesiastical government. Your plan of operations appears to me at once decided and prudent, and I do not know that I can suggest anything to improve on it. One thing which I especially like is the way in which you have steered clear of anything like a request for the opening of Convocation. I fear that in some other quarters there has not been so much reserve. Mozley (of Oriel), I understand, has prevailed on one of the Wiltshire proctors to pledge himself to move an amendment to the Address, to the same effect as your petition to the archbishop

Would it not be well to communicate with some one in that quarter as soon as your address is fixed on, and try if you can get them to shape their proceedings accordingly? I shall do what I can with Vaux, who is one of the Winchester proctors. He showed me the Act the other day, by which it appeared that the real veto on *discussion*, if any, rests with the archbishop in consequence of his prerogative of proroguing the Upper House, which is understood to imply a prorogation of the Lower House also. The Act itself referring only to legislation. This renders it the more desirable to render the archbishop thoroughly aware that we do not want to have Convocation let loose if it can be helped. Mozley had no wish of that kind, but it would not occur to him how to proceed otherwise.—Yours ever most sincerely,

J. KEBLE.

On being made one of the Rural Deans in 1837, Manning made an opportunity to signalise his advent by moving a resolution at a meeting of the Rural Deans at Chichester to appoint a small correspondence committee to consider the following proposition:—That all Church matters ought to be administered by the Church alone, *i.e.* by bishops, clergy, king, and laity in communion with the Church.

In the busy year 1838, whilst the leading young men of the High Church party, S. F. Wood, Thomas Acland, W. E. Gladstone, Matheson and others, were actively engaged in London in resisting the attempts of the State in favour of a national system of secular education, Manning was co-operating with them in Chichester in defence of the religious education of the people. In a sermon preached in Chichester Cathedral, 31st May 1838, Manning vigorously denounced the contentions of the irreligious party—the Radicals and Secularists of that day—that the secular education of the people should be carried on by the State, whilst the teaching of religion might be cared for out of school by the clergy of the Church of England and Dissenting ministers. Against the godless system of education Manning from first to last was the most consistent and uncompromising opponent. He said of himself that he was not naturally attracted to the question of education, but it was imposed upon him as a duty by

Bishop Otter. How well he fulfilled this duty the history of his life shows.[1] The first word which he spoke in favour of national education being based on religion, was this sermon delivered in 1838. In order to meet the public need, caused by the growth of population—"a new population of millions for whom we have no education," he contended that cathedral institutions should be utilised; a superior class of teachers provided, and the zeal of the clergy awakened anew until, "with the Universities for the keystone of the arch and the parochial schools for the basis," the Church would be enabled to provide for the religious education of the people. From this sermon, the following characteristic passage will suffice:—

There is but one law for all men, whatsoever may be their after-part in the great spectacle of life, in the pomp of courts and parliaments, in crowded cities or in lonely hamlets, high born or low, lettered or unlettered, ruling or obeying, urging on the advances of science or plying some unheeded craft, for all men of all ranks, characters, and destinies. There is one and only one great idea running through all, the first aim and ground-work of education, the vital element and perfecter of the whole work, and that is the right determination of the will, confirmed by the formation of Christian habits, for God's service here and for salvation hereafter.

On the 9th of November S. F. Wood wrote to Manning as follows:—

What has become of your education sermon? We are going to issue a circular to our local boards, pressing upon them the importance of bringing in the middle class to the Church, and this will be the time to send round your sermon if it is ready.

In another passage he writes—

Pray tell me soon, my dear Manning, how you are, for I feel very uneasy at some things people have said about you.[2]

[1] On two occasions, however, in 1849 as an Anglican, and in 1871 as a Catholic, Manning made default, at any rate in a timely or efficient defence against the encroachments of the civil power on the rights of religious education.

[2] Manning's state of health at that time caused much anxiety among his friends.

With his friends, S. F. Wood, T. Acland, Matheson, and Mr. Gladstone, who were labouring so zealously in the work of establishing diocesan boards in connection with the "National Society," Manning was in constant communication.[1] His friend, S. F. Wood, in a letter dated "Temple, St. Mark's Day," presumably in the year 1838, says :—

Carissime—As to your *Sermon:* what may well and properly be said in it will depend so much on the result of our conference with the "National Society" on Saturday, that I will suspend any remark till we meet.

He then explains to Manning the plan and principles on which he and Matheson are working in establishing diocesan boards and asks Manning's co-operation :—

Diocesan seminaries and a central college are our key-notes: the former to be closely connected with the cathedral and its officers, and to be the sole academy for ordinary masters. But a few of the ablest and most deserving should come to the central college to complete their education and fit them for the higher situations: the cathedrals and others, to found exhibitions to maintain them while in term at little expense, and in a monastic mode of life. The college to be, if possible, a branch of King's College. Rose is inclined to favour this.

Then I have a further private notion that all these superior masters might be in deacons' orders, so providing one element for a permanent diaconate. How much better it would be, *e.g.* at Christ Church (Dodsworth's), for him to have an older man stationary, acting, in fact, as the curate, and supervising the school, than smart young prigs from Oxford, who are going off continually, as soon as they have vented their inexperience on the district.

If you thought this a good basis to build upon, get me up a working plan of it by Monday: considering the objections and difficulties and furnishing a solution of them.—Yours affectionately,

S. F. Wood.

In a letter, undated, presumably a few days later, Wood

[1] In a letter to Charles Anderson, dated 7th December 1838, Samuel Wilberforce says :—"We are very busy at Oxford ordering a diocesan board for national education after the notions of Acland, Wood, Gladstone, and all that party of young men who have been moving on that subject in London." *Life of Bishop Wilberforce.*

tells Manning that "The National Society have gulped our whole plan, accepted our services, and we are formed (together with certain members of the N. S. and chapter clergy, viz. your dean and Drs. Spry and Butler) into a committee of inquiry and correspondence to carry out our plans." He then promises to send Manning a lithographed statement, meant to *interest* influential persons in what they had done and were doing.

In another letter, dated 8th February 1839, addressed to Manning in Rome, S. F. Wood says:—

> As to education, since I last wrote, there have been great meetings at Lichfield and Warrington, to form boards for Lichfield and Chester dioceses; at the former, Peel, at the latter Stanley, spoke; the last with brilliant eloquence. Chichester meets to form a board to-morrow. We have issued our appeal for funds for the central establishment, and in a few days have got about £300 in donations, and £200 annual: the nobility have as yet not been applied to, and I am sanguine of our getting enough to begin. The Archbishop of Canterbury has given a donation of £200 and £100 annual to his own diocesan board. . . . Please tell Matheson all this if you see him, with my affectionate regards. . . .[1]
>
> The fourth Report of the Church Commissioners is to be made into a bill.

In his gossiping style S. F. Wood tells Manning that, "Bunsen says that Gladstone's book has given a standing place whereon to form a Church party in the House of Commons; he is delighted with the book itself, and has sent it to be translated for the Crown Prince of Prussia. I met him at breakfast at Acland's, and was much struck with his mental energy, and hearty affectionateness; he has a noble head and countenance. He has been at Oxford, and is drawing nearer towards our friends there; still he is and will be *plenè Teutonicus*. . . . Study hard at your *Deutsch*."

The establishment of colleges in connection with the diocesan boards for training candidates for orders was to be the crown of the work. The chief difficulty which Wood and his friends had to encounter, after securing a suitable

[1] Matheson, suffering from consumption, was in Rome.

candidate as principal of the training college, was to obtain the bishop's assent to his nomination. In reference to this difficulty at Chichester, Newman, in a letter to Manning, dated Oriel, 6th March, 1838, says:—

"Your College scheme seems good. As to a head to it, Pusey suggests Ward, the Bishop of Sodor and Man's son—which I do not much fancy, as I told him. I suggested Seager, which he seems to think plausible. He also suggests *your Dean himself*, if you can trust him—What say you to this? It would be a means of studying cathedrals."

The candidate eventually selected, and after many months' hesitation accepted by Bishop Otter, was the Rev. Charles Marriott.[1] He was warmly supported by the Tractarians. Manning acted wisely, and with his usual prudence, in declining to tie himself down to such an office.

In recognition of his services in the cause of education and of his aid in establishing diocesan boards, Bishop Otter appointed Manning secretary to the Diocesan Board of Chichester. This appointment brought him not only into closer personal relations with the bishop, but gave the Rector of Lavington a public position among the clergy of the diocese.[2]

[1] In a letter to Manning about this date, S. F. Wood says:—"I have long had you in my mind's eye for our first principal."

[2] Speaking of the foundation of the Diocesan College for Holy Orders in Chichester, Cardinal Manning, in one of his journals, said:—"It was the first that was founded. Wilts claimed precedence, but I think we were first. Bishop Otter was strongly in its favour, his successor against it; Charles Marriott of Oriel was the first principal. The first £50 given to me to begin it was from W. E. Gladstone.

CHAPTER IX

MANNING'S ACTIVE WORK—ITS SUCCESS AND REWARD

1839-1840

Bishop Otter's anxiety about Manning's health was not unwarranted. In August, and again in September, he had suffered from severe attacks of asthma, which had left him very weak; and, as winter approached, he was ordered by his doctor to go to the south of Europe. He was one of a little party of invalids destined to spend the winter of 1838-39 in Rome. His intimate friend, Benjamin Harrison, afterwards archdeacon, writes, in a letter to Manning, dated "Christchurch, Oxford, 5th November 1838:—I hope Marriott has not been 'reckoning,' as they say, 'without his host,' or the captain of his party in asking my brother to join it. I know well he could not out-reckon you in kindness in such a proposal, but he may have out-reckoned the conveniences and possibilities of things."

Harrison also suggested "that Gladstone would be returning from Rome for the meeting of Parliament, besides the chance of Marriott's coming back, so that, supposing there were any reason for his brother's not continuing abroad, there would be an opportunity of his returning in good hands." In the same letter Harrison acknowledges a parcel of proof-sheets (the appendix), which Manning had sent him for revision.

Mrs. Harrison, the archdeacon's widow, speaks to-day with the liveliest gratitude of the devoted care and kindness which Manning had shown at Rome to her husband's younger brother, an invalid, who soon afterwards died of

consumption. Another friend, John Pearson of Balliol, gives the names of several of their common friends going to spend the winter at Rome; among them, John Deffell, Manning's old schoolmate of Harrow, "suffering," as Pearson wrote, "for some time from heart complaint." Miss Deffell, also suffering from a heart complaint of another kind and character, fortunately, perhaps, did not accompany her brother to Rome that winter.

Newman writes:—

My dear Manning, I add to Marriott's letter a brief note to say:—First, how I rejoice you are going abroad; next, how I envy your going to Rome; thirdly, how I hope you will thoroughly convert Rose whom you will meet there.

And again, writing from Oriel *in festo S. Car.* 1838, is this message:—

And now *vive valeque*, my dear Manning, as wishes and prays yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

With the well-wishes and prayers of many friends, Manning, seeking shelter in the south from the cold and fog of an English November, departs on his first visit to Rome—the first of some twenty visits. Wood begged him to take "notes," especially of religious matters in Rome; but the new fire was not yet kindled in Manning's heart in regard to Catholic faith or Catholic worship or religious observances. In a letter written a few years after this visit to Rome, he expressly declared that, far from attracting him, Roman devotions and practices were actually repugnant to his mind and heart. He visited, indeed, the churches of Rome; admired St. Peter's with a critical eye; and, with severe but just taste, condemned the music in the churches—not in St. Peter's only—as offending against ecclesiastical propriety and devotional feeling. It was in his heart to be a reformer of church music in Rome. If this purifying fire was kindled in the green wood, it died out, strange to say, in the dry; for Manning, when in after-life he became Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, tolerated in some of the best known of his churches—

though in all he banished women from the choir—the most secular and operatic of music.

In Rome, Manning met Mr. Gladstone and Sir Stephen Glynne, whom, one of his friends in a letter reminded him he might have seen at Christchurch, Oxford, and the two Miss Glynnes, as well as Lord Lyttelton. Mr. Richmond, a frequent visitor in Manning's married days at Lavington, was at that time studying art in Rome; and the famous painter to-day remembers well acting the grateful part of cicerone to his, even at that early day, not undistinguished friends. Mr. Gladstone, he tells me, manifested a keen, eager, and discerning curiosity in the ancient grandeurs and glories of Rome, papal and pagan; whilst Manning exhibited a lively interest in primitive Christian art, and was a warm admirer of Gothic architecture—not, indeed, of the bastard Gothic of Rome, but of that purer style to be found in such glorious profusion in the northern cities of Italy. "On one occasion," Mr. Richmond said, "Manning told me that his mind had been formed by the study of Dante and of Christian art in Italy." Manning and Mr. Gladstone passed many an hour in the young painter's studio in Rome; on one occasion Mr. Gladstone commissioned him to copy a famous painting for a church in England, but on learning the figure it would come to, the future Chancellor of the Exchequer demurred, and the commission fell through; though, as Mr. Richmond explains, the price would have barely covered the expense of staying in Rome and keeping on his studio two months longer than he had intended.

At the time of their visit to Rome in 1838, both Manning and Mr. Gladstone spoke Italian fairly well; but even during his second prolonged stay at Rome, ten years later, Cardinal Manning once said, in allusion to that time, "When I was in a passion—one of the 'Berserker rages'—I used to break out into French, but, later on, I learnt to be angry in Italian." Both men improved their familiarity with the language by attending sermons. "Ask Gladstone," the Cardinal once said, whether he remembers standing side by side with me in the Church of S. Luigi

dei Francesi, listening to the sermon of a Dominican friar, and saying to me, 'Such preachers we want at home—eloquent and impassioned, yet singularly dogmatic in their teachings.'" This incident Mr. Gladstone remembered well. "Ask the Cardinal," he said in retort, "if he remembers how, when we were walking together one Sunday morning in the Piazza dei Fiore, he rebuked me for buying apples on a Sunday. The Cardinal Archbishop," he added with a smile, "is, I fancy, far more tolerant than the straitlaced parson of that day."

Mr. Richmond says that what always struck him most in Manning were, "grace of mind and grace of manner." "He was in those days," added the great painter—to whose singular skill we owe the fine portrait on the frontispiece of this volume—"strikingly handsome, and as graceful as a stag in every movement and motion." In speaking of this remark to Cardinal Manning, he said, with a humorous smile, "It only shows what nonsense clever men will sometimes talk."

It was in Rome, during the winter of 1838, that Manning met Dr. Wiseman for the first time. The great champion of the Church, the author of those controversial lectures, which made no little stir in 1836, had not the faintest idea that the young Protestant Rector of Lavington, who in company with Mr. Gladstone paid him a visit at the English College, had two years before, writing under the pseudonym "A Catholic Priest," publicly impugned the veracity of the great Catholic controversialist. Had he even known it, Wiseman was by far too large-hearted a man to have remembered against Manning his youthful flippancy.

In an autobiographical Note Cardinal Manning related that—

> On St. Thomas of Canterbury's Day in 1838, Gladstone and I called on Mgr. Wiseman as Rector of the English College. The *capella cardinalizia* was going to begin. He sent for a student to take us into the chapel. It was Thomas Grant, afterwards Bishop of Southwark. We stood together under the window on the court side of the chapel behind the cardinals.
>
> On St. Agnes Day 1839, Mgr. Wiseman and I walked out

to see the lambs blessed at S. Agnese fuori le Mure. He was not even a bishop. How little we thought that he and I should have the two first palliums in a new hierarchy of England.

Cardinal Manning perhaps did not remember what impression Mgr. Wiseman of 1838 had made upon Mr. Gladstone and himself; for surely, otherwise, he would not have failed to put on record "the figure of the man" with whom in after-life he was so closely associated — his illustrious predecessor in the See of Westminster.

Mr. Gladstone and his party, fortunately not, like Manning, invalided, left Rome long before he did. Mr. Richmond soon followed them to England.

Manning was never idle; never lost an opportunity of adding to his store of knowledge, or of attaining such arts and acquirements as might be most serviceable to him in life. In this view, during his leisure time in Rome he improved his knowledge of French by taking lessons from an apostate French priest, who had left France, married and set up in Rome as teacher of French. Manning appears to have taken special interest in this apostate priest; to have initiated him into the mysteries of "Anglo-Catholic principles"; and even to have invited him to Lavington. In the following year, the too-confiding rector appealed to Newman to provide, if possible, a home or some work at Oxford for his precious convert; in whose stability as a "converted Gallican," Manning, in spite of his friendly feelings, showed no very great confidence. In bringing back from Rome, as a legacy of his first visit, an apostate priest, the over-zealous rector too soon discovered that he had brought a white elephant to Lavington. His attempt to shift his burden on to Newman's shoulders at Oxford, met with no favourable response; for Sydney Smith's warning that "the pope throws his weeds over our garden wall," was too fresh to be neglected.

Manning's description of his "converted Gallican" is too racy and too true of the whole tribe of apostate priests, who want to be provided for in the Church of England, to be passed over.

Manning's letter to Newman is as follows:—

LAVINGTON, 12*th August* 1839.

MY DEAR NEWMAN — If I had not something better to write about, I should give you a rare scolding for not writing to tell me how you prosper. I daresay you will be shameless enough to retort this objurgation; but, be that as it may.

I write to you to put a matter for your consideration. M. ———, a priest of the Gallican Church, after going through the usual course of incredulity, left France, *married*, and went to Rome; lived there eight years as teacher of French; has worked his way back to a Christian belief, and by the help of our prayer book, etc., to an avowed rejection of Romanism and confession of Anglo-Catholic principles. *He is a converted Gallican.* On this profession the Bishop of London has received him into the Church and recognised his orders. He is anxious to study and *feels his want* of it, has right and promising dispositions of mind, is tractable by those that have his confidence. His abilities are considerable. He is capable of being disgusted and unsettled by injudicious or improper treatment *at this moment*, and capable also of being disciplined and formed into a good and useful man. Is earnest for work.

He has an offer as French teacher to a school, the master of which is a "Christian"—small salary, worry, no time for his own studies (on which he is extremely bent), and likely to get a false and mischievous idea of the Anglican doctrine—and I am endeavouring to find a home and some work for him at Chichester, but have small hope. *Is such a thing possible at Oxford?* He could not want much to live upon, as he is very careful. Pray consider this, and if you can send me Marriott's present direction by return of post I will write to him. He knows M. ——— well, and I knew him all the time I was at Rome. He has been with me here, and I think very well of him and hope much—but fear too—not only for him but for the Bishop of London, and her the bishop represents. I have written openly about him, but confidentially in several points, so pray oblige me by not communicating all except to such as you trust. . . .

I have been meaning to write to you, but you will not measure my real and heartfelt friendship by this silence.—Believe me, my dear Newman, ever yours affectionately,

H. E. MANNING.

In the following letter to his brother Frederick, the Rector of Lavington describes his journey to Rome and his

first impressions of the Eternal City. But, in writing to his grave elder brother, Manning seems—and not in this letter only—rather stiff and formal, as if he was writing under restraint:—

ROME, 23*rd December* 1838.

MY DEAR FREDERICK—It is full time to redeem my pledge that I would write to you from Rome. I hope you have not thought me slack in not writing to you before to thank you for your affectionate letter. I trust you have by this time recovered altogether the effects of your accident. You will believe that I am unfeignedly thankful that you were so mercifully saved, and spared to us all.

I have had no letter (except one from Christopher Wordsworth) since I left England.

Our journey to Rome was very prosperous. We did it in twenty-five days, spending two at Paris and the Sundays at Breteuil, Châlons, Nice, Civita Vecchia, and sleeping in our beds every night.

I hope to see Rome thoroughly. In fact I care more to see Rome completely than all other places. The city as a whole quite fulfils my anticipations, except only that the hills are not, or do not appear sufficiently marked to satisfy one's classical notions of the site. I have seen the Vatican several times with increased pleasure. The small collection of pictures (they are only thirty-five) is richer than anything I have ever seen. There is one by Perugino of the Madonna and Child on a throne and four saints standing by, which in execution is wonderful. I have seen St. Peter's twice. The outside disappointed me, and I do not get over it. The façade is heavy and hinders the dome's being seen, but the inside is beyond anything one can imagine; I cannot, however, admit even its splendid interior into a comparison with the Gothic of the North of Europe. Stone and stained glass seemed to me capable of an effect far beyond marble and gilding. Although I confess, I do not know where to find any building as a whole sufficiently perfect in its kind to be a fair sample.

I find here a good many people I know, and among them Gladstone, which is a great pleasure to me; he will stay another month.

The new French Bishop of Algiers is here for his consecration. I have heard him preach nearly every day last week in the church of S. Luigi dei Francesi; and very fair his sermons have been. The last very good. He seems a thoroughly earnest and good man. Nothing can exceed the unfitness of

the music at that church. (I believe it is the same everywhere.) It is in the modern Italian style, often beautiful, but light and out of all keeping with the place and purpose.

Gladstone and I found by the Tiber to-day, at two o'clock, ice two inches thick, not in the river but in the ruts by the side. The weather is beautiful, but cold.—Believe me, my dearest Frederick, your most affectionate brother, H. E. M.

Manning returned from his winter's sojourn in Rome, refreshed in body and mind, eager to take up again the dropped threads of his numerous schemes and plans for the advancement of Christian education and for the defence of the independence of the Anglican Church, of its rights and property, against the encroachments and usurpations, as he used to regard them, of the civil power. He had not yet learnt, like Pusey and Keble, to draw a distinction between the Church and the Establishment; or to stand aside and leave the Establishment to its fate.[1]

On returning once more to his home, to widowed Lavington, Manning's grief was renewed; for though he never spoke a word to a living soul of his abiding sorrow, yet it was now, as in the long years to come, ever in his heart like a living presence.

On the second anniversary of his wife's death in 1839, on visiting the room ever held sacred to her memory, it was beyond his power to master the outward signs and tokens of his exceeding great grief.

In a letter to her eldest daughter, the wife of Samuel Wilberforce, Mrs. John Sargent, the mother of Manning's wife, wrote on the occasion as follows:—

This has been a week of much painful feeling to dear Henry, and he has wished to spend it exclusively in religious exercises and in his parish. On Wednesday we went soon after breakfast to the shepherd, and dearest Henry administered the sacrament to him and Mrs. Graysmark, and Mrs. Reeves and me. He then shut himself up in his room, and after some hours he called me to give me some memorials for which I had once asked. He was in quite an agony of tears, and only in the evening appeared, in the calmest state of mind, and we had

[1] In a letter of Keble's to Pusey such an opinion was expressed.

service in the church as the Eve of St. James.[1] Yesterday we had two services; in the morning here, evening at Graffham, and two nice little lectures; as we were going into the church Henry said, "My dear friend Gladstone is just now going to be married"; and upon my saying something of the strange differences in the lot of those we love, he said in the most plaintive voice: "Yes, but it all leads to the same blessed end."

In order to seek distraction or relief from the effects of this overmastering sorrow, the widower of Lavington had two years ago devoted himself to incessant work of a nature to absorb his thoughts and take up all his time. He never allowed his mind to dwell on the memory of the past except in direct acts of devotion at church or still more at home. Manning was no recluse or scholar, finding delight in contemplation or in abstruse or profound speculations, but a man of action. In active work, therefore, he passed his busy life. The first impulse which drove him to seek distraction in work soon became a habit, which, added to his native energies, both of mind and body, made him what he was to the end of his life—a man never happy unless absorbed from brain to finger-tips in work. The work he loved best at Lavington was to promote the honour and glory of the Church he loved so well; to reform abuses and amend the ways of men; to cultivate the good will of his brother clergy in Chichester; to be on good terms with the dignitaries of the Church, and to stand well with his bishop. It was not in the nature of the Rector of Lavington to be content with ineffectual desires; what he greatly desired he took infinite pains to bring about; he studied the means as well as the end, and followed them up with indomitable patience and perseverance. It was this method or habit of mind which, humanly speaking, was the secret of his success in life.

If, on the one side, the secretary of the Diocesan Board of Chichester was an active and, if so be, an ambitious churchman, busy, like Martha, about many things; on the other, the pious and loving pastor of his flock, like Mary,

[1] St. James's Eve was the day of Mrs. Manning's death.

as it were, anointed the feet of the Christ in staunching the moral wounds and assuaging the material sufferings of the rustics and shepherds of Lavington. Manning's zeal for the spiritual instruction and welfare, his sympathy with the wants and afflictions, of these day-labourers, whose toil was unbroken all the year through, from dawn to dusk, and whose lives were unbrightened by a ray of joy, or even of hope, may be traced in the kindly words of hope and comfort he addressed to them in a series of homely lectures delivered at this date (17th September 1840) at the little chapel of Graffham, about two miles from Lavington.

A few passages from these simple lectures—printed as a tract and circulated by a tract society—will suffice to show Manning's early acquaintance with the agricultural labourers, among whom he lived and worked, his knowledge of their failings and of their good qualities:—

Time must be redeemed for the poor man. The world is too hard upon him and makes him pay too heavy a tale out of his short life. Except Sunday and one or two other days—such as Christmas Day, Good Friday, and Ascension Day,[1] which through Christian kindness of many landlords and farmers in this neighbourhood, has of late, without loss of wages, been given to their labourers—our poor have no days of relaxation for body and mind.

Those who have lived as it is our blessing to do among the agricultural poor will know that with some rudeness of address and with faults not to be denied, they are still a noble-hearted race, whose sincerity, simplicity, and patience we should buy cheap at the cost of our refinements. But little is needed to make their holiday. The green fields and tools idle for a day, the church bell, an active game, simple fare, the sport of their children, the kindly presence and patient ear of superiors, is enough to make a village festival.[2]

In another lecture, *The Daily Service*, a subject dear to his heart from the time he first came to Lavington, Manning

[1] "When I first worked in Sussex," Cardinal Manning once told me, "Ascension Day was observed nowhere in England."

[2] In a note in a later publication (1845), on Lord John Manners's (now Duke of Rutland) letter pleading for a national holiday, Manning said, "It exhibits a happy example of true English benevolence, and of that highest nobleness, a lowly and loving care for the poor of Christ's flock."

dwelt with simple eloquence on the beauty and benefit of morning and evening prayer. In the following passage he strikes a higher note :—

> It is a remarkable and instructive fact, that, while the Catholic Churches in the east and the west, from the beginning to this hour, had retained their daily service, they had—in the midst of whatever corruptions in doctrine and practice may otherwise be alleged against them—nevertheless retained also a visible and conscious unity; while certain portions of the Western Church, which in the last three centuries have abandoned the daily service, have lost their visible and conscious unity. They broke the bond and trampled under foot the symbol of unity, which is perpetual, visible worship. And the end of this we see. Unity departed first, and truth followed speedily. The daily sacrifice was taken away, and they were broken up; and churches fell into fragments—into congregations, ever changing, ever resolving themselves into new forms.

The Rector of Lavington had a great horror of dissent and dissenters and their multiplying schisms, "fragments" of the Church of England, "congregations ever changing."

If the loving and careful pastor of his flock did not spare himself in the service of the rustics and shepherds of Lavington and Graffham, neither was the zealous churchman idle in the service of his bishop, defending in Chichester capitular institutions and property threatened with suppression and confiscation by what Henry Wilberforce called "The Sacrilege Bill."

As in 1838 Manning wrote a letter addressed to his bishop against the appointment by Government of the Ecclesiastical Commission, so now, in 1840, he was busy in preparing another letter to the Bishop of Chichester, as well as in drafting a petition to the House of Lords, on the Bill for the Suppression of Prebendal Stalls.

In preparing this pamphlet he sought the aid of his archdeacon, the Ven. Charles Webber, in the following letter :—

LAVINGTON, *5th July* 1840.

MY DEAR ARCHDEACON—I write a line after my day's work to ask of you a favour. I have on me the *cacoëthes pamphletandi*, and for the throwing out of the disease I want to know (1)

How many clergy signed your cathedral petition? (2) How many clergy there are in the archdeaconry? and also to have a copy of the petition, or at least the last paragraph.

Would you kindly send me, as speedily as possible, what you can in aid of this.—And always believe me, yours very sincerely,

H. E. MANNING.

In a letter to Archdeacon Hare, Manning wrote:—

Your letter has been forwarded to me in this Maelstrom; and I send you, as I promised yesterday, a draft which I beg you to castigate. . . . I wish I had more time to draw up the "Petition." All I could do was to try to get in the strongest reasons. Let me hear next week what you propose and advise. . . .

Really the line taken by the archbishop and the Bishop of London about the cathedrals is incomprehensible. . . .

I revolve my great soul in my bosom about Episcopacy till I can come, as Hobbes says, to handstrokes with you.—Yours most sincerely,

H. E. MANNING.

In the Petition to "The Lords Spiritual and Temporal assembled in Parliament," drawn up by Manning, the last clause is characteristically chivalrous and disinterested. After declaring, among other things, the duty of maintaining at the cathedral city a body of tried and experienced clergy, to whom the various diocesan offices may be entrusted, and of attaching to the mother church a certain number of the parochial clergy, thereby giving unity to the whole of the second order of the clergy at the episcopal see, the petition ends with the following heroic clause:—

That, if finally the alienation of all revenues except such as are reserved for the offices of a dean and four canons in each cathedral severally, should be resolved, that all the stalls, residentiary and non-residentiary, and all existing dignities without any revenue or emolument be still preserved, that their functions may be freely and gratuitously discharged for high moral and spiritual welfare of the Church.

The tract in defence of prebendal stalls, addressed in the form of a "letter" to the Bishop of Chichester, conceived in a like lofty spirit, insisted on the right of the Church to manage without let or hindrance its own ecclesi-

astical affairs, and resented with force and spirit State interference with capitular institutions and cathedral property. The Rector of Lavington received the following letter of commendation from his bishop:—

LONDON, 24*th July* 1840.

MY DEAR MR. MANNING—I read your letter, which is quite unobjectionable, and very forcible and conclusive as far as it goes. I have given it to several persons, and I am sure there is nothing in it that would not be satisfactory to those who oppose the bill, and command the respect of those who promote it.

Yesterday I was in good heart. The Duke of Wellington's declaration in the House has frightened me, and I have now little hope of a successful resistance to the principle of the bill. Mr. Knight's argument was not very good. I am told Mr. Hope's is likely to be better.—I am faithfully yours,

W. CHICHESTER.

Rev. H. Manning.

In another letter, dated ten days earlier, the bishop wrote—

DEAR MR. MANNING— . . . I hope and trust that the Government and the National Society are now coming to some understanding. The bishops had some reason to complain of the "Corresponding Committee," but I believe that will be now conducted with a better understanding and more caution. There is a great want of cordial union amongst the bishops who oppose the Cathedral Bill. They are most of them dispersed, and I find no one ready to stand by me thoroughly, but the bishop of Salisbury (Denison). The lay peers are very little awake upon the subject. . . . —Faithfully yours,

W. CHICHESTER.

The Corresponding Committee of the National Society, of whom the bishop complains, were Manning's friends S. F. Wood, Thomas Acland, and the rest. Perhaps the delay in appointing their nominee, Rev. C. Marriott, as Principal of the Theological College at Chichester, of which Newman, in a letter to Manning, so bitterly complained, may have arisen from the Bishop's suspicions of their zeal as being more or less closely connected with the Tractarian movement, as well as from Manning's hesitation in pressing the appointment on his reluctant bishop.

Warmer than the mild episcopal commendation on the tract *Preservation of Unendowed Canonries,* are the following words from a letter of S. F. Wood's, dated Temple, 9th August 1840 :—

CARISSIME—I had already bought your beautiful little letter on Unendowed Canonries, but I do not value the less your own membrance of me. Alas! that such things as this, and as Hope's speech, should pass away like the cunning sound of an instrument, and men who have heard them should talk in the way the Bishop of London did last night. If pettiness and loss of temper indicate, as they surely do, a self-suspicion and consciousness that one is not doing right, one cannot help fearing that he and the Archbishop of Canterbury (who was most unusually cross in the committee upstairs) are in this predicament. We owe great thanks to the Bishop of Sarum, who has stood up nobly and almost single-handed against them.

In another letter, Bishop Otter admonishes Manning among other things for the obscurity of his style in two sermons presented to the bishop. There seems to have been, indeed, an almost general consensus of opinion—from Newman downwards—as to the faults at this period of Manning's style in writing :—[1]

MY DEAR MR. MANNING—This morning I have just read your education sermon; with much in the book I am much pleased. It is not much to say that there are parts which I should have been glad to have written myself; but, then, others are to my mind a little too strong—especially where you lay so much stress upon the *old way,* namely our public schools and universities, where in fact you find little religion was practically taught. There are parts, too, in point of style a little too ambitious and not always clear. Of these things I will talk to you hereafter. [2]

Last night I read your other sermon too,[3] of which I will say, I think that if it had been only read by myself and such persons as yourself, it might have done good and good only—but, as the case stands, I fear it was not the place or season. I

[1] Later on Wood congratulated Manning for imitating Newman's style.

[2] Not a few priests in the diocese of Westminster will smile on learning that Manning, too, in his day as an Anglican priest, had to undergo the ordeal of being "talked to" by his bishop.

[3] *The Rule of Faith.*

have seen Mr. Davies. I cannot say a word more now because I wish you to receive this to-day, and I have only a minute.—God bless you, W. C.

The tact, temper of mind, and conciliatory manners which enabled Manning to win his way so early among men of the most opposite religious schools, from the Low Churchmen who ruled at Chichester to the Tractarians of Oxford, may perhaps be exemplified in the most effectual manner by showing the mode and method of his dealings with the Archdeacon of Lewes. Archdeacon Hare was from beginning to end a Churchman of the Broad School. Far from seeking to dissemble or minimise his views, he was rather prone, on the contrary, to proclaim them in a bold if not even aggressive spirit. The two men, however, became intimate friends, not by avoiding the discussion of religious differences—for their letters were filled with such topics—but by the good-humoured and moderate way in which their views—more especially on Manning's part—were stated. In his letters to Archdeacon Hare, Manning always sought not points of difference, but points of contact. It was not in his nature or cast of mind to raise difficulties or widen differences by startling paradoxes as was the favourite habit both in his Anglican and Catholic days of his friend of a later period, W. G. Ward. On the contrary, in his talk and correspondence with Archdeacon Hare, as a few passages from the letters will show, Manning sought to make it appear (as far as possible) that their differences in religious opinion were more apparent than real. The passages I am now reciting from Manning's letters to Archdeacon Hare were all written in the autumn of 1840. In a letter, dated 17th September 1840, occurs the following passage:—

I wish I could have a book-talk with you. As a step towards it, send me the names of some theological works which you think true in principle and reasoning.

(It was at any rate modest in a disciple of Newman's and a writer in the *British Critic* to seek theological counsel from a Latitudinarian archdeacon.)

I have so confident a feeling that we are radically one, that I should like to reduce our φαινόμενα, φαντασίαι, and εἴδωλα to some analytical test.

In another letter is the following passage :—

Though in opinion we may differ, we have a solid oneness in our desire for brotherly love among the clergy—and this is a pledge of all things running clear at last.

In a letter, dated 24th August 1840, in answer to a criticism of Archdeacon Hare's, Manning writes as follows :—

I am too much of a Platonist to hold truth moderately. I should as soon think of holding the multiplication table in moderation. As to the moral habits with which I would deal with opponents or indoctrinable listeners, I hope I should let my ἐπιείκεια be known unto all men.

Then another passage :—

As to Gal. vi. 15, *we cannot differ*. You know who talks about different men being different order of the same man's head?

With a man who reads and reasons I can have no controversy; and you do both. We only have not adjusted our tariff of equivalents.

Again, in a letter dated 11th November 1840 :—

Don't be so startly, or you will frighten me, for I protest that when I was in Rome they did not offer me the first tonsure, nor so much as a pair of red stockings.

In a letter dated 8th October 1840 :—

Why do you think Matins would startle people more than Evensong? The latter a blessed bit of English, and the former a word of sweet sound that I have loved still more since I have read

Indi come orologio, che ne chiami
Nell' ora che la sposa di Dio surge
A mattinar lo sposo, perchè l'ami,
Che l'una parte e l'altra tira ed urge,
Tintin sonando con sì dolce nota
Che 'l ben disposto spirito d'amor turge.

However you shall have true submission of the exterior man to anything which may be determined. My desire is to do what our brotherhood may most heartily join in.

Did space allow, many more quotations might be given in proof of the conciliatory character of Manning's dealings with Archdeacon Hare.

Manning's controversial letters to Archdeacon Hare were written sometimes in a playful, always in a conciliatory spirit, and if not calculated to convince or convert his Evangelical controversialist, they conciliated and captured the man.

Another illustration of the successful method adopted by Manning in dealing with men may be found in the following letter which he addressed to his own archdeacon, the Ven. Charles Webber, stricken in years, feeble and indolent. In this letter, the Rector of Lavington contrived at first thoroughly to arouse and alarm the Archdeacon of Chichester at the backward state of diocesan business—all the more alarming as in the near prospect of a new bishop, a new broom might too surely be feared—and then adroitly succeeded in soothing and winning his goodwill and gratitude. The letter, like that of a diplomatist, starts well; for as an excuse for his delay in writing, Manning pleads that—

> I have had to reply at length to a long indirect letter of a poor friend who is all but perverted to Romanism. My answer was critical and delay was likely to do much harm. This will, I hope, plead excuse for me.

It did more: it showed the archdeacon, incidentally, that the Rector of Lavington was actively hostile to "Romanism." Manning then sends "forms which he had drawn up, as if accompanied by the archdeacon's lists of parishes; circulars (which are already put in type), standing minutes (and other materials for the archdeacon's use), with all of which he says, "Pray deal as trenchantly as you will." Then he adds—

> I send you also a letter from the secretary of the National Society (which I have answered), that you may see how necessary it is for us to be doing something. The "Queries" addressed to the local board may be easily used by us for the rural deaneries. The secretary has also sent me reports of six diocesan

boards and as many more district societies, from which I unhesitatingly believe, that we are behindhand in almost every point, except the training school, in which we seem as forward as any but Exeter and London.

The poor sleepy old archdeacon must needs have been nearly shaken out of his wits by the whirlstream of activities poured in upon him by the energetic and restless rector of Lavington.

Manning continues the awakening process by declaring that he fully believes that the twenty-six rural deans, if they would be active, and if they were thoroughly well instructed as to the particular points of their work, would more effectually raise and extend the education of the diocese than ten or twelve local boards. "But this seems hardly to be hoped for," he adds, "without some full directions from the bishop." But, in the meantime Manning forwards shoals of forms with columns and headings for the rural deans to fill up. All of which were to be submitted to the archdeacon.

Poor archdeacon ! ! ![1]

Having thoroughly stirred up his old and venerable friend, Manning with the tact and diplomatic skill which seemed part of his nature, hastened, at the close of his letter, to apply the most soothing of moral balms as follows :—

"I do not remember any other point of business at this moment: and therefore I may add a word or two σχολαστικῶς. The day you spent with me gave me a joy which has set my boats afloat again. I find the want of such opportunities of conversation a very great torporific. Perhaps it is one of our greatest lets in the way of study that we are so dotted about as never or seldom to become confluent."

Again :—

I have been reading your sermons with much interest. I have done what you would have a right to scold me for, that is

[1] What wonder that on the death of Bishop Otter, Archdeacon Webber, on resigning his office, said to the new bishop, indicating Manning, "Give him the office for he has done all the work."

I have chosen out the sermons instead of *cominciando dal cominciamento.* The visitation sermon I read with great pleasure. What you say of our actual state and the doctrine of theology speaks my most exact feelings. It is odd that the same year I preached at Chichester; and my sermon would seem to go against the only point in yours, where, as Brunk is wont to say, '*totus hæsito.*' I have not a copy of it; and do not think I can get one; or I would send it you. My paper is too full to begin on the matter, so I will keep it for next time I write. Believe me, my dear archdeacon, yours most sincerely,

H. E. MANNING.

It was with the Dean of Chichester, however, that Manning kept up the closest and most intimate relations; from Dean Chandler soon came ill-tidings to Lavington —Bishop Otter was dying in London.

The dean's letter was as follows:—

MORTIMER STREET, *Friday.*

MY DEAR MANNING—I grieve to say your accounts accord with mine. I heard yesterday from Mrs. Otter, and to-day, on sending to inquire at Montagu Place, the answer was from Mr. Trotter himself; the bishop was somewhat better, but they had no hopes that he could live. I am quite miserable. I did hope that the good bishop would have been spared to us a few years longer. My great consolation is that, even at the worst, the system of the diocese has been so far established, that I think no future bishop will hastily demolish it. . . . But whom are we likely to have? I cannot bear to think of it.

In a letter a few days later, the dean announces the bishop's death, and asks Manning to come to the deanery, adding:—"Of course there are not even rumours yet abroad respecting our new bishop. I agree with you in taking a happier view of the case; but cannot recover the blow inflicted by the departure of our excellent friend."

Manning, on the bishop's death, wrote a most proper and pathetic letter to his widow. In her reply full of gratitude for his kindly appreciation of her husband's noble qualities, Mrs. Otter gladly accepted Manning's offer to pay her a visit of condolence; though she remarks that it must needs be painful to her to meet one whom she had been accustomed

to see so often at the palace during her husband's lifetime.[1]

To Archdeacon Hare the Rector of Lavington also wrote a pathetic letter on the death of their bishop, and paid a high tribute to the memory of his many virtues. In this style of composition Manning excelled, though on occasions it might almost seem as if sober truth and the reality of things were sometimes sacrificed to beauty of expression. But such tributes, like epitaphs on tombstones, have an interpretation or reading of their own. The letter is as follows:—

24th August 1840.

My dear Friend—Long ago we have both heard the end of all our fears. I fully know how you grieve, and you can tell better than most how I grieve for him. I feel to have lost in my time two fathers. It goes against me to use great words, to you it is not needful, for you know with how filial an affection I loved him; and how my chief happiness was to do anything which could please him or relieve his anxious labours. This is one of the paradoxes in God's providence. When a man seems most precious, most full of promise, and the centre of a large movement, that he should be taken away. One thing may it do for us. He brought us together in his life by deliberate principles of union, may our common love to him, our common sorrow, the remembrance of his gentle, equitable, forbearing, peaceful temper, and of the great master wish of his heart, draw us all into a closer brotherhood, as a loyalty to him that is gone.

I feel very little minded to write on other matters, and can hardly write on this. . . . Good-bye, my dear friend, the recollection of our loss comes back on me and brings me to a stand.—Believe me, yours most sincerely,

H. E. Manning.

[1] In her letter, dated Tuesday, 18th September 1840, The Palace, Mrs. Otter says:—"My dear Mr. Manning—I am much obliged to you for your kind wish of seeing us, and I beg that you will believe that I shall feel desirous of keeping up the acquaintance and still more the friendship and good-will of the clergy of the diocese of my dear departed husband. . . . You know well, that the first meeting with any one, whom those we mourn regarded, whom we have been in the habit of often seeing in happy days, must be most painful at any time. I think it will be as much so a year hence as now and therefore I should feel glad to have the first over, and to know that I have still a friend in one who was so frequently with us.—Believe me, my dear Mr. Manning, yours very truly, M. Otter.

Manning's relations and friends were naturally much distressed by the untimely death of Bishop Otter, with whom, for the last two years, the Rector of Lavington had been on terms of friendly personal intercourse. But this anxiety was turned into alarm when Lord John Russell, practically under the *laissez-faire* premiership of Lord Melbourne, the giver of mitres, made Dr. Shuttleworth, the Warden of New College, Oxford, Bishop of Chichester. The Warden was a Low Churchman and an anti-Tractarian. Where, now, were Manning's chances of preferment? Some of his more intimate friends wrote to him fearing lest he might not even be able to maintain the position he had already attained in the diocese.

In reply to a letter of Manning's on the appointment of the new bishop, Dean Chandler wrote as follows:—

DEAL, 12*th September* (1840).

MY DEAR MANNING—You are *discreet*, I observe, on the subject of our new bishop; so I shall say as little; excepting this, that as things have turned out, I am extremely glad that Hare is the Archdeacon of Lewes. He will have much more weight and influence with Shuttleworth than Simpson or any other man in the diocese could have had at once, if ever. I have not yet heard from him; but have written to invite him to the deanery when he first visits Chichester, or to meet him elsewhere at once if he should desire it. I shall not think it necessary, under the present circumstances, to attend the chapter of election.[1]

It is not in human nature, or, at any rate, in the nature of deans, or of archdeacons-expectant, to be devoid of curiosity in regard to the character, temper, or religious views of their bishop-elect. From this weakness, if it be a weakness, Manning was not exempt. On the contrary, it was in the nature of his cautious and forecasting temperament to study betimes the lie of the land through which his pathway led; to avoid pitfalls; to remove slowly or by degrees obstacles in his way; and to seek in prudence and

[1] In the dean's letter is the following reference to Sydney Smith's well-deserved castigation of Dr. Blomfield:—"I hate to see any of our bishops so shown-up; but it is not in human nature to be much displeased with the castigation inflicted on the Bishop of London by Sydney Smith in his letter in the *Times* of last Saturday. Have you seen it?"

by tentative steps the goal of his desires or ambitions. The untimely death of Bishop Otter was a sore disappointment to Manning. He had become in many ways, if not a necessity, an aid to his bishop. He was, at any rate during the last year or two, at home in the episcopal palace at Chichester. Now the work had to be begun all afresh. Bishop Shuttleworth, a Low Churchman, though not a Unitarian or semi-Unitarian like his first bishop, Dr. Maltby, was not a very hopeful or profitable subject for Manning to work upon. Fresh from the battlefields of Oxford, the late Warden of New College was not an easy-going, tolerant man like the late bishop. Unfortunately, too, for Manning, some inkling, more or less accurate, of his confidential communications with Newman and Keble, and of his contributions to the *British Critic*, during the last three or four years, had reached the new bishop's ears. During those days of religious strife at Oxford, men but too freely fed on suspicion and waxed fat on prejudice.

The period between the death of Bishop Otter and the enthronement of Bishop Shuttleworth was naturally a time of misgivings and anxious speculation. Conscious of his personal influence and grace of manner, Manning was anxious to have an early opportunity of meeting the new bishop. In answer to inquiries on this subject, his cautious friend, Dean Chandler, wrote as follows :—

DEANERY, *Friday.*
(Post-mark *2nd October* 1840.)

MY DEAR MANNING—I have at length heard from our new bishop. He has now received his summons to Claremont to do homage on Saturday; and on Monday he will be here, to stay, as he says, at present only till Wednesday; but it may be for a day more. I will tell you fairly that I quite enter into the feelings you have expressed to me. Merely as a clergyman of the diocese, I think you are not called on to pay your respects to him yet, more especially as he tells me he wishes now to be private; and as the Secretary of the Diocesan Board, you should be summoned to him. Still my hope and expectation is that such a summons will be given; and I trust you will hold yourself in readiness to come over if required, even during the short visit that the bishop now proposes to make. Indeed if he

means to countenance the Diocesan Board (and I cannot entertain one moment's doubt on that point) he must put himself in communication with the secretary. I think the case of Archdeacon Hare is somewhat different, and to him I have written to be here on Tuesday. If you think it worth while to ride over from Lavington to visit *me*, I shall be most happy to see you tomorrow, or for your chop-dinner on Monday. . . . Yours sincerely, G. CHANDLER.

In writing to his intimate friend, Archdeacon Hare of Lewes, Manning did not think it necessary to be as discreet in his strictures on the new bishop as in communicating with the Dean of Chichester. The prospects of the diocese under Bishop Shuttleworth no longer seemed hopeful to Manning; no longer was he eager, as a week ago he had seemed to Dean Chandler, to meet the new bishop.

Manning's disappointment at not being summoned by the new bishop, as he had expected or hoped, to Chichester, is clearly indicated in the following letter:—

11*th October* 1840.

MY DEAR FRIEND—A letter from our good dean had prepared me for yours, but I read it with a sadness of heart—not that it told me anything new, or anything I had not made up my mind to hear. You and the dean have it now in your hands to hold fast or let slip our dear bishop's bequest of goodwill and peace. May you be able to keep it. . . . Let us continue to use in our family the prayer (lately appointed—the 3rd of June) for unity, and that in the Consecration Service, the end beginning, "Most merciful Father." It was a disappointment to me not to see you, as amid all our theological din, we have grown to know each other well. But the dean told you why I did not come. I could not brook to be thought forward, or indeed careful to be employed by Shuttleworth. He shall ever have, when he asks it, my most hearty, cheerful service, and I will not spare myself or my own to do his bidding where I can; but I can never stand in the relation of a son to a father, as I used, with any other man.

As to the diocese, I have always said I have not much fear. Things may be checked and chilled for a time, but they will work themselves round again. . . . I will write to Newman about the *British Critic*.[1] When I think about the diocese I feel

[1] Bishop Otter had been permitted by Newman to contribute occasionally,

as a man does on an autumn afternoon when the sun has gone in, or as I do after my *Evensong* when the sun is gone down. But, thank God, it is His ordinance, like the covenant with day and night, that His Church shall not want a man to stand before Him, and quit the man that shall do His work. Perhaps we have had our day's growth, and a night's check may be what we need as a discipline and a trial. . . .

With kind regards to Mrs. Augustus Hare, believe me, my dear friend, yours very sincerely, H. E. MANNING.

I have forgot to say that I rejoice you will take the stall. You ought, and the bishop could not do less than offer it to you before all.

About a month later, Manning again brings before Archdeacon Hare his troubles and difficulties, not this time about the new bishop, but about the old Archdeacon of Chichester. In a letter dated 20th November 1840, Lavington, he writes:—

MY DEAR FRIEND—I have done my best to get some chapters summoned, and I have got five, or perhaps six, in motion. But to speak out *to you* my card is a difficult one. Nothing but the unchecked kindliness between most of the rural deans and myself would keep things as they are. Our archdeacon is kind and willing, but age has done its own work on him, as I trust it may on us, in subduing and calling his mind off from the effort to set them aworking. He is most kind to me, but the grasshopper to him is a burden. I shall see him next week, and will endeavour to do more.

If even the light weight of the grasshopper was a burden to the aged Archdeacon of Chichester, what a burden on his soul, in that day when "desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets,"[1] were now the almost daily appeals and reproaches—more especially since the death of Bishop Otter—of the Rector of Lavington. Manning's restless and rousing energy ever kept him in action in one direction or the other.

like Manning, S. F. Wood, and others, not theological, but literary or historic articles to the *British Critic*, and his representatives wanted permission to republish them.

[1] Ecclesiastes xii. 5.

The variety of his labours shows not only the almost inexhaustible energy of his character, but the courageous hopefulness of his heart. His misgivings about the new bishop, far from taking off the edge of his appetite for work, seemed to whet it all the more. His heart was attracted to every plan or scheme set afloat by himself or his friends for the advancement of the Church. His hand was put in help to every man's plough. His pen was ever at work, week after week, all the year through; now throwing out hints or suggestions to deans and archdeacons; now drawing up petitions to the Crown or to the Lords Temporal and Spiritual; now submitting ideas or plans to his bishop. As Secretary to the Diocesan Board his energies were no longer confined to a small rural parish. It is, or he makes it, his duty to draw up circulars for the guidance or enlightenment of rural deans, to be printed and distributed in shoals. He is busy, now at Brighton—before the days of Arthur Wagner, low-toned and worldly-minded —rousing the torpid, imparting to them his own zeal for church-building; now at Horsham and Hastings and Bexhill, waging war against the system of pews; and now aiding his friend Archdeacon Hare at Lewes in the work of establishing middle schools. Again he is busily at work on his more ambitious scheme of eventually substituting for the system of public meeting and platform oratory pursued by the Brighton Church Association, the order and gravity of a Diocesan Synod. Manning characteristically condemns, in a letter to Archdeacon Hare, "the democratic and exciting system of platform oratory as most injurious to such gravity and order."

Unlike his friend Wood and others, the Rector of Lavington shows his practical sense and business capacity by reducing their visionary ideas and schemes into working order. S. F. Wood, for instance, was ambitious of establishing a guild of architects to be attached to the cathedrals, living under a kind of monastic rule; but Manning is content with establishing an architectural committee attached as members to the Church Association of Brighton. Writing to his dear friend Archdeacon Hare, Manning says:—

I will send you some project about the architectural committee, which I thought a most happy idea of yours, but my project must only provoke you into giving form to your own notion.

In another letter he writes:—

As to the architectural committee, it seems that we shall need a vote of the general meeting at Brighton. For at present the members of the committee must be members of the association; and the architects whom I should wish to include are not members.

Manning overcomes this difficulty by making the architects honorary members. He then sets himself to work to find an architect in Chichester, Brighton, and Hastings, to attend quarterly meetings of the association. In another letter to Archdeacon Hare he speaks of "an architect whom he knows at Chichester with some knowledge and sympathy with Gothic":—

Mr. Elliott the architect, I think, has a correct feeling about Gothic, and so much knowledge of it that I am not able to criticise him, but that does not prove anything. He is, however, at work on the right principle, *i.e.* chronological truth in architecture.

This architectural committee would be requested to report and recommend a scheme for the future; and Manning hopes that—

Some day it may get legs and go as an ambulatory commission to survey and codify the laws of Churchwarden Gothic, beginning from the hat-pegs and wooden mullions at Bexhill.

In those days, high boxed-in pews, like the "black gown" in the pulpit, were outward and visible signs of Evangelical righteousness, beloved of Low Churchmen; whereas, to their jaundiced eyes, open benches, like the white surplice, betrayed a "Romanising" tendency. Manning raised his axe, sharpened, like every instrument he made use of, to the finest edge, against curtained pews and hat-pegs.

To his "dear friend," the staunch Evangelical Archdeacon

of Lewes, in answer to a remonstrance, Manning wrote an apologetic letter minimising the extent of his misdeeds among the pews (especially in a church at Brighton).

16*th October* 1840.

My dear Friend—I did not exchange pews for open benches, but got the pews (the same in number) moved from the nave of the church to the walls of the side aisles, so that the whole of the church has a regular arrangement of open benches, which (irregularly) existed before. Iping Church has just been rebuilt, and there will hardly be a pew in it—perhaps four or five. Before, I think, there were no open benches. I don't remember any other case. . . .

I am not to-day quite well, so farewell, with much regard.—Yours ever, H. E. M.

In a previous letter, speaking about his architectural committee and the duty of making rules as to pews—"for their extinction if possible, if not, to control their size and shape,"—forgetful, perhaps, of his wonted prudence, Manning told Archdeacon Hare, "I did try this last March at Brighton."

The wars between pews and open benches; between the black gown and the white, though forgotten now, occupied in their fierce day no little of Manning's busy time.[1]

But what most filled his mind was the establishment of Middle Schools. To Archdeacon Hare, in a letter dated 26th October 1840, he wrote as follows:—

I am very anxious about our next Brighton meeting. Something effectual must be either done or prepared in the matter of education. Nearly two years will thence be gone by since the first move, and not four new schools established. This is tardy work. I have my fears how the bishop may feel on the subject. I have an idea that he is not zealous on this point, but I have no right to say so till he has given me the proof of it. I will see him this week, and let you hear.

About the meeting itself, I have always thought that it has been smothered. We seldom get more than 150 people, and of that number the greater part clergy. Where are our lay

[1] See Notes at end of the volume for extracts from Manning's Charge on church-building.

brethren? And how shall we get them to attend? Do write me what you propose about this. Robert Anderson would be a good man to ask for counsel in any Brighton business. I am glad to hear about Shoreham, in which case I feel good hope of your success. I know what you mean by saying you cannot feel as confident of the same cordial support.[1] But I suppose Horace would not exclude archdeacons from "qui sibi fidit, Dux regit examen." I shall always be glad to swarm with you.—Yours very sincerely, H. E. M.

From his friend, Dean Chandler, Manning was quick enough to discover that he was not a *persona grata* to Bishop Shuttleworth who, on first coming to Chichester, looked on him as a "Romaniser" in disguise. It was a duty which the Rector of Lavington owed to himself, to disabuse the bishop of so unworthy a suspicion. Such a work must needs be done, not by himself, but by his friends. All that the timid and courteous dean could do was to speak a good word in season, or when opportunity offered, drop a hint or two in his friend's behalf. Speaking to Manning of Dean Chandler, S. F. Wood once described him as "your roundheaded little Dean, rubbing his hands pleasantly, promises everything, but does nothing." Still in Dean Chandler, Manning knew he had an *amicus curiæ* at Chichester. The value of such a permanent whisper at a bishop's ear, or a pope's, as at a king's, is known to every diplomatist, secular or ecclesiastic.

But far greater influence was exercised by Archdeacon Hare over the Bishop of Chichester. The bishop put faith in so well-known and pronounced an anti-Tractarian, and when he spoke as he did in Manning's favour, his words were like seeds well sown. The bishop was slow of decision and kept his own counsel. In writing to Manning, Dean Chandler said, "I never in all my life knew a man out of whom it is so difficult to get a rescript as Dr. Shuttleworth." During these four critical months at Chichester in the autumn of 1840, had Archdeacon Hare shown—as indeed for all that is known he may well have done—Manning's

[1] In a letter to Manning, Archdeacon Hare had expressed doubts about the new bishop's zeal in regard to the proposed schools.

frequent letters to himself during that time, to the Bishop of Chichester, their perusal, or extracts from them, would, no doubt, have done no little to abate or remove the bishop's suspicions of Manning's "Romanising" tendencies.

Be that, however, as it may, Manning's good repute among the clergy of Chichester; his religious zeal, earnestness, self-denial, as well as his administrative capacity, were sufficient warrant of his fitness for office. The Rector of Lavington and his friends, though they knew that the bishop's early prejudices had greatly abated, still had little trust or hope of his favour. Manning, however, trusted much—and wisely—to his personal influence. He carefully abstained from obtruding on the bishop at Chichester. But, when a favourable opportunity offered, the Rector of Lavington made it a point to meet the bishop, on business or otherwise, at Brighton.

Things turned out better than Manning and his friends anticipated, or even dreamed of. The new bishop, Low Churchman though he was, did what the late bishop, though friendly to Manning, and indifferent as to religious views, was too easy-going or indolent even to contemplate. Bishop Shuttleworth in his wisdom made Manning Archdeacon of Chichester. It was an act of just recognition of the indefatigable and useful labours of the Rector of Lavington in the church work of the diocese. But such acts of justice were not too common in those days when party feeling ran so high in the Church of England. As one of Manning's friends, in congratulating him, justly said, "I really think the bishop has done himself great credit by his first appointment. Principle has triumphed over prejudice."[1]

On Christmas Eve, 1840, Manning received from the Bishop of Chichester the following letter:—

[1] The Rev. Mr. Tierney, a well-known priest, a friend and contemporary of Lingard the historian, told a friend at the time of the occurrence, that "Manning received from his bishop a promise of the archdeaconry in a drive home to Chichester from Brighton. That night was a very sad one for poor Bishop Shuttleworth, for Mrs. Shuttleworth stormed like a fury at the promotion—whether she disliked the man, or had a candidate of her own, was not stated."

CHICHESTER, 24*th December.*

MY DEAR SIR—I yesterday had a call from Archdeacon Webber to say that, from his advanced years, he was desirous of resigning his office. Will you oblige me by undertaking it? I can conceive it is one of great anxiety, but I know no one better calculated to fill it than yourself. If you can do me this favour, perhaps you will undertake also to arrange with the archdeacon when he wishes to retire. He will be glad to have so useful a successor; and I have no doubt that he will gladly consult your wishes, as you will, of course, consult his in this arrangement.—Believe me, dear sir, very truly yours,

PH. N. CHICHESTER.

This unexpected gift was a veritable Christmas-box from the bishop—a cause of rejoicing and delight to Manning and his friends; second only to that excited by Pius IX.'s bestowal on him, in 1865, of the Archbishopric of Westminster.

The floodgates of congratulations were opened on that memorable Christmas Day. Piles on piles of letters of congratulation have been carefully preserved to this hour. The first person to whom, in filial love, Manning imparted the good tidings was his own mother; though with characteristic caution and reserve he enjoined her to put his letter under lock and key.

His mother, who was spending the Christmas at Brighton with the Anderdons, congratulated her beloved son in the following letter:—

Christmas Day, 1840.

You can better imagine my surprise and joy, my beloved child, than I can describe it. You shall indeed have my prayers for your success, and also that your health may stand the increase of business you will have with such an enlarged field for exertion. Will you have any residence? If you have, and you could be at Chichester in the dead part of the winter, it would agree with you better than Lavington. . . .

I have locked up the letter and you may depend upon my silence; but I shall long for another letter. . . . I hope you make constant use of the carriage. . . .

God bless you, my dearest Henry. Ever your affectionate mother,

MARY MANNING.

The next letter which follows in the order of family precedence, as the writer himself would have said, was from the new archdeacon's eldest brother, Frederick Manning:—

Douglas House, Leamington, *Saturday.*

My dearest Henry—I am much gratified by the fresh proof of the estimate in which you are held in your profession, and I earnestly pray God that you may long continue to discharge the office of his ministry in the same manner. I have had much discomfort lately, and this has come to me as a great delight. With our united kindest love, I remain, my dear brother, most affectionately yours, Frederick Manning.

The second brother, Charles Manning, wrote from Wimbledon in substance as follows:—

The letter which brought the news of your appointment as archdeacon came to us as we were assembled at our Christmas dinner, and was the greatest of our Christmas delights. It was a great surprise, for we had had now no expectations of your preferment under the new *regime* at Chichester; we were even afraid that you would not be able to keep your position in the diocese. The new bishop is not so bad as we had thought.

All the family united in congratulating the new archdeacon.

His brother-in-law, John Anderdon, in a characteristic letter, did his best by counsel and prayer "to improve the occasion," as follows:—

Brighton, 27*th December* 1840.

My dearest Henry—I can only be thankful for your appointment in the Church, and pray that you may be indued with strength from above to perform the higher functions, as you have, under God's directing grace, the more subordinate. I rejoice, my dearest brother, on your account,—I rejoice on your account and that of all the family—but *above all*, that you will have enlarged scope. Oh may this, with its temptations and difficulties, redound to Almighty God's Glory (for has He not permitted even to us worms to promote that which is already perfect?), by His enlarging the powers and means of grace to the full measure of the field which He assigns to you to cultivate. Nothing within my powers to control will prevent my meeting you here on the 14th. I had been long anxious to ask many

questions, which are already answered by the event on which we all congratulate ourselves, which are nevertheless even more interesting than before.

May every blessing be yours, dearest Henry, and accept the heartfelt congratulations of your devoted brother,

JOHN L. ANDERDON.

From his sister, Mrs. Austen, came a most warm-hearted and lively letter, full of affection and gratitude, and of hopes for her brother's more extended usefulness in the work of the Church. "She hopes the new archdeacon won't be shocked at her ignorance; but she would like to know what constitute the component parts of an archdeacon besides shovel hat and gaiters."

MY DEAREST AND MOST VENERABLE HENRY—I cannot allow a post to escape without congratulating you on what must be a source of gratification to you, and I think far more so from the *present* bishop than the latter, as it proves he thinks you have been a faithful labourer in the vineyard, where I hope you may long continue to exercise your holy duties, and to enjoy your dignities.

I am sorry to say I know very little of the component parts of an archdeacon, but I hope a shovel hat and Apron are some of the outward signs. When you have a little time pray let me know all about it, and also whether it enables you to see a little more of your relations; if so I shall have more cause to rejoice, for really you are of very little good to me. We are almost frozen up, but our hearts are still warm enough to rejoice with you, and Maria the younger desires to join in it also.

I have just been reading with the greatest delight your poor friend, Mr. Rose's sermons. The first in the book is by far the most interesting sermon I ever read.—Now adieu; ever your attached Sister,

C. C. AUSTEN.

Henry Wilberforce, Manning's brother-in-law, was almost as delighted at the good news as their mother-in-law, Mrs. John Sargent, as his letter shows:—

BRANSGROVE, *St. Stephen's Day*, 1840.

MY DEAREST MANNING—I can hardly say how delighted I was (and really my astonishment was hardly less) at your note, having heard from Wood of the prejudice that my lord showed on first coming to Chichester (altho' I also heard from him that

it was a good deal mitigated), I could never have imagined it so entirely removed in so few weeks. Well, I am glad indeed, and trust we may rejoice safely both for your sake and that of the Church.

Still I am not sure that the thing which first struck me was not how very peculiarly indeed dearest Mrs. John Sargent would feel it. One archdeacon almost turned her head, I think *two* will clean upset it.

Cannot you spare time to tell me how all this came about? *Why* did Webber resign? Did he know who would come in his place? Does this lead of necessity, or in probability, to a stall at Chichester? If I remember right they continue elective while any of the existing chapter survive; if so, will they not elect the new archdeacon on a vacancy,[1] or does the Sacrilege Bill annex one in prospect?—Your most affectionate and much delighted brother, HENRY (WILBERFORCE).

Mary Wilberforce, his wife and Manning's sister-in-law, was equally effusive.

MY DEAREST BROTHER ARCHDEACON THE SECOND — How pleased we were to receive your letter this morning, no pen or tongue can express, it was such a surprise, for we did not know the old archdeacon had resigned. May it please God to bless you, you dear creature, in this great and important post. H. (Henry Wilberforce) must write a line; his joy is very great. I am sorry to say his throat and chest are very far from strong; he has been forced to give up the daily service for a cough which I trust is now going.—How is your head?—Ever your very affectionate sister, MARY WILBERFORCE.

Robert Wilberforce who, after Manning's great illness in 1847, became his closest friend and most intimate correspondent, wrote as follows:—

BURTON AGNES,
DUFFIELD, *4th January* 1841.

MY DEAR MANNING—To-day's paper tells me that which I hear with very great pleasure, that you are to be appointed Archdeacon of Chichester. Indeed, I don't know that I ought not at once to address you by that appellation; but, however, I will still profit by my not being assured of the fact to write to you not as to a dreadful pillar of the Church, but as to an

[1] The stall vacated by his predecessor did not go to Manning, but was given to Archdeacon Hare of Lewes.

affectionate friend and equal. Had I been assured that you had attained the *fastigium diaconatûs*, I should feel compelled to copy out a part of the orations of Gregory Nazianzen which I was reading this morning, and address you as he does the most reverend Exarch of Cæsarea.

So soon as I saw the statement in the papers I said I must write and congratulate you, but my wife very properly suggested that I must rather congratulate the diocese, for that such dignities, to those who view them rightly, are rather burthens to be borne than to be joyed in. But I cannot but feel that having for so long done all the work of the diocese, it is most fitting that you should be raised to a post in which you can do it with greater comfort, because with a feeling that you are not stepping into another's office, but discharging your own.

May God bless you, my dear Manning, in this your new labour, and all your undertakings.—So prays your affectionate friend, ROBERT WILBERFORCE.

Mr. Gladstone, exceedingly rejoiced at the good news of Manning's appointment, wrote as follows:—

HAWARDEN, CHESTER, *2nd January* 1841.

MY DEAR MANNING—I have received with the liveliest pleasure your note of Christmas day—coming to my hands (after a long winter tour) only this morning, it most agreeably confirms a paragraph I had seen in the paper ten minutes before and thought almost too good to be true. I rejoice on your account personally; but more for the sake of the Church, and I do not know whether the best aspect of all is not that in which we may consider your promotion a sure sign of an enlarged and far-sighted spirit in your new bishop, of whom I shall now, with great confidence, anticipate everything that is good. All my brothers-in-law are here and scarcely less delighted than I am; my wife is not behind them. With great glee am I about to write your new address; but the occasion really calls for higher sentiments; and sure am I that you are one of the men to whom it is especially given to develop the solution of that great problem, how all our minor distractions are to be either abandoned, absorbed, or harmonised, through the might of the great principle of communion in the body of Christ; may you have the gifts of God in proportion to all the exigencies of your position.

With regard to your proposed use of my name, we know one another too well for me to waste words in saying how much I shall rejoice to be associated with any work of yours; on this occasion however, though I hold you to be a *canny* or prudent

man, I will caution even you, if you persist in wishing to exhibit me, to let my name stand in its own insignificance and without additions. I have acted in my dedication to Lyttelton on the principle I now suggest; the (on every ground) less you say of me the better. I am never afraid of being misunderstood by you, and need add no more.—Ever affectionately yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

The following letter of Newman's, congratulating Manning on his appointment as archdeacon, was almost the last of the correspondence which took place between Newman and Manning in their Anglican days:—

ORIEL, *3rd January* 1840.

MY DEAR MANNING—My best congratulations to you. I hope it will turn out all that your own anxieties can wish, or the Church anticipate. I had had a report of it from Charles Marriott, but hardly knew, as he, whether to believe it. I will not forget your wish. . . .—Ever yours, with the best wishes of the season, J. H. NEWMAN.

One bishop, at all events, a distinguished and decided High Churchman, Edward Denison of Salisbury, rejoiced at Manning's being made an archdeacon:—

PALACE, SALISBURY, *5th January* 1841.

MY DEAR MANNING—I have only just learnt your appointment, and cannot delay in writing one hearty line to express the satisfaction which it gives me. I do not doubt that is what our dear lamented friend would have wished.—With the sincere hope that you may be made an instrument of usefulness in this important post, believe me, very faithfully yours, E. SARUM.

It would seem from Bishop Denison's letter that, during the last two years of his rule at Chichester, Bishop Otter had profited much from the Rector of Lavington's quiet but assiduous influence. In a letter dated 1838, Newman had bidden Manning to lay hands on his bishop, saying: "I hope you will get as tight a hold of your diocesan as you can, and make him take a line, *ut decet Episcopum*." And two years later said in a postscript, "you give me good news of the bishop." Perhaps had the bishop lived longer Manning might have succeeded in inducing him to take a

more decided line. It would seem, too, from the following letter of Bishop Otter's son, that his father had wished to make Manning an archdeacon :—

CARFOLD, 11*th January* 1841.

MY DEAR SIR—Although not within your archdeaconry you will allow me the pleasure of offering my sincere congratulations on your late appointment, at which I rejoice for two reasons—because I have good cause to believe that one wish of my dear father respecting his diocese is thereby fulfilled, and because I anticipate much honour to yourself and much benefit to the Church from your exertions in the office. I fear I have said more upon this subject than my slight personal acquaintance with you may justly warrant, but I feel irresistibly drawn towards those whom my father loved and esteemed.—Believe me, dear sir, yours very truly, W. B. OTTER.

Two of the congratulatory letters, among the most valued, were those of George Moberly of Balliol, and Selwyn. In after years Manning often spoke with kind interest of both of them ; and under their respective signatures, G. A. Selwyn and George Moberly, Cardinal Manning wrote the words, "Afterwards Bishop of New Zealand, then of Lichfield" ; and "Afterwards Bishop of Salisbury."

In his letter Selwyn said :—

A few model archdeacons, such as Archdeacons Wilberforce, Hare, Lear, and yourself may, by God's help, be enabled to exhibit, must promote, in a degree which we cannot now estimate, the stability of the Church by the compacting of "that which every joint supplieth."

In congratulating the archdeacon on his "new accession of dignity," George Moberly said :—

Indeed, I am not less surprised than rejoiced at the appointment, and I do really believe that it is likely to promote the wellbeing of your most important diocese.

As Bishop Denison paid a tribute to Manning's late bishop, so did Moberly pay a compliment, though perhaps rather a left-handed one, to the new Bishop of Chichester :—

I trust that really your new bishop is very right at heart; he is one of those who should not trust himself with his *reasons*, his conclusions are well enough; at least so Marriott tells me.

It was said at the time that the reason, which Bishop Shuttleworth alleged for making Manning archdeacon, was that such an accession of dignity would act as a restraint and add balance to his mind. By such a pronounced Low Churchman as the late warden of New College, few things would be accounted more ill-balanced than a tendency towards Tractarianism.[1]

William Dodsworth, one of the most intimate of Manning's friends, was likewise infinitely surprised at the bishop's appointment. In a letter of congratulation to Manning he says:—

I have just parted with the Dean of Chichester, who has given me the whole account of the matter, which must be gratifying to all your friends, as it is honourable to you. I confess when I heard of Shuttleworth's appointment to the bishopric, I grieved at the thought that it shut you out from all chance of preferment, and from all influence except that which you will always have from your principles and character, the result therefore is as surprising as it is gratifying.

It would be almost as bad as leaving Hamlet out of the play were I to omit from this chorus of congratulations the venerable ex-Archdeacon Webber, the primal cause of all these rejoicings on the part of High Churchmen; of all the bickerings and heart-burnings of the Low Church party. For if Manning's appointment was warmly acclaimed by the *Christian Remembrancer*, it was as hotly denounced by the *Record*.

The late archdeacon wrote as follows:—

[1] Bishop Shuttleworth, a friend writes, "was never looked upon at Oxford as Evangelical—far otherwise; he was a Low Churchman of the Whig school, and I should think hated the Evangelicals as much as he hated the Tractarians, whom he ridiculed after he was a bishop; for, in writing to his friends at Oxford, he began his letters 'Palace, Chichester, Washing-day,' or any other menial service, out of contempt for the Tractarian practice of some, who dated their letters—S. So and So. I knew of one of Bishop Shuttleworth's letters, dated 'Washing-day.'"

BOSGROVE, 29*th December* 1840.

MY DEAR ARCHDEACON-ELECT—If not appointed before you receive this, I have sent you something to begin with. I have written to Lord Ashley to say that I shall place it in your hands, and that I feel sure you will take the proper steps. I thank you most sincerely for your very kind note. There are few things in the world which I so much covet as your friendship, and I trust that you will believe that I am ever yours most sincerely, CHARLES WEBBER.

The poor archdeacon seems on his retirement to have received many rather left-handed compliments. The Rev. J. Kenrick of Horsham wrote, "Our archdeacon's last act is his best," but this harsh sentence is qualified by, "When a man resigns an office for apparently no other reason than because there are younger men who are likely to discharge it more efficiently, it should seem as if he had the good of the Church at heart."

Mr. Freeland, a diocesan official, in his letter of congratulation says:—

CHICHESTER, 28*th December* 1840.

It had long been obvious . . . that a change was desirable, for notwithstanding the very high qualities possessed by Mr. Webber, his best friends must admit that he was quite unequal, in the present times, to the proper discharge of the duties of this important office.

After assuring Manning "that there is no person under whom I *could* act with so much pleasure as yourself," he adds:—

The clergy, though much improved, are not yet sufficiently roused into action, and it will now devolve on you to co-operate with the bishop in exciting their zeal and giving it a proper direction.

The papers will be ready for you on Wednesday.

The new archdeacon, though supereminently capable of "rousing the clergy," was gifted with infinite tact and prudence, and thought it safer and wiser to do his "spiriting" very gently.

We have heard the Church (with its prayers), or at least one section of it, lift up its voice in praise of the new arch-

deacon; let us now listen to the world (with its dinners), or one corner of it, speak in the person of one of its members :—

SLINDON HOUSE, *Monday Morning.*

MY DEAR SIR—I am very sorry that living *in one corner* of the county as I do that we never meet. I also hardly ever go to Chichester, but *I did* on Saturday to pay my duty to the bishop, and cannot refrain from the pleasure of congratulating you *and us* on the appointment that I there heard you have received. The good archdeacon's mantle could not, in my humble opinion, have fallen upon any one in the diocese that would wear it better than yourself, and I hope you will long live to adorn it, and *it* you.

The more immediate object in my writing to you now is in the name of my kind and excellent relation, Lady Newburgh, with whom we always spend this season. She says she has long known your relations in the county, and would be very happy to have the pleasure of knowing you; and should you be not otherwise engaged, will you waive ceremony and dine here on New Year's day at five o'clock, and meet the bishop and Mrs. Shuttleworth? and to stay the night if you choose, which would also give me the pleasure of seeing you, and an opportunity of presenting you to Lady Cecil.—I am, my dear sir, yours very truly,

J. DELAFELD.

The visit to Count Delafeld, or rather the dinner in his corner of the world, was a success.

Archdeacon Manning was a delightful companion at the dinner-table; the grace of his manner and the charm of his conversation made an impression even on Bishop Shuttleworth, while it not only completely fascinated Lady Cecil Delafeld, but did much to assuage Mrs. Shuttleworth's wrath at the appointment of the new archdeacon. The bishop pleasantly remarked on the occasion that, though he passed the bottle almost untouched, the archdeacon was the master of an inexhaustible fund of anecdote. This was the first of Manning's social successes. During the next eight or nine years the fascinating archdeacon, as he was frequently called, with his quiet humour, pleasant talk, and rich store of anecdotes, though often drawn upon, never exhausted and always well told, was an ever-welcome guest in London society.

One of the most friendly and intimate among the rural deans, R. Tredcroft, after congratulating Manning on his appointment, and praying that "the good and gracious Master whom we serve will give you strength proportionate to your greater need," puts the following pertinent, if not impertinent, question, with which I may fittingly close this transition chapter: "But what will be said of it at Oxford? Who is the convert, it will be asked, the late warden of New College or the author of the *Rule of Faith?*"

CHAPTER X

THE ARCHDEACON OF CHICHESTER

1841–1843

MANNING'S appointment as Archdeacon of Chichester opened up a wider sphere of influence for the rising churchman, and gave him opportunities of coming into more frequent and closer contact not only with the country clergy in the diocese of Chichester, but with leading men in London interested in Church affairs. His closer intimacy with Mr. Gladstone[1] began about this date; they often conferred together on Church matters, and as their ample correspondence shows, were of one mind in regard to Anglican interests. The Archdeacon of Chichester likewise renewed acquaintance with some of his more distinguished Oxford contemporaries, which sometimes, though not often, ripened into friendship. Manning's friendships were not like those of his brother-in-law Samuel Wilberforce, whose friendships were intimacies of the closest nature. "I never knew," Mr. Gladstone remarked quite recently, "a man of so sympathetic and loving a nature as Bishop Wilberforce; his friendships, like Newman's, were life-long intimacies. In conversation and correspondence he spoke out his heart about his friends.[2]

[1] Mrs. Gladstone shared her husband's friendly feelings towards Manning who, at her express desire, became godfather to Mr. Gladstone's eldest son, William.

[2] In a letter to Manning, dated 15th Nov. 1837, Wood said:—"Sam Wilberforce I have not yet come to the speech of; I will be careful not to allude in any way to the conversation we had. Both he and others of his family are, I think, in the habit of talking over and exercising acts of judgment on their friends' characters in a way which both produces evil externally and injures their own minds; and we shall do well to take warning for ourselves."

If, indeed, Manning had any intimate friends beside myself, he was too reserved to speak about them."

Manning as archdeacon naturally felt himself a bigger man than as rector of a small country parish: he had an ecclesiastical future before him; he was invited to preach in London or in Brighton before influential congregations: his voice was heard on many a religious platform. Far more; as one of the Select Preachers for the year, he went up to Oxford to preach before the University.[1]

In the early days it was often said at Archbishop's House by men, who imputed their own feeling of awe or admiration for Archbishop Manning to others, that "at Oxford the undergraduates were on their best behaviour in the presence of Archdeacon Manning"; that "youthful levity was subdued or sobered by his solemn voice and his austere mien." But that was a fancy picture—not of the archdeacon, but of Oxford undergraduates. Undergraduates in reality are men who fear only the proctors or duns. None would change their behaviour in the presence of a country parson coming up to preach to them. The great majority never took the trouble to hear the sermon in those days. The presence of the archdeacon had no more awe about it than the presence of other preachers, who came up every Sunday in their turn. The undergraduates of those days would not have touched their caps to Archdeacon Manning had they met him in the street. The undergraduates of the present day, it is said, are still more advanced. In all this there was nothing personal to the archdeacon, for every other preacher coming up to Oxford was regarded in the same way.

The country parson coming up to Oxford to preach for

[1] In 1841, Archdeacon Manning was one of the nine Select Preachers for the year. In the month of November nine preachers are selected to preach during the ensuing year before the University when the ordinary preachers are unable to perform the duty. The Wardens select four, and five are chosen by the Vice-Chancellor. Each of them in turn comes up to Oxford to preach. Frederick Oakeley, at an earlier date, was one of the Select Preachers; Sam Wilberforce was elected three times to the office, and so were many others of less note, or unknown to fame. Though vicar of St. Mary's, Newman of course had been Select Preacher.

the first time was more moved than the undergraduates. In the preacher's life it was an event; an opportunity. To Manning it was a supreme duty. His heart was filled with spiritual unction. In solemn emphatic voice he spoke to his novel congregation: not arguing but pleading; not exciting the intellect by reasonings deep and keen, but touching the heart by fervent appeals to holiness of living, to righteousness and purity of conduct.

The first time that he preached at Oxford as archdeacon was on the 24th of February 1841. Mr. J. B. Mozley, who was present at that sermon, gave at that time his impressions of Manning's method and style of preaching in a letter to his sister, dated 25th February:—

> Manning was up yesterday. He gave what one might really call a powerful sermon; not controversial, but rather, as Coleridge would say, introversial, which is rather his line: that is, entering into and describing states of mind, struggles within; his subject being, Judas gradually giving way to his besetting sin. He is certainly very deep, but not always in good taste; too nice and pointed in his style and delivery; was so very emphatic in every little word and sharp thing that he came across, that he rather defeated himself and put everything on a level.[1]

In another letter, dated Oxford, April 1841, J. B. Mozley wrote to his brother, the Rev. Thomas Mozley, as follows:—

> Manning was up the other day, preaching before the University. It was a good sermon; but not well delivered, and rather inclining to pedantry in the style; too polished and antithetical in the choice of words. He looked quite proper and archidiaconal, with the straight-cut coat and the gentlest shovel.[2]

Although he was only in his 34th year when he was made archdeacon, the Rev. Thomas Mozley, in his *Reminiscences of Oriel*, speaks of Manning as "prematurely bald, venerable, and wise." Indeed Henry Wilberforce used to affect, in his own amusing way, a continual sense of injustice that at public meetings, when Manning and himself happened to rise together, he was so often bidden to sit

[1] *Letters of J. B. Mozley*, p. 111, London, 1885. [2] *Ibid.*

down and give place to his seniors; whereas in reality though not in appearance, he was the senior.[1] Appearances, however, count for not a little in this world. What chances, as the late W. G. Ward used to say, had a big burly man like himself of obtaining credit for mortification of the flesh? whereas it was given as a matter of course to persons of such an ascetic appearance as Manning.

If a fine bald head be a lucky stepping-stone to a young physician, there can be no doubt that Manning's austere and venerable appearance stood him in good stead as archdeacon, promoted as he was so early in life over the heads of so many of the senior clergy of Chichester. His tact and conciliatory manners and prudence, which never slept or slumbered, soon won the good graces of the clergy with whom by his office he was brought into constant contact.

The year 1841 was a turning-point in Manning's life. It was marked by two critical events external in character and of opposing force—his appointment as archdeacon, and the condemnation of Tract 90. Circumstance, "that unspiritual god," demanded once more from its servant homage and sacrifice. As archdeacon, Manning entered into official relations with the Established Church; he held an office not only of dignity but of trust; with new duties, new responsibilities were imposed upon him. Above all things it behoved him to be circumspect and prudent. If he had already succeeded in conciliating so extreme a Low Churchman as his bishop, it was necessary not to forfeit his continued goodwill;[2] not to give umbrage to the

[1] J. B. Mozley in a letter to his sister described Henry Wilberforce as follows:—"In spite of his being married and a father he is just the same absurdly ludicrous fellow as of old."

[2] A friend of Manning, the Rev. J. R. Hughes, shortly after Bishop Shuttleworth's death, wrote as follows:—

"EASTBOURNE, SUSSEX,
"*Monday, 7th February* 1842.

"MY DEAR MR. ARCHDEACON— . . . I can assure you that the late bishop was very careful not to do any thing, which might seem to lessen your official authority. I remember very well how much annoyed he was on the evening previous to the last Ordination, that Mr. Bowdler's book should have been laid in the drawing-room, when the candidates for Orders, as you remember, were dining with him. He had always kept it *in his own study:* and was therefore annoyed that you should have found it, where it might

"Liberals," and aggressive Low Church Party, who enjoyed his confidence. Manning was the last man to forget that he was now himself a Church dignitary, and bound as such to show reserve and moderation in his religious opinions.[1]

Bishop Shuttleworth, fresh from the fierce battle-fields of Oxford, himself stubborn and rough of tongue towards the Tractarians, was much impressed by the meek and gentle spirit and conciliatory tone displayed by his new archdeacon in a sermon—the first which the bishop had heard—preached at Chichester Cathedral. It was delivered on the occasion of Bishop Shuttleworth's first ordination, on Trinity Sunday 1841, under the title "Moral Design of the Apostolic Ministry." The following passage especially attracted the bishop's notice:—

It is precisely those characters which the world counts

seem to have been placed by him in the way of his guests of that evening. [The Bishop's wife, it was surmised, 'had felt it her duty to testify' on the occasion by producing the book.]

"Our good bishop always spoke most kindly of you, notwithstanding the difference of opinion which existed between you on some of the controverted points of the present day.

"I have written to Mr. Welsh at Burwash, respecting Mrs. Shuttleworth, but have not yet received an answer.—I remain, dear Mr. Archdeacon, yours very faithfully, J. R. HUGHES."

[1] After he was appointed by Bishop Shuttleworth, Archdeacon of Chichester, Manning did not consider it advantageous, or even expedient, to republish *The Rule of Faith and Appendix*. The book had given great offence to the Low Church party, and to his new bishop as well as to other bishops and Church dignitaries of the same party. In the same letter, quoted in the note above, his friend, in the view of making matters smooth between the Low Church party and Archdeacon Manning, gave him the following information:—

"I remember the late bishop mentioning to me with regret, either in June or October last, that a new edition of your *Rule of Faith* had been recently advertised. But from what source he derived his information, I really cannot say. Certainly the impression on my own mind was till now, that I had seen a new edition advertised in the *Oxford Herald*, before the bishop mentioned it. Your statement, however, is so clear as to the date of republication, that I can only come to one of these two conclusions, either that I am altogether wrong in my supposition, or that the bookseller inserted such an advertisement without your knowledge. However this be, I will take care, should the subject be ever mentioned in my hearing, to set the parties right, and to state that the book was not republished subsequently to your being appointed Archdeacon of Chichester. *I only remember one person*, besides the bishop, making mention of this matter, and to him I will explain that he was under a false impression."

weakest, that gain most absolute mastery. It is by gentleness and a yielding temper, by conceding all indifferent points, by endurance of undeserved contempt, by refusing to be offended, by asking reconciliation when others would exact apology, that the sternest spirits of the world are absolutely broken into a willing and glad obedience to the lowliest servants of Christ.

It was especially trying to Manning that the bishop, whom he had succeeded in conciliating and who had made him archdeacon, died almost within the first year of his episcopate. The fourth and last bishop under whom Manning served in the Anglican Church was Ashurst Turner Gilbert. The archdeacon's point of contact with the new bishop was in the ministerial work of rousing the clergy and in reforming abuses. "My good-natured predecessor, Bishop Otter" he observed, "had allowed many men to officiate in the diocese without inquiring into their antecedents, one from Norwich, who I believe was not ordained." In this work of reform Manning was a zealous helper.

Again, the Archdeacon of Chichester "dreamed dreams," and saw visions of future greatness unfold before his eyes. For the first time the thought of ecclesiastical preferment entered into his mind, at least as an object within reach.[1] The restless desire for distinction which had slumbered in the obscurity of his happy home at Lavington awoke again in his breast. Manning, however, never was an idle dreamer of dreams, but an active worker ever on the alert to convert dreams into realities.

Hence the practical character of his work, whether in striving to obtain greater liberty of action for the Church; or in helping to found colonial bishoprics; or in labouring heart and soul to amend the laws which affect the poor injuriously, or fail to safeguard their moral as well as their material wellbeing.

It is not easy to keep pace with the variety of Manning's activities. It was not without good reason, on her son's appointment as archdeacon, that his mother prayed that his health might stand the increase of business he would have with such an enlarged field for exertion.

[1] See contemporary Diary, 1844-47.

One of the chief works which he took in hand was an amendment of the Poor Law, especially as regards its bastardy clauses. He entered into an active correspondence with Mr. Gladstone on this subject, who placed the letters in the hands of Sir James Graham. In a letter dated Cambridge, 26th November 1841, Mr. Gladstone wrote: "I have received a letter from Sir James Graham referring to your two communications on the bastardy clauses. He is much pleased with their tone. He is disposed, without putting an end to the application of the workhouse test against the mother, to make the remedy against the putative father 'real and effective' for expenses incurred in the workhouse. I am not enough acquainted to know whether it would be advisable to go further. You have not proposed it: and I am disposed to believe that only with a revived and improved discipline in the Church can we hope for any generally effective check upon lawless lust." Manning finally offered to submit to Sir James Graham, Home Secretary in Sir Robert Peel's second administration, a memorandum on certain defects in the working of the new Poor Law. Mr. Gladstone, who was Vice-President of the Board of Trade, in a letter dated 3rd December 1841, wrote as follows:—

My dear Manning—I am sure both that Graham will consider favourably anything coming from you on the Poor Law; and that any paper you will draw up will be such that the several πίστεις of the man and the matter will receive its fair and full attention.—Your affectionate friend,

W. E. Gladstone.

Manning was much pained that, owing to the operation of the bastardy clauses, the guilty parties, without real repentance and confession, presented themselves at the altar for marriage, and hoped that such an amendment in the law might be introduced as would remove or lessen the evil; or that the ancient discipline of the Church might be revived. Mr. Gladstone deeply sympathised with Manning as to discipline, but suggested that "The only way to revive the system is to do it permissively and as it were in a corner. Why should not a man having a small flock,

and his churchwardens and persons of influence with him, devise sober rules with the allowance of his bishop for his own people and introduce them by degrees? May he not require the private confession and contrition of the parties? Would it be impossible to secure this in a small rural parish by means of persuasion and influence? May we not make a good use of the rubric enjoining or advising communion after matrimony, in combination with the exhortation to confess before communion in certain cases?"

Manning would have gladly adopted or rather have anticipated Mr. Gladstone's advice, but was far too prudent and practical to ask of his Low Church bishop permission to hear confessions at Lavington.

In connection with the general question of immorality in the manufactory districts, Manning entered into correspondence with Sir George Cornewall Lewis, President of the Board of Trade, urging upon him the necessity of restricting the hours of labour for girls working in factories and looms, and of introducing regulations to protect their morality.

In reference to this correspondence Mr. Gladstone wrote as follows to Manning:—"I forward for your perusal the inclosed note from Graham, by which you will I think be gratified. Lewis's scholarship is good: but his letter in the main more learned than practical."

Speaking of Manning's controversy with Lewis, carried on in a series of letters on the policy of restricting the hours of female labour, Mr. Gladstone said to me, quite recently: "Lewis, who was President of the Board of Trade, of which I was Vice-President, stubbornly combated Manning's arguments in favour of the introduction of such laws or regulations as would protect the morality of girls working in factories. Lewis, as you know, was a very strong man. I showed the correspondence to Sir James Graham, who was singularly acute in judgment; and asked his opinion on it. In reply he said, 'Manning has more than held his own.'"[1]

[1] On hearing of Sir James Graham's opinion on the controversy with Lewis, Cardinal Manning was much pleased and said, "I never knew that Sir James Graham had seen those letters of mine." And then he added, "Sir James Graham was a man of profound judgment."

Perhaps the work done in his Anglican days, which Manning, as cardinal, was most proud of, and oftenest referred to with deepest sympathy, was his share in founding colonial bishoprics. At the time when he took part in forming the "Colonial Bishoprics Fund," in April 1841, there were only six bishops in our vast colonial empire. As a missionary church the Church of England had signally failed. Vast opportunities of discharging one of her primary duties as a Christian community had been utterly neglected. If civilisation had followed the flag of England, Christianity had not. Even in our Indian Empire it was not the English Church which preached the Gospel to the heathen, sitting undisturbed in the darkness. It was St. Francis Xavier, who brought the Cross of Christ to the heathen multitudes, and by words of love and pity touched the hearts of tens of thousands and brought them to the love and knowledge of God.

Manning was the first to remove this reproach from the Church he loved so well, and from the good name of England as a Christian country. By his memorable speech, delivered at Willis's Rooms, April 1841, on behalf of the "Colonial Bishoprics Fund,"[1] the heart of the country was moved and roused to action. In after-life, Manning cherished a warm regard for George Selwyn and used often to say, "I look upon him as the first fruits of my labours on behalf of colonial bishops," as, indeed, he was; for a few months after the meeting at Willis's Rooms, George Selwyn was made first Bishop of New Zealand.

On the occasion of his appointment Manning wrote the following letter:—

Christmas Eve, 1841.

My dear Lord—I send you a slight remembrance[2] of one who will follow your memory with a fast and affectionate regard. Our meetings have been, indeed, few; but somehow our fellowship was anticipated by oneness of heart in the work we were then upon. Now, I shall ever think myself happy to have been

[1] See Manning's speech in volume ii. of *Old Pamphlets*.

[2] A volume of sermons, on the title-page of which George A. Selwyn's name was inscribed.

known to you. It is for me only to offer my prayers that you may be greatly blessed, and reach a high place in His kingdom, into the lowest room of which you deem yourself unworthy to enter. I could have greatly desired to see you once more.—Believe me, my dear lord, your faithful and affectionate servant,

HENRY E. MANNING.

After long years of separation and silence, when Manning was Archbishop of Westminster, and Selwyn Bishop of Lichfield, Selwyn wrote to the archbishop as follows:[1]—

LICHFIELD, *December* 24, 1867.

MY DEAR FRIEND—for so I must call you still—I thank you heartily for your very kind letter.

There is no old friend of whom I have thought more frequently than of you, because the remembrance of your speech at the first establishment of the Colonial Bishoprics Fund has never faded from my mind. When I read an extract from it in a report of a speech delivered by Mr. Gladstone, it seemed as fresh as if I had only heard it yesterday; and no wonder, because by that speech my dear mother, then sitting by my side, was led to take the widest estimate of missionary duty, and so was prepared for the call which shortly after sent me out to New Zealand. Often I have looked upon the title-page of the volume on which you inscribed my name; and have read the sermons with the same pleasure as if you were still our own. I remember also the letters which you kindly wrote to me when your mind was disturbed about the Gorham Judgment. There is sorrow, no doubt, mingled with these remembrances; but I cherish them as spiritual sympathies which even now are not without their value, and which may be revived in greater perfection when (as you say) these bonds shall have passed away in a better world.

Allow me to wish you all joy of this holy season, and to unite with you in praying for "peace on earth and good will towards men."—I remain, my dear friend, yours affectionately,

G. A. N. ZEALAND, LICHFIELD.

Of this famous speech, referred to in the above letter by George Selwyn, Mr. Gladstone, at the jubilee meeting of

[1] Referring to this letter, Cardinal Manning, in a Journal, dated 15th November 1888, has entered the following words:—"George Selwyn was a heroic Christian soul—a rebuke to most of us."

the Colonial Bishoprics Fund, held in 1891, gave an able summary. After alluding to the fact that he, with the exception of Cardinal Manning, was the only person living who had taken part in the proceedings of that memorable occasion, Mr. Gladstone went on as follows :—

> There was a remarkable speech made on that day, which sent a thrill of exaltation through the whole assembly at Willis's Rooms, delivered by a man of eminence, of known devotion to his work in his own sense, whose whole mind and whose whole heart were then given to the service of the Church of England. He was then known as Archdeacon Manning. Archdeacon Manning, in a most striking and a most powerful speech, delineated the condition of the English Church of the Anglo-Saxon race of our colonial empire. He pointed out upon how vast, how gigantic a scale we were then occupying the waste places of the earth, and multiplying millions of human beings who trod the face of it ; and then he pointed to the scanty evidence which, up to that time, had been given of any care which had been taken by the Church of England for the propagation of the Gospel in these vast countries. He contrasted the meagreness and feebleness of our spiritual efforts with the wonderful, undying, untiring energies of the commercial powers, and the spirit of emigration, which were even then achieving such vast results in the world. He contrasted, I say, the one spectacle with the other. He said the Church of England has now to make a choice between the temporal and the spiritual. She has to determine whether she will be the beast of burden, or whether she will be the evangelist of the world. That was a noble appeal—a noble challenge. The force of it was felt ; it was taken up and duly answered.

This successful meeting at Willis's Rooms was followed by another, of a wider range, held at the Mansion House, for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. At this meeting also Manning spoke with effect. In his first year as Archdeacon, he was beginning to make his mark, and as a public speaker at religious meetings to excite attention.

As rector of an obscure country parish, Manning might be on intimate terms with Newman, and take part, as far as his abilities and opportunities allowed, with the Tractarian movement, without attracting notice or blame. But

as Archdeacon of Chichester, cultivating friendly relations with bishops and Church dignitaries, working in common with statesmen or cabinet ministers for the promotion of Church interests, or appearing as an acceptable speaker at great ecclesiastical meetings, to be implicated in any way with the Tractarian party at Oxford, would, as he well knew, be destructive alike to his present work and future influence, and fatal to any hope or chance of ecclesiastical preferment. After carefully considering the state of things in regard to his own position and responsibilities, Manning elected to take his stand by the protesting bishops, and to break with Newman and the Tractarian party.

In July 1841, Archdeacon Manning delivered the first of those annual charges, which soon made him known throughout England as one of the foremost defenders of the English Church against popular Protestantism on the one hand, and on the other, against the Romanising and unpopular tendencies of the writers of the *Tracts for the Times*. In his sermons at Lavington Church, or in the cathedral at Chichester, the archdeacon did not press his High Church views, but contented himself with enlarging on the perfections or capabilities of the Church of England "primitive yet purified," a standing witness to "the blessed results of the Reformation." But in his charges he addressed a more varied and a more sympathetic audience; for in a large and ever-increasing number of the parsonages, even in the diocese of Chichester, were already to be found the sons of the Tractarian movement, zealous disciples of Newman. Yet, even in those charges, Archdeacon Manning never betrayed "Romanising" tendencies; on the contrary, he declared, as one who spoke with knowledge, "that all which men were seeking for elsewhere in a decaying Christendom — and seeking in vain — were to be found, and with greater purity alike in doctrine and devotion, in the Church of England." The ideal which he held up before the eyes of men with a faith and confidence so assured as to be touching in its tenacity, and which fascinated the imaginations of many, was the Anglican Church perfected by God's hand and delivered once for all from her

bondage to the State. Manning's charges in those days were events. They made a stir, not in the religious world only. Discussed on all sides, they created a sensation of a kind which we to-day, in a generation when subjects of religious or controversial interest have fallen into the background, find it difficult to realise. I am fortunate, however, in being able to appeal to a most competent witness as to the general interest which Manning's charges and addresses aroused. Mr. Gladstone, who was not only an eye-witness, but a fellow-worker and friend of Manning's in the defence of the Anglican cause, tells me to-day that—

> In those days Manning's charges and addresses were looked forward to by all of us with great eagerness; they were talked of beforehand; and yet I never remember to have been disappointed in them. They more than fulfilled my expectations; they were fuller, deeper, than I anticipated. You know the difference between a rising and a falling market. Manning was always in the rising market.

To show Manning's state of mind, at a critical period in the Tractarian movement at Oxford, and his habit, in part natural, in part acquired, of never committing himself, if he could help it, to an unpopular movement, or of taking his stand on the side of a failing cause, I cannot do better than recite two or three characteristic passages from a charge delivered at the ordinary visitation of the Archdeaconry of Chichester in July 1841. This charge—the first of Manning's official utterances, delivered as it was on the morrow of the condemnation of Tract 90, excited no little indignation at Oxford as a characteristic attempt on the part of the archdeacon to clear himself from the imputation of "Romanising." Speaking for the first time as one vested with authority in the Church, Manning adopted in his charge the popular method on the one hand of exalting the Reformation, and of blessing the Reformers, denounced by the writers of the Tracts; and on the other, of attacking the doctrines and devotions of the Church of Rome, which the Tractarians were accused of seeking to introduce into the Church of England.

The first passage I shall quote is an account of the origin of the Reformation:—

Throughout the whole of Western Europe during the last four hundred years there has been a disengaging of parts and a diminution of the bulk of the visible Church. And this process has been effected, I believe, partly through a direct and gracious administration of God's providential government, and partly by the sins and wilfulness of men. That the broad movement was an impulse from Heaven is as clear, to all but men inveterately blind, as that the particular direction which it has here and there received is from the swervings of the human will. This broad movement in the Western Church had its forerunning signs in a multitude of phenomena, such as the sudden and amazing energies which during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries broke forth in all forms of intellectual life. It is to be traced in the scholars, the doctors, the poets, the painters, the statesmen, and even the common characters of those ages;—what we familiarly call the revival of letters, the restoration of learning, the school of the fine arts, together with the invention of printing, were themselves the symptoms of a mighty power leavening and impelling the whole mass of Western Europe, and becoming in turn the moral and mechanical causes of a still further excitement and development of the intellectual and spiritual life. Among many effects of this movement there is one which we are wont most unphilosophically and untruly to speak of, as if it were the main and isolated cause of all we see around us: I mean the Reformation. It is a very shallow and imperfect view to regard this gracious act of God's Providence towards his Church as an isolated event. It was one of a series of events: itself first an effect and afterwards a combining cause in further consequences. In the first period there was an undiscerning accumulation of things intrinsically repugnant; in the latter a healthy process of severe and searching analysis. The movement of intellectual life of which I have spoken was doubtless a divine prelude to the recovery of truth hidden in the mass. What the first delivery of the truth was (if I may reverently compare things unlike in detail, but like in their common origin and outline) to the after accumulation of error, such was the first recovery of truth in these later times to the process of domination and decay. The two originating acts—the one seen, the other unseen—were manifestly of God; but the swerving and imperfection of the after consequences were as evidently of men. In the first acts of both these great periods God was putting his Church upon her probation; in the

after acts we see the Church moving upon the mysterious lines of her trial.

After speaking of the new and extraordinary dangers which are besetting the Western Church, the archdeacon declares that the Reformation was not the cause but the divinely prepared remedy; then he goes on:—

It is not more certain, then, that the Reformation was a gracious and searching work wrought by the purifying hand of God, than that the history of Western Europe after the Reformation exhibits an appalling process of declension, and a strange forfeiture of the powers of truth through the mystery of evil working, according to apostolic prophecy, in these latter days. And these remarks are not confined to any particular sects or communities abroad. They apply to all. If the Rationalistic infidelity of Germany may be traced to the Lutheran bodies, the sensual infidelity of France may be traced to the communion of the Gallican Church. The lawlessness of will and intellect is to be found in all communities, resulting where there is energy, in formal heresy: where there is apathy in a sullen indifference, and manifesting itself in all alike by a heady, highminded vindication of the absolute will of man. The idea of a spiritual guide divinely commissioned to rule as well as to teach, has become strange and incredible even to higher and better minds: to the temper of these latter days it is an insufferable usurpation, so that the powers of unbelief and lawlessness are the natural and direct antagonists of the faith and discipline of the Church; and throughout the whole of Western Christendom they will be found wasting away the characters of truth, and trampling down the rule of spiritual order.[1]

Then in this charge the Archdeacon of Chichester contrasts the condition of the Church of England with that of foreign Churches as follows:—

Perhaps in no country can be found so remarkable an exhibition of the counteracting and remedial power of the Reformation, and of the vehement tide of these latter days. We have the two extremes in full and energetic action. That the Anglican Church stands immovably rooted in the soil of England is, under God, because she was brought back to

[1] Charge in July, 1841 pp. 11-12.

Apostolic truth: that she has lost some portions of her administrative system, is because she has shared the strife and the mutilation which all churches have endured. But no church in the last three hundred years has borne what she has met and overcome. She has been slain by the secular arm nerved and guided by foreign enmity, and crushed by a lawless rebellion kindled in domestic schisms; she has been pampered by the wily protection of civil rulers, till her own internal energies were well-nigh deadened, and lured by the ease and the gain of a luxurious commercial people.

After speaking of the diversities of religious opinion, the multiplication of schisms, the crumbling subdivisions of sects, the writer of the charge concludes his contrast of foreign churches with the Church of England with the following remarks:—

All foreign churches, shielded as they have been from the storms which have broken upon their despised sister in England, and successful in their unrelenting strife against hearts that yearned for purities which they had not to give them, have declined and wasted. The countries most successful against the Reformation, for instance, Spain and France, are the most destitute of Christianity. The most vigorous and promising rekindlings of life among them (which God prosper) are partial and precarious, the work of individual and often isolated minds, and sustained by the energy of individual character. (This is visibly true of Germany and France) but the English Church, tried beyond them all, has now more than ever shown a vivid and inextinguishable life which quickens with an even pulse the whole of her extended system: she has retained what they have visibly lost—her hold upon the nation as a people, and her mastery over the highest intellectual natures.[1]

The charge then dwells on the loss sustained by the English Church in being deprived of her synods and councils for canonical legislation. I will recite another passage from the same charge, in which, after describing the Reformation as "this gracious act of God's Providence towards His Church," and likening "its first recovery of Truth in those latter times to the first delivery of Truth by the apostles," the archdeacon lifts up his voice in praise of the present state and condition of the Anglican

[1] Charge in July 1841, p. 16.

Church, and utters confident prophecies as to the glorious part she is to play in the future as "the centre of a new Catholic world":—

We are charged with the fulfilment of no light commission; every year has brought out into a broader outline the destiny of the English Church. Can we doubt that she is reserved and now is new raised up for some great movement among the nations of the earth? It may be that she shall build again the tabernacle that is fallen down, and purify the Catholic world. Who can be familiar with her true character and not read the admonitions of her Divine Master? Who can not see that she is primitive and yet purified; the treasury of things new and old; having the ripeness of age and vigour of a new-born youth; that she is, as it were, the link of the past and the future; a central point between the old world and the new; and how in all the inclinations of Western Christendom to one or other of the great religious extremes, she has been impelled forward in a middle path: and how the power of faith which is on the one side, and the more positive system which is on the other have both in her a share and a sympathy: and how at every ebb and flow of religious life the minds of men have been subdued and settled down nearer and nearer to that rule of faith which was conferred and vindicated in the Anglican restoration of Catholic Truth: and how at this time she is standing out in a bolder relief, and stamping her own character in all the world-wide precinct of the British Empire:—who, I ask, can ponder these things, and not feel a consciousness stronger than all reasoning, that if she be loyal to her heavenly Lord, she shall be made glorious in His earthly kingdom, as the regenerator of the Christendom that seems now dissolving, and the centre of a new Catholic world?[1]

This charge was delivered at a singularly opportune moment. The illustrious leader of the Tractarian movement had only just, in characteristic obedience to his bishop, discontinued the *Tracts for the Times*. The Tracts were considered objectionable by the Bishop of Oxford, as tending to disturb the peace and tranquillity of the Church, as unsettling and disturbing the minds of men, as showing a leaning in favour of the Church of Rome, and generally as weakening the authority of, and shaking confidence in, the Church of England.

[1] Charge in July 1841, p. 46.

A golden opportunity to purge himself from the errors imputed to the writers of the *Tracts for the Times* presented itself to the newly-appointed Archdeacon of Chichester, and he availed himself of it with singular avidity. It was a duty not to be neglected, a chance not to be lost. Not four months after the appearance of Tract 90 and its condemnation by the Hebdomadal Board at Oxford; in the very midst of the popular outcry against the writers and defenders of the Tracts, the archdeacon hastens, in his Charge of 14th July 1841, to exalt and extol in glowing terms the authority, the position in Christendom, and the prospects of the Church of England, stigmatising at the same time the Western Churches as "inducing to sensual infidelity and as destitute of Christianity."

What more opportune and telling protest against the charge of "Romanising" the Church of England? In that day of turmoil, of blind prejudice and passion, charges of insincerity, treachery, and disloyalty to the Church were hurled from pulpit and platform at the heads of the writers of the *Tracts for the Times*. Religious newspapers throughout the country, following the lead of the *Record*, raved like madmen about traitors in the camp, about Jesuits in disguise. The daily papers, in letters and leading articles, took up the parable. "Newman the traitor" was the watchword or the war-cry of the rising religious bigotry. Bishops, in their visitation charges or other utterances, joined in the fray, if in language more decorous, in a spirit as unfair and as uncharitable as the veriest bigots, in an outcry second only in extent and vehemence to the "No Popery" agitation which ten years later shook the country out of its senses. Pusey, though the leader of the more reserved and moderate section, threw himself with characteristic fervour and generosity into the breach, regardless of consequences. What to him were the frowns of the bishops, the censure of the University authorities, or the popular odium which he was held up to for his pains? On the other hand, the prudent and judicious Archdeacon of Chichester, though disbelieving in popular Protestantism, did not stand in the face of such a storm by the side of

the writers of the Tracts, but took his stand on the side of the bishops. In adopting this policy Archdeacon Manning acted not only in accordance with the natural bent of his temperament, but on the conviction that his being ticketed as a "Puseyite" would limit his influence and lame his right hand in defence of the Moderate High Church party to which he now again inclined. His favourite attitude of benevolent neutrality would have availed him nothing, for in that jealous day his silence would have exposed him to the suspicion of being a "Romaniser" in disguise.

Manning's glorification of the Church of England in his first charge as Archdeacon of Chichester is a veritable song of praise, pitched in the highest key. It is something more. Delivered under the circumstances of the day when Tract 90 had just been formally condemned by the University authorities; when the writers of the Tracts, accused of "Romanising" tendencies, were under the ban of public reprobation, this charge of Archdeacon Manning's drew a broad line of demarcation between himself and the accused Tractarians; between his views of the Reformation and its results and theirs. After his eloquent panegyric of the Anglican Church in the past and his prophecy of her glorious future in Christendom, who so bold as to accuse the eloquent and judicious archdeacon of "Romanising" tendencies?

In curious and striking contrast to Manning's estimate of the Church of England is the judgment of men who, unlike Manning, did not feel "a consciousness stronger than all reasoning" as to the blessed results of the Reformation, or as to the present position of the Anglican Church.

In the first place, the Reformation which Manning describes as "this gracious act of God's providence towards His Church," the Tractarians denounce as "that great schism which shattered the sacrament of unity."

The writer[1] of Tract 34 says: "We are reformed, we have come out of Babylon, and have rebuilt our Church: but it is Ichabod; the glory is departed from Israel."[2]

[1] The writer of Tracts 34, 30, 31, and of the articles referred to in the *British Critic*, was Newman.

[2] *Tracts for the Times*, Tract 30, p. 2.

Again, the writer of Tract 34, after stating that corrupt additions were made in the Middle Ages, declares: "Yet, as a whole, the Catholic ritual was a precious possession"; and he asks "whether we are not, like the Jews returned from captivity, who never find the rod of Aaron or the ark of the covenant, which indeed had ever been hid from the world, but then was removed from the Temple itself."[1]

A writer in the *British Critic*, speaking of the Church of England, says:—

> She seemed to say at the Reformation, "Make me as one of Thy hired servants," and she has been graciously taken at her word; lowered from her ancient and proper place as the "King's daughter, whose clothing is of wrought gold," whose "walls the sons of strangers should build," and "unto whom their kings should minister," into the condition of a slave at a table where she should preside. How then does "melody" suit with her "heaviness"; the songs of Zion with the fetters of Babylon? Lower strains befit her depressed condition, and with such in the English Liturgy she is actually provided.[2]

Again: "The Church has sullied her baptismal robe of unity; she is not permitted to come into the Divine presence; nor, when admitted, is she privileged to raise her voice in the language of joy and confidence, without many a faltering note of fear and self-reproach." And, as a consequence, "the tone of our services has been simultaneously lowered."[3]

In his letter to the Rev. R. W. Jelf, in explanation of Tract 90, just condemned by the four tutors, what does Newman say of the Church of Rome, which just four months afterwards Manning describes in Chichester Cathedral as "inducing to sensual infidelity" and as "destitute of Christianity"?

> The age is moving towards something, and most unhappily the one religious communion among us which has of late years been practically in possession of this something, is the Church of Rome. She alone, amid all the errors and evils of her prac-

[1] Tract 34, p. 7.

[2] *British Critic*, vol. xxvii. p. 254.

[3] *Ibid.* p. 255.

tical system, has given free scope to the feelings of awe, mystery, tenderness, reverence, devotedness, and other feelings which may be especially called catholic.[1]

Let me note another statement in this letter as to the state and condition of the Anglican Church at that time. The letter was dated 13th March 1841.

Of course I should rejoice if the members of our Church were all of one mind, but they are not; and till they are, one can but submit to what is at present the will or rather the chastisement of Providence.[2]

This idea is expressed with still greater force in Tract 90 itself:—

We can do nothing well till we act "with one accord"; we can have no accord in action till we agree together in heart; we cannot agree without a supernatural influence, we cannot have a supernatural influence unless we pray for it; we cannot pray acceptably without repentance and confession.[3]

The writer of Tract 90, after insisting that unless the Anglican Church be "at unity with itself"; that "till we seek one another as brethren . . . not from an ill-regulated, untrue desire of unity, but returning to each other in heart, and coming together to God to do for us what we cannot do for ourselves, no change can be for the better," then comes to the following conclusion:—

Till we, her children, are stirred up to this religious course, let the Church, our mother, sit still; let her children be content to be in bondage; let us work in chains; let us submit to our imperfections as a punishment; let us go on teaching with the stammering lips of ambiguous formularies, and inconsistent precedents, and principles but partially developed. We are not better than our fathers; let us not faint under that body of death, which they bore about in patience; nor shrink from the penalty of sins which they inherited from the age before them.[4]

Again, in the preceding page:—

[1] A letter addressed to the Rev. R. W. Jelf, D.D., Canon of Christ Church, in explanation of the ninetieth tract in the series called the *Tracts for the Times*, 1841, p. 372.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 373.

[3] Tract 90, Introduction, p. 263. *Via Media of the Anglican Church*, vol. ii. 1877.

[4] *Ibid.*

Moreover, it is a very serious truth, that persons and bodies who put themselves into a disadvantageous state, cannot at their pleasure extricate themselves from it. They are unworthy of release; they are in prison, and Christ is its Keeper. There is but one way towards a real reformation—a return to Him in heart and spirit, whose sacred truth they have betrayed. All other methods, however fair they may promise, will prove to be but shadows and failures.[1]

The picture given in Tract 90 of the Anglican Church divided against itself, "part against part"; in bondage; working in chains; teaching with stammering lips; bearing up in patience under that body of death—the penalty of sins; living under the chastisement of Providence, is nearer the mark, as every one, I think, will admit, than Archdeacon Manning's eulogistic description of the Church of England as "the regenerator," not of England only, but "of Christendom," "as the centre," not of Protestantism but "of a new Catholic world."

In his charge delivered in the following year (1842) Archdeacon Manning repudiates in still more emphatic terms all connection with any party in the Church, and emphasises once more his extreme aversion at being called any man's follower. The popular outcry against the Tractarians, far from abating, had waxed still more furious; for the ultra-Protestant party had been provoked beyond measure by the bold defence of the principles advanced in the *Tracts for the Times*, and especially of Tract 90, by such writers as Pusey, Keble, and Ward. It was not by the *Record* only in that day of abounding controversy, of arguments and counter-arguments, that Archdeacon Manning's name was coupled with the unpopular party. To vindicate himself from this imputation; to throw cold water—he was not a bad hand at that chilling process—on the hot-headed defenders of Tract 90, Pusey, Ward, and the rest of them, the archdeacon, in his Charge,[2] says:—

This, then, is no season for controversy. . . . All things

[1] Tract 90, Introduction, p. 262.

[2] A Charge delivered at the ordinary Visitation of the Archdeacon of Chichester in July 1842.

about us are too living and real, too full of trial and of responsibility and of the judgments to come, to suffer us to be men of arguments and replies and rejoinders. In the bitterest age of controversy we may be safe if we will, for there can be no fight where there is only one combatant. We have our safety in our own hands. Let each man speak the truth as he believes it: if we agree, God be praised; if not, let us "speak it in love": quick tempers, keen tongues, sharp sayings, are not of God.[1]

But as time went on sharp sayings were repeated and tongues grew keener, and the name of Archdeacon Manning was again and again bracketed with that of Pusey. In his Charge of 1843, Manning repudiated still more emphatically connection with Newman or Pusey in the following significant passage:—

Be it that there are heard sharp and discordant voices, even among our teachers. What matters it to us, who are called by no man's name; to us who have no rule of truth, but "the faith once delivered to the saints"? "Nemo me dicat, O quid dixit Donatus, O quid dixit Parmenianus, aut Pontius, aut quilibet illorum: quia nec Catholicis Episcopis consentiendum est, sicubi forte fallantur, ut contra Canonicas Dei Scripturas aliquid sentiant."[2]

What do these words of St. Augustine mean in the mouth of Archdeacon Manning but virtually this:— "Let no man call me a follower of Newman, a follower of Pusey, or of Ward, or of any other of them; for did I not take my stand by the side of the protesting bishops in condemning Tract 90, as contrary to the sacred Scriptures and to the Thirty-nine Articles"?

[1] A Charge delivered at the ordinary Visitation of the Archdeacon of Chichester in July 1842, p. 46.

[2] A Charge delivered in July 1843.

CHAPTER XI

MANNING'S RELATIONS WITH NEWMAN AND THE TRACTARIAN PARTY

1836-1845

THERE was no peace for Manning as an Anglican. Events were against him. His aspirations, by no fault of his own, were doomed to disappointment. The angry temper of the times destroyed all hope or chance of his being permitted in "a higher sphere of usefulness" to carry out his far-reaching and benevolent design of reconciling the conflicting parties in the Church. The undiscriminating eye of ultra-Protestantism refused, in spite of all his efforts, to draw a distinguishing line between himself and the Puseyites. The unlucky Archdeacon of Chichester, do what he would, could not escape from the undeserved penalty of such an association. He suffered for the sins of others. His way seemed blocked, or his foot was entangled, or his heart was at fault in that day of "declension." Or it may be that God crossed his hands as He did Jacob's.

In the year 1843 the illustrious leader of the Oxford Movement retired to Littlemore; the hearts of men trembled with fear; despondency if not despair fell upon the Tractarian party, not at Oxford only, but throughout England. Men felt or feared that his retirement was the prelude to joining the Church of Rome. Controversy broke out with fresh fury. The ultra-Protestants were beside themselves with rage. From pulpit and platform a torrent of abuse descended on the luckless Tractarians. Bishop after bishop rose up to denounce the stealthy advances of Rome at Oxford: "Can't

you let it alone?" Manning, in the words of Lord Melbourne to his reforming colleagues, would have exhorted the denouncing bishops, had he dared so far to commit himself; for the peace-loving Archdeacon would have gladly remained on good terms with both parties in the Church.

Peace, however, was not to be his lot, for the *Record*, mindful of "his apostasy from Gospel truth," would not let him alone. His persistent endeavours to clear himself from the stigma of Tractarianism were made in vain in that day of Protestant suspicion and jealousy. His Protestantism no longer bore the *imprimatur* of the *Record*. That jealous watchman of the Evangelical party ever kept a weather-eye open; looked out in every direction for tokens and forecasts of the coming disturbance—of the approach of that storm-centre—which Newman's retirement to Littlemore foreboded; looked out even in the serene direction of Chichester. In October 1843, the *Record* made a discovery:—

> Our readers will remark in the report of the meeting of the Chichester Diocesan Society, a somewhat novel *addition* to the usual proceedings of such anniversaries, namely, that not only was a sermon preached, but the sacrament administered, as the report states, to a great number (260) of the clergy of the diocese with some of the laity. They would also remark that Mr. Archdeacon Manning, one of the most noted and determined of the Tractarians, . . . acted a conspicuous part on the occasion.[1]

In vain, then, all the tact, gentleness, and prudence of the archdeacon; they availed him not in that evil hour. He, who by temperament as well as out of policy, hated to be "ticketed" as any man's follower, was now gibbeted by the *Record* as a Tractarian. No doubt the back of the *Record* was put up on that occasion by the knowledge that a more frequent, if not as yet daily celebration of the eucharist, was a common practice, if not indeed in Lavington Church, in churches like that of All Saints, Margaret Street, for instance, where Tractarians of that date, like Frederick Oakeley, were carrying out into practice the principles they had learnt

[1] The *Record*, October 1843.

from their illustrious leader in the early stages of the Tractarian movement at Oxford.

The administration of the sacrament in Chichester Cathedral on a week day was what the *Record* objected to, and stigmatised as Tractarian, for it complains—

> That the demi-popish views held by the Tractarian party on the subject of the eucharist, coupled with the fact, that "the assembling together to eat bread" not on "the first day of the week," according to apostolic example, but on another day, was, no doubt, the work of those troublers of our Israel.

It was not in the nature of Archdeacon Manning to enter into a controversy with a newspaper as to his religious opinions. He bided his time. Girding up his loins, he made a supreme effort to clear himself once for all of the charge of "Romanising tendencies," so damaging to his position and prospects. To preach an ultra-Protestant sermon on Guy Fawkes' day was a daring and desperate stroke of diplomacy. But Manning, counting the cost, was equal to the occasion.

To understand aright the effect produced at Oxford by Manning's Fifth of November sermon, delivered in 1843, and the motives which induced him to issue such a manifesto of his religious opinions, it is necessary to inquire more closely not only into Manning's relations, early and late, with Newman and the Tractarian party, but into his own state of mind as laid bare in his private letters. That state of mind, those relations, are no longer a sealed book, a tale untold. The seal is removed. The whole story in all its variations and vicissitudes is to be found set forth for the first time to-day in his intimate correspondence with S. F. Wood of Oriel, his earliest and closest friend; with Dodsworth, with Keble, with Mr. Gladstone, with Robert Wilberforce and Laprimaudaye, and, in the years 1836-40, with Newman himself. All these letters, literally to be counted by hundreds, which cover the whole period of his Anglican life, tell the full tale of his religious changes and fluctuations; and lay bare, more especially those to Robert Wilberforce, the inmost secrets of his heart and soul. In this chapter, however, I have only

to deal with Manning's relations to Newman and the Tractarian party from 1836 to 1845. It was not until after 1845—after Newman's conversion, that, in his letters to Laprimaudaye and Robert Wilberforce, Manning confessed the doubts and difficulties which had long beset his heart.[1]

In 1836-37, however, before definitely breaking with the Evangelicals, Manning made some tentative approaches to the already recognised leader of the Tractarian movement. The dull routine of parish work among agricultural labourers and shepherds in a small Sussex village did not suffice for the energies, or satisfy the literary aspirations, of the young Rector of Lavington. He was naturally and rightly on the look-out for a wider field of activity; Evangelicalism as a system religious and literary had lost its hold upon his mind.[2] The Oxford Movement was in the ascendant. The *Tracts for the Times* held the field. The literary as well as the religious world was aroused. The intellectual and moral atmosphere of the day made it imperative on all those, who wished to be heard, to take sides; to cast in their lot with one camp or the other. S. F. Wood, who at Oriel had been on friendly terms with Newman, and was Manning's most intimate friend, brought Manning and Newman into communication. In a letter, dated 23rd October 1836, from the Temple, where he was studying law, Wood brings for the first time the *Tracts for the Times* under Manning's favourable notice; for hitherto the Rector of Lavington knew nothing about the Tracts except what he had learnt from the hostile and abusive columns of the *Record*, to which paper he was a regular subscriber. Wood writes:—

Newman passed through town last week in good health and spirits, having been careering about among his friends and disseminating his apostolical tracts. You should read his two tracts, called *Via Media*, which give one a better insight into his views than anything else. As matters of fact and history I

[1] *Vide* Letters to Laprimaudaye and Robert Wilberforce, 1847-50.

[2] In an autobiographical Note, dated 1880, Cardinal Manning said:—I was not long in seeing that the Bible alone was an untenable position; and I saw at once (in 1838) the need of tradition as an interpreter of Scripture.

take them to be quite true, and agree with them entirely—as to several of his positions and inferences I have great doubts. But I cannot express my dissent adequately in my remaining space; let it be reserved for our meeting.[1]

Acting on Wood's suggestion, Manning began to read the *Tracts for the Times*. In the following year he offered his services to Newman as translator of Pearson's *Vindiciæ* and his offer was accepted.

From the extracts which Newman had kept of Manning's letters of that date—and which have been placed at my disposal—I give the following:—

Extract.—From the Rev. H. E. Manning to J. H. Newman.

LAVINGTON, *7th April* 1835.

I am half ashamed to write now, as I have to confess my default of an engagement; I mean respecting Pearson's *Vindiciæ*. I took it to Hastings with a redhot intention to translate and accomplished about a third of the work, but either the moisture of the atmosphere, or the agreeable conversation of my friend, Mr. Raikes, caused me to cool and relax—but I sincerely intend to do my best.

In another letter Manning wrote as follows:—

Extract.—From the Rev. H. E. Manning to J. H. Newman.

15th September 1835.

I have never finished the chapter in Bishop Pearson's; and thinking the Episcopal enough advanced, will leave it. I have been reading Vincentius Lerinensis; and have thought of trying to

[1] The following passage in Wood's letter to Manning reads like ancient history; yet, if the burning of the Houses of Parliament belongs to the dead past, Newman and the Tractarian movement still possess a living and present interest. "No one here talks of anything but the great fire; I witnessed it for some hours, and I shall never forget the majestic sight of the old Abbey looking calm and stately down on the bright flames, which illuminated every minute point of tracery with a silver light, or the lurid cloud of smoke rolling over the river, the banks of which were crowded to excess. The loss is principally pecuniary and reparable." In another passage Wood writes:—"I trust you have been and will be spared as to the cholera at Lavington; it has been at Farleigh, and poor Wilson (of Oriel), first year of his ministry, has encountered it. But it has pleased God to assuage its violence, and I believe it has nearly subsided." The cholera or its younger sister influenza is not ancient history, it is always with us.

put something together about tradition, its use, authority, and limit in the Church of Christ, with an application to the Church of England, showing how much we necessarily and unconsciously depend on it, while we anathematise it in Popery.

The result of this study of St. Vincent of Lerins was Manning's first published sermon "The English Church, its Succession and Witness for Christ." This sermon was not much to the taste of the extreme Low Church party, who had hoped better things from the pious Rector of Lavington; from the zealous Secretary of the Foreign Bible Society. Manning was somewhat roughly handled by a certain Mr. Osburn, notorious for his profanity, whom Newman describes as too vile to touch with a pair of tongs.

S. F. Wood[1] whom I do not hesitate to describe as Manning's "good angel," was not only a man of intellectual power, but of a highly spiritual nature. He combined the personal piety and love of our Lord which was the redeeming feature of the Evangelical school at its best, with an absorbing desire for dogmatic truth, and a profound conviction of its vital necessity in religion. It was this conviction which had converted him—and was converting Manning—from their early Evangelicalism and was bringing them both alike under Newman's influence. If Miss Bevan, who gathered him in his undergraduate days, like a lost sheep, into the Evangelical fold, was Manning's spiritual mother, S. F. Wood was undoubtedly his spiritual father, who brought him out of the slough of Evangelicalism into the higher ways of Anglo-Catholic tradition and teaching, which in the end led the pilgrim, after many sore trials and many a backsliding, to Rome, to the threshold of the Apostles.

In the following letter, Wood explains to Manning the

[1] S. F. Wood, of Oriel, was a younger brother of Sir Charles Wood, Chancellor of the Exchequer, afterwards created Lord Halifax. S. F. Wood, who had a great desire to be a clergyman, but was overruled by his family, was, at the time of his intimacy with Manning, studying for the bar at the Temple. S. F. Wood died in 1843, a few months before Newman's retirement to Littlemore. He described, in a letter to Manning, the community at Littlemore as a sort of monastic establishment, very pious and edifying, and withal very cheerful and hospitable; adding, "I wish you could see the community at Littlemore."

doctrines held by Newman as constituting the basis of the Tractarian system. At the same time he expresses his difficulty in agreeing with Newman's repudiation of the Reformers and their work; and seeks on this subject Manning's advice and guidance:—

TEMPLE, *Wednesday, 29th January* 1836.

MY DEAR MANNING—During part of last and of the present week I have enjoyed the great privilege of having Newman living in my chambers, and I believe you will receive a paper from him in this cover about the Oxford Tracts, and also about a plan of Dodsworth's for getting up a spring lecture on Church matters in London. Of course Newman and I have had a great deal of interesting talk together, one result of which has been to confirm certain points of the view about Church teaching, etc. etc., I lately sent you, and to convince and satisfy me that it is not mere matter of idle speculation, but involves practical consequences of very great weight in our present condition, and about which I earnestly wish to confer with you *above all other persons.* And in the outset I must beseech you not to communicate the sentiments herein contained to anyone in their present shape: (1st) because, though I am confident I state the substance or tendency of Newman's opinion accurately, I would not pledge him to anything thrown out to a friend; and (2nd) because I am most anxious to avoid the semblance of a difference between those who hold so much in common, and who may so usefully co-operate together.

I will begin by professing my entire and cordial and active assent to all the great features of their system—to the apostolical succession, to the virtue and efficiency derived therefrom in the sacraments, to their view of the sacraments themselves, to the reverence due to antiquity and Catholicism; and by owning that the times require the most prominent assertion of them. But I had hoped that the high Evangelical doctrines, delivered from the exaggerated and distorted guise in which some had dressed them, and reduced to their true position in the system, would have been allowed a place therein.

I grieve to think that I have discovered in one person at least a violent repugnance to them, and to justify this an adoption of principles which go so far (as to be available they must) that they have at least this advantage, viz. they open one's eyes to their unsoundness. I will first state what they are, (1) Newman holds that from the time the Church ceased to be one, the right of any part of it to propound *articles of faith*, as such, is sus-

pended; all that remains to them is to impose terms of communion, articles of peace, etc. Further, he says that before the Reformation the Church never deduced any doctrine from Scripture, and by inference blames our reformers for doing so, moreover he objects to their doctrine in itself as to justification by faith, and complains of their attempt to prove it from the Fathers, as a perversion of their meaning. Generally, his result is, not merely to refer us to antiquity but to *shut us up* in it, and to deprive, not only individuals but the Church of all those doctrines of Scripture not fully commented on by the Fathers; and he seems to consider that our Reformed Church has erred as much in one direction as the Council of Trent in another; and that the fact of other churches holding different views—*e.g.* on justification—requires the suspension of our judgment, or at least prevents full acceptance of our own doctrine concerning it.

Surely in thoughts like these one may see glimpses of a beautiful and comprehensive system, which, holding fast primitive antiquity on the one hand, does not reject the later teaching of the Church on the other, but bringing out of its stores things new and old, is eminently calculated to break up existing parties in the Church, and unite the children of light against those of darkness.

I have endeavoured in vain to gain an entrance into Newman's mind on this subject, and have tried each joint of his intellectual panoply, but its hard and polished temper glances off all my arrows. Still I feel so fully the truth and importance of all the *positive* parts of his system, that it does not at all damp my devotion to it. And I try not to be restless or anxious about such difficulties, but wait calmly in the sure trust that if any of us be otherwise minded, God will reveal this also unto us. You cannot conceive what satisfaction it will give me to know your sentiments and hear your counsel on this matter. I trust and believe that what I object to in Newman is merely owing to his resiliency from opposite error, and that Pusey and others do not share it. And I am sure he will not seek to put forward such views: and this is another reason why I earnestly entreat this subject may be confined to our two selves.—Ever your affectionate friend, S. F. Wood.

In reply to this letter, Manning, who had a profound belief in the divine origin of the Reformation and in the apostolic work of the first Reformers, laid down such strong arguments in their favour as to have completely satisfied Wood, at any rate for a time, for in a subsequent letter he

thanks Manning for his admirable explanations, and ends by declaring that, "I will knock under to the advice given." In the same letter he tells Manning that, in reply to his appeal for help and advice, Newman is about sending a letter to him on the Rev. Mr. Osburn and the best way of meeting the attacks of others brought against the sermon on Apostolic Succession.

The following are the chief passages from Newman's letter:—

Oriel College, *4th September* 1836.

My dear Manning—I condole with you amid your numerous antagonists, though I do not think they are very frightful ones, if we are but a little active.

As to Mr. Osburn, he is so insufferably profane that I cannot help thinking that if that and one remark which you are familiar with be put before well-disposed people, they would eschew him and his opinions. My first remark then would be that "Mr. Osburn accuses St. Barnabas, apostle and martyr, of silliness, weakness, obscenity," etc. etc. Is not this quite enough to overthrow his whole book with any clergyman, if not layman? Well, all that will remain then is the impression that: "these Fathers are strange men after all, Platonists," etc. etc. Now to this I would merely direct attention, that "we take them simply as *witnesses* to an existing state of things, and we do not go by the testimony (much less the opinion) of *one*, but the joint witness of *all*." . . . I think some simple statement of this kind *would* (as you wish) do good; but where is it to appear? I should have liked to have done it for the *Critic*, but it has already reviewed Mr. O.'s book; it would be too long for the *British Magazine*, unsuitable for the Tracts, and Mr. O. is too vile and abominable (viewed as an author) to touch with a pair of tongs *in propriâ personâ*. However, if you can suggest anything, I should feel obliged to you to let me hear from you.

In another letter, dated Oriel, 10th September 1836, Newman wrote as follows:—

My dear Manning—As to the *Record*, they certainly have misrepresented Pusey grossly, but I have great confidence in the truth—*Veritas prævalebit.* Where truth is it may be obscured, but it must make way, and its doing so is but a *matter of time.* Sooner or later not Pusey only, but the Fathers must be understood, at least as what they *are* in matter of fact. People may not agree with them, but at least will not misrepresent them.

What an advance in *this respect* have we already made. Two years ago whoever professed (*e.g.*) baptismal regeneration was a worldly man; now he is a bigot, a mistaken Jewish zealot. This is a gain. Two years ago a High Churchman was an undiluted seducer and belly-god. Now the *Record* talks of a "fusion," and evidently fears the good *mixed* with evil, as it considers our doctrine. Here again is gain.

At the same time did you know any one who had sufficient influence with the *Record* to get inserted in that paper a short statement from Pusey in answer to its misrepresentations, I should like uncommonly to send it to him for insertion. Dr. Wiseman[1] will do us no harm at all. I think not. For myself, I am writing (I suppose) a book on the Anglican system, which indirectly, of course, answers him as far as we are concerned.—Ever yours most truly, JOHN H. NEWMAN.

In the following year, 1837, there is another letter from Newman in reply to a suggestion of Manning's readiness to take part in the translation of the Fathers, a work on which the Tractarians were then busily engaged. Newman says:—

Justin is taken by this time. I believe we do not intend to publish Chrysostom on St. John, but *Augustin*. Heurtley of C. C. C. has taken it. Are you disposed for Optatus? I suppose not. Let me hear again from you when you have any view.

In another passage of this letter Newman wrote confidentially about himself:—

My book, I expect, will be out next Wednesday. It is an anxious thing. I have to deal with *facts* so much more than in writing sermons, and facts which touch people to the quick. With all my care I may have made some floors, and I am aware that I deserve no mercy from your Protestants, and if they read me shall find none. Then, again, the *Via Media* is ever between the cross fires of Papists and Protestants.

Some one here is writing against Keble's sermon. Pusey is in the thick of a hail-storm. Really it is astonishing hitherto how well I have escaped. My turn will come. The amusing thing is that the unfortunate Peculiars are attacked on so many sides at once that they are quite out of breath with having to run about to defend their walls—tradition, baptism, apostolical

[1] An allusion to Wiseman's controversial lectures, over which Manning was much exercised in spirit; see his Letter to the *British Magazine;* or S. F. Wood's comments, pp. 118-9.

succession, faith, and works, etc. etc. No sooner do they recover their breath after one blow but they receive another in their stomach.

I have made good use of your references in the forthcoming Catena. The Tracts have latterly taken to selling so well that Rivington has recommended in future printing double editions.

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As far as I have an opinion, I consider Antichrist to be a person, yet future.

The *Lyra* has already come to a second edition.—Ever yours very sincerely, JOHN H. NEWMAN.

This correspondence shows the growing influence which Newman and the Tractarian movement were exercising over Manning's mind. In the following years, 1838-40, when Tractarianism was advancing "by leaps and bounds," and making itself felt not in Oxford only, but throughout the country, Manning cast in his lot with the Tractarian party, and took part, according to the measure of his abilities and opportunities, in the Oxford Movement.

The work of translation for Pusey's *Library of the Fathers*, which Newman had entrusted to Manning, was interrupted by the death of his wife.

The only allusion to his wife's death, excepting the bare announcement of the fact in a letter to Mr. Gladstone, to be found in the whole of Manning's correspondence, was in a letter to Newman, dated 26th October 1837, which has already been given.

In the same letter, Manning asks Newman's advice about the Additional Curates' Fund, saying:—

I am not without hope that the Bishop of Chichester (Otter) may adopt the plan, and make a diocesan fund from the collected offertory of his whole flock. This would be very primitive and encouraging to Catholic practices. . . .

The letter then touches on another point:—

The next point on which I wish to hear from you is about Convocation. An amendment will be moved, if not by Mozley's proctor, by somebody. But what should be its nature? Should it be (1) For a dissolution of the Commission? (2) For a reconstruction of the Commission? (3) For licence to debate in Convocation?

(4) or, For a provincial council? *Stare super antiquas vias.* Pray let me know your mind about it. I wish you would come to London at the time Convocation meets. I am very much afraid of some serious committal of the Convocation to a false principle. The Dean of Chichester (the last prolocutor) told me that two years ago, that is, before the Commission, the Lower House almost clashed with the bishops in an amendment on the Address, which was too *liberal* and *reforming*, and he expects a thorough collision this time. Write to me as soon as you can about this. . . .

I have been very much interested with your papers in the *British Magazine* about Convocation. I wish you would reprint them in any cheap shape, or print a pamphlet about it just *now*. The idea of the development of the Church principle by the civil power I never saw put so clearly. I am only sorry it is so short. Can you find time to put together precedents of the changes proposed by the Ecclesiastical Commission by canonical means, before Henry VIII. as an act of the Church, and since by her consent? How used they to carry out such alterations?

I hope you will excuse this illegible letter, as I am writing on my knees with a heavy cold.—Believe me, my dear Newman, ever yours affectionately, H. E. MANNING.

I am quoting these letters not so much on account of their intrinsic interest as to show Manning's friendly relations at the time with Newman; and how, before he had as yet publicly broken with the Evangelical party, he was imbibing the principles of Tractarianism at the fountain-head.

Indeed, earlier in the year 1837 Manning made, if I may so call it, a profession of faith in Newman and Pusey, the joint-leaders at that time of the Tractarian movement. In acknowledging Manning's profession, in a letter dated Oriel College, 12th April 1837, Newman wrote as follows:—

ORIEL COLLEGE, 12*th April* 1837.

MY DEAR MANNING—Anderdon's[1] return reminds me I ought long before this to have acknowledged your last very kind letter, for which I sincerely thank you. It was quite unnecessary though, as far as it expressed your friendly feelings to Pusey and myself. Such expressions it is always a privilege to receive —and considering how much one has to go through, which

[1] Mr. Anderdon was a relative of Manning's brother-in-law, John L. Anderdon.

perhaps persons like yourself partly escape from your country life, not lightly to be prized. We have had a good deal of anxiety and trouble about the translations—persons failing us, etc.—if that caused me to write at all hastily to you, I am very sorry for it—though writing is so very untrue a representation of oneself, that I sometimes doubt whether one should be sorry or pleased at anything one has written, as if the *animus* was everything. I now understand you have taken Justin for good —as to Chrysostom, I do not think it would be wise for you or for us to settle between us anything about it prospectively, while you have another in hand. There is difficulty enough in arranging what is present, without anticipating the future. We trust *St. Austen's Confessions* will appear the first of August; Pusey has found a translator he likes so much, that, Henry Wilberforce having made the offer of taking the Letters instead, the coincidence decided us on publishing what was ready to our hands—which we shall now do when we can. I suppose a volume of Chrysostom will come out 1st October—if we can get our various translators to hear—else Cyril of Jerusalem—and then we hope to continue quarterly.

On looking at your letter, I see you ask about Justin's Apologies, this was our difficulty in publishing it, and occasioned my not answering your letter in October—we did not know what to do as regards Mr. Chevallier. Nor have we got over the difficulty. We had rather not be in it. But I suppose it must take its chance. An edition of the whole of a Father's works is no interference with a work selecting a particular tract. As to Reeve's translation. If you have it, it would be best to use it, *i.e.* in whole or as a basis, according to your judgment. Sometimes we have found these translations so diffuse as to be useless.

I do not know that I have anything else to say, except, what I trust there is no need of saying, that I am, my dear Manning, most sincerely yours, JOHN H. NEWMAN.

The death of his wife in the summer of this year interrupted Manning's communications with Newman and the Tractarian party; but in the spring of the following year the Rector of Lavington resumed his correspondence:—

LAVINGTON, *2nd March* 1838.

MY DEAR NEWMAN—I have fulfilled to the best of my power the promise I gave about Justin—but with a difficulty I can hardly tell you. So many personal and family feelings hampered me that I have altogether failed. Many things I think I ought

to have said, I felt unable to say, and many things I have said ought perhaps to be omitted. I would gladly have escaped it, but having pledged myself I would not fail if I could help it. I have only to beg that you will unsparingly handle it—and if you find yourself able to do without it that you will keep it back. The more closely that I have read his journals, the more I have felt the miserable state to which the Church was then reduced—I was altogether afraid of touching the school of theology, for there seems an unfeelingness in raising a strife over the relics of the saints, which reminds me of a passage in Saint Jude's Epistle. So much with the article which you will use as you think best. . . . My bishop excessively wishes to establish in Chichester a college for candidates for Holy Orders —to take them for six or twelve months, and indoctrinate, and break them in. He has begged me to think of some scheme— I can only think of a lease of a house, and a few sets of rooms, and some good Catholic who will live on £100 a year to poison them up to the crown of their heads.

I am afraid the article is a specimen of the ἐξ ὧν μὴ ἔχει— something like the posthumous praises of the Egyptian kings. At first I intended to put in many passages about the heathenism of the European Government, etc., in India—and have got some stuff ready for it. I left it out because it would not come in without breaking up the rest, so I will look out for some text hereafter. I have forgotten to say that I have read Froude's *Remains* with exceeding interest and pleasure. I had little idea of what he was until now. The preface is as bold as it is good. The *Record* has been remotely insinuating some heresy against you, I think from your *Arianism.*—Believe me, dear Newman, ever yours affectionately, H. E. M.

To this letter came the following reply :—

ORIEL COLLEGE, 6*th March* 1838.

MY DEAR MANNING—I feel very much obliged by your article, which came quite safe. I send it to-night to the press. You will have a proof of it. I only regret it is so short, for it is very good and impressive. One or two words I have left out, but *very* few. The only observation I have to make on it, is that it has somewhat too many quotations for a review. Two I have thought you would let me omit. One is À Kempis's—not that I did not like it, but because I thought it could be easiest spared,—the other the lines from the Lyra, as having appeared in the last number. There is a quotation from Saint Austen which will not come down to you, but which, perhaps, you will

be so kind as to put in, in proof. I thought it had better be in *English*, since there was a piece of Latin before. This, I believe, is all I have to say.

You say our preface to the *Remains* is bold—Is it near so bold as the publishing itself is? I sit prepared, but not comfortable, in expectation of the first report of the explosion in the *Observer*, having applied the match.

I am sorry to say that not only Rivington pays nothing under the present interregnum in the *Review*, but he scruples at paying anything under my management, which I demur at. I think I shall stick for five guineas a sheet; indeed I have.

Is my "heresy" in the head, a real live heresy, or a *Record* heresy?—Ever yours affectionately, JOHN H. NEWMAN.

In a letter dated 16th March 1838, Manning sought Newman's counsel and co-operation in regard to a dispute between the Evangelicals and High Church party, which was breaking up the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. "There has been," he writes, "a long course of deliberation in high places for setting up a new society for tracts only, and cutting off the balloting, and with it the Rochford Clarke and *Record* gangrene. You know that after a tract has been affirmed by the committee and by five or seven bishops, I forget which, it is subjected to the wisdom of Mr. Rochford Clarke, W. W. Hall, etc., who may blackball it at a monthly meeting.

Manning then adds that the Dean of Chichester wanted to know "whether the Oxford Legion would go with them. I have answered for myself, and said I could for certain others. But I promised to answer more distinctly.

"The grounds on which I said what I did are the same as Dr. MacHale[1] takes up with Lord John Russell, *i.e.* that the bishops only are the consecrated guardians and dispensers of the Faith, and that we teach in their stead, that whether our own teaching be oral or written (I do not mean extempore or written sermons, but tracts, etc.), all ought to be *permissu superiorum*." Manning further contends "that the ballot is the direct democratic antagonist of Church

[1] Dr. MacHale was the well-known Archbishop of Tuam of that date. At the Vatican Council, he was one of the Irish Bishops belonging to the Inopportunist party.

authority, and that we ought not to abandon our Church position, but to expel the invading evil. To abolish the ballot would do it at once, for all the jealous party, *i.e.* all the 'Xs,'[1] I fear, and perhaps some other Liberals would go out, for conscience sake of course. The society, or at least its broad principle, would be defeated by such an upshot, and we should gain ten years of Church principle at once."

Referring to his dean Dr. Chandler's question whether Newman's friends would "come up and vote for the abolition of the ballot?" Manning explains:—

He would be very glad if you would write to him by *Sunday's post* if you can—and the Judaism of your conscience will allow you—the last piece of impertinence is not the dean's but mine, for he writes as tenderly as if he thought you a serious "X," as of course you are, the only obstacle to it being, that the *Record* won't think so. If you would send him Pusey's mind also it would be a great help. I am surprised to find the dean prepared for so strong a measure—it is really hopeful to find even the so-called Liberal and Moderate men girding themselves up to act on Church principles. I know they are very anxious to secure the co-operation of our friends, though they would be glad to disband them as soon as the strife is over, but that is ἐφ' ἡμῖν. Is it not remarkable and merciful that so many "X's" should have been made churchmen—not by internal controversy, but by the Ecclesiastical Commission and turn of Erastianism?

Manning says likewise, that he is going "to vote for a motion to prohibit the reporting of the proceedings of the S.P.C.K. in the newspapers, as it is a part of the democratic movement, and an appeal to the *centiceps* in matters of faith." This long letter concludes as follows:—

They are fearful about the division, and if you can prevail on any friends to come up to their support it will be most important. I wish we could all meet in London. I have so many things I want to talk to you about—so I will lay baits—you may do so much good, just at this crisis—and the Cathedral

[1] "X's and Peculiars" were the nicknames given by the Tractarians to the Evangelicals or Low Church party who called themselves Christians *par excellence;* Manning's ready adoption of these nicknames, even if only in private letters, shows how he had already broken in spirit with the Evangelical party.

Bill will be about under discussion, and Rivington[1] to be exorcised, and your lecture on Justification to be corrected. Pray come up Monday the 2nd April.

You have not altered half as much of my article as I expected —pray always do so without scruple or explanation.—Believe me, my dear Newman, yours ever affectionately,

H. E. Manning.

This letter was endorsed by Newman with the following words :—

Wrote 18th March 1838 to Dean of Chichester saying we would come up on any motion calculated to settle the troubles of the Society, and liked the particular one proposed, but that—

1. Oxford men had difficulty of leaving Oxford, while there.
2. People who came up were disappointed and sent back three years since.
3. We doubted half measures.

For more than a twelvemonth there was a suspension of Manning's active support of the Tractarian movement; he was busy in translating the principles which he had avowed in his private communications to Newman and others into a public profession of faith, if not in Tractarianism, at any rate in the doctrines generally held by moderate High Churchmen. In this work, *The Rule of Faith*, as I have already shown, he publicly broke with the Low Church party. Besides the labours and anxieties and precautions necessarily attending the avowal of a change in his religious opinions, Manning was compelled, owing to ill health, to spend the winter of 1838-39 in Rome.

Inspired by new interests contracted by his association with "some foreigners in Italy" — notably an apostate French priest—Manning, in resuming his correspondence with Newman, devotes his first letter, August 1839, to the claims for material support of his interesting *protégé*, the priest aforesaid. In the following letter, under like inspirations, he urges Newman to attack "Romanism":—

23*rd October* 1839.

My dear Newman—Henry Wilberforce wrote me word of

[1] Rivington was the publisher of the *British Critic*.

your visit to him and gave me your messages. We were very sorry not to get you to the cathedral.

I by no means make light of the article against the Anglican Succession,[1] for I think the argument, old as it is, very plausible, and therefore very misleading and mischievous. I can also conceive it to be made more so, by the way by which it is answered, that is by treating the Roman jurisdiction in England as anything but an usurpation. I am very glad Keble is to answer it, as he will do it thoroughly and safely. I have a sort of floating idea of having heard or read expressions about the supremacy of the Pope which give advantage to the Romanists. I sometimes fear that the subject is only sifted half through, and not to the bottom by some of those who are taking up right principles; and that they either deny too much out of the bias of Protestantism, or concede too much from an impatient recoil from the meddling of our civil rulers. Palmer's chapters of it seem to me very good. You know Barnes's (the Benedictine Catholic's)—Roman Pacificers, in which he maintains the *αὐτονομία* of England as of Cyprus. It is in Brown's *Fasciculus*, vol. ii., and the chapter is printed with *Pax* on the frontispiece. But I am sending owls to Athens, so no more; but that I want to see you and have a good talk. I promised some foreigners in Italy to tell you that you have not done enough polemically against Romanism. I said you had done much, and told them what; but they said that the Romanists are making so much use of you to deceive people, that you must do more. And so I think; I do not like the tone of our James the Second divines, but those books would be very useful if reprinted.—Believe me, my dear Newman yours ever affectionately, H. E. M.

As early as 1839, Manning, enlightened by the teaching of Newman and Pusey as to the spiritual graces derived from the sacrament of Penance, had assumed, as yet, perhaps, in an informal manner, the office of spiritual director of souls. As yet he was a novice in the guidance of those who came to him for counsel or instruction, or who, in doubt and despair about the teaching and practice of the Anglican Church, were moving onward towards Rome. Even when he became later a regular confessor in the English Church, Manning was often perplexed by the desire of his penitents to submit to the Catholic Church, but now, when he was new to the office, he felt so disturbed at the insistence of a lady under

[1] An article by Dr. Wiseman in the *Dublin Review*.

his spiritual direction to become a Catholic, that in his perplexity he applied to Newman for help and counsel. How to keep his penitents back from Rome was, indeed, a perennial trial to Manning, from his first case in 1839 to his last in 1851, when he, the spiritual director of so many troubled souls, himself submitted to Rome.

In answer to Manning's request for guidance, Newman, in a letter, dated Oriel College, 1st September 1839, wrote as follows :—

ORIEL COLLEGE, 1*st September* 1839.

MY DEAR MANNING—I feel very anxious about such a case as you mention; from the consciousness that our Church has not the provisions and methods by which Catholic feelings are to be detained, secured, sobered, and trained heavenwards. Our blanket is too small for our bed. I say this being quite in the dark as to the particular state of mind of your friend—and how she has come into it. For ourselves, I am conscious that we are raising longings and tastes which we are not allowed to supply —and till our bishops and others give scope to the development of Catholicism externally and wisely, we *do* tend to make impatient minds seek it where it has ever been, in Rome. I think that, whenever the time comes that secession to Rome takes place, for which we must not be unprepared, we must boldly say to the Protestant section of our Church—"*You* are the cause of this: you must concede; you must conciliate; you must meet the age; you must make the Church more efficient, more suitable to the needs of the heart, more equal to the external. Give us more services, more vestments and decorations in worship; give us monasteries; give us the signs of an apostle, the pledges that the Spouse of Christ is among us. Till then you will have continual secessions to Rome."

This is, I confess, my view, I think nothing but *patience* and dutifulness can keep us in the Church of England—and remaining in it is a test whether we have these graces. If then your friend is attracted to Rome by the exercise of devotion which it provides, I should press on her the duty of remaining in the calling in which God has found her; and enlarge upon the doctrine of 1 Cor. vii., also I think you must press on her the prospect of *benefiting* the poor Church, through which she has her baptism, by stopping in it. Does she not care for the souls all around her, steeped and stifled in Protestantism? How will she best care for them: by indulging her own feelings in the communion of Rome, or in denying herself and staying in sackcloth

and ashes to do them good? Will she persuade more of her brethren by leaving them, or by continuing with them? Is she unmarried? is there any chance of making her a "mother superior"? If, however, she takes the grounds of *distrusting* the English Church, doubting its catholicity, and the like, then I suppose you must retort with the denial of the Cup—the doctrine of purgatory as practically held—the non-proof of the Church's infallibility—the anathema, etc., with the additional reflection that she is *taking a step*, and, therefore, should have some abundant evidence on the side of that step (and ought one not seriously to consider whether accidental circumstances have not determined her—disgust at some particular thing, faith in some particular person, etc.?). That step is either a clear imperative duty, or it is a sin. On the other hand, can she deny that the hand of God is with our Church, even granting for *argument's sake* Rome has some things which we have not? Is it dead? has it the signs of death? Has it more than the signs of disease? Has it not lasted through very troublous times? Has it not from time to time marvellously revived, when it seemed to be losing all faith in holiness? Is it *to be given up?*—for her step would be giving it up—would be saying, "I wish it swept away, and the Roman developed in its territory," not "I wish it reformed—I wish it corrected—I wish Rome and it to be one."

I have written you a most pompous letter on general τόποι —but since I do not know anything in particular, I can but preach to you.

The letters which passed between Manning and Newman from 1838 to 1843 showed an approach to intimacy, and towards the end of the correspondence, partook of an affectionate character. Newman evidently, at that early time, had trust and confidence in Manning; looked upon him as a steadfast and docile disciple ready to carry out—and to carry out ably—any work entrusted to him. But he was in no sense a leader like Newman himself, or Pusey or Keble even; for Manning was not a profound thinker, nor possessed of original ideas, nor deeply read; but on the other hand, he was distinguished by a wonderful and most useful capacity of taking up ideas and suggestions, and working them out with infinite skill. Manning, too, quickly recognised the vital importance of the dogmatic system, represented by Tractarianism, as a defence, on the one hand, against the growing Latitudinarianism of the day, and on the other,

against the Erastianism of the State. The Ecclesiastical Commission and the principles of which it was the outcome had not a little to do with driving Manning for a time into the Tractarian camp.

Manning's letter to Newman, announcing his appointment as Archdeacon of Chichester, contained the following significant sentence. Referring to his new bishop, the late Warden of New College, Oxford, a Low Churchman and an anti-Tractarian, Manning says:—"I trust I may give him full satisfaction."

It would have been a difficult task for any man, in that jealous day of religious strife and suspicion, to fight, on the one hand, under the banner of Newman in the Tractarian camp; and on the other, to give satisfaction as archdeacon to a Low Church and anti-Tractarian bishop. To serve two masters is a proverbial impossibility. But when, in addition, Tract 90 was condemned by the "august" authority of the Hebdomadal Board, the Archdeacon of Chichester, at any rate, found it impossible to remain true to Newman, and, at the same time, give full satisfaction to his bishop, and to the high dignitaries in the Church whom his bishop represented.

As ill-luck would have it, just at this unpropitious moment a conflict broke out at Oxford, between the Tractarians and the Low Church party, on the election for the professorship of poetry. There were two candidates in the field, Isaac Williams, whose poems gave him high standing at the University, and the Rev. Mr. Garbett who was possessed of no known qualification for the professorship of poetry. Williams was an advanced Tractarian, and Garbett a Low Churchman, who flourished in the diocese of Chichester, and enjoyed the friendship of Manning. The election was a trial of strength between the two parties at Oxford. Pusey had, somewhat imprudently perhaps, provoked the religious contest by extolling not only the merits of Mr. Williams as a poet, but by contrasting his principles as a High Churchman with those of Mr. Garbett. This public appeal by Pusey to the religious question set the University in a flame, or served at least as a pretext to the Low Church party,

intoxicated by their triumph at the recent condemnation of Tract 90, to stir afresh the smouldering embers of controversy. Each party strained every nerve to bring up their men, or to keep waverers from defection. In such a heated contest every man's action, or probable action, was keenly scrutinised. A rumour soon reached Pusey's ear, that the newly-appointed Archdeacon of Chichester was wavering in his fealty.

Pusey, in his indignation, lost no time in conveying a sharp reproach or rebuke to Manning for deserting the standard of his party in the day of battle, and passing over to the ranks of the enemy. In reply to this reproach Manning wrote a very able, carefully-worded and conciliatory letter, full of protests of personal kindliness and friendship towards Pusey, but indicating his desire on personal grounds to maintain a neutral attitude in the election.

The letter is as follows :—

LAVINGTON, 27*th November* 1841.

MY DEAR PUSEY—The tone of your letter makes me feel a sort of disquiet till I have answered it. I am grieved that you should have so much as thought of my taking part against you in anything. If I should ever have the unhappiness to differ greatly from any man I am bound to by affection, I should be grieved and pained if he did not believe that I felt myself to be under a necessity which forbade me to do otherwise. I should hope that you would so judge of me even if I were in the election for the professorship of poetry to vote contrary to your wishes. But as such is not my intention, you may dismiss the thought of an opposition, which would be not more distressing to you than to myself.

And now as to the course I shall take.

My earnest wish has been not to vote at all, and that, because I should require some very strong reasons to induce me to take part against Garbett. It is as natural for me to look at this question through the light of this diocese, as for you to look at it through that of Oxford. Garbett is one of our clergy, and we have been thrown by many events into a very kindly relation. It would be with great regret, if I were to find myself compelled by any reasons, supposing even that I were in Oxford at the moment of the election, to vote against him.

This reluctance is not diminished by the election being made a party question. How it has become so I do not know. That you and Newman and Williams have abstained from making it so I am confident; that there are some opposed to you, who would not be backward to give it that character I also believe; but I do not as yet sufficiently know the facts of the case to be assured where and how the fault began. I deeply lament it, and know nothing so hurtful to the recovery of truer principles out of Oxford as the complexion thus given to academical contests within the University. I say this from observation of facts, and of the perceptible effects upon men's minds. I cannot allow this election to be a crisis of truth or error, and shall in every way protest against its being so regarded. I cannot therefore willingly act as if I regarded it so myself, but I can understand how it may be made an occasion of unkind and unfair dealing towards you and Williams, and if anything induces me to vote in the election it will be to protect him personally from what I consider to be unjust.

I have endeavoured, my dear Pusey, to give you my view of the question. I may be wrong in judgment, but assuredly not cool or uncertain in my regard to you, and what, I hope, we both esteem more than even our mutual regard.—Yours very sincerely, H. E. Manning.

Having heard from Dr. Pusey of Manning's explanations, and of his intention not to vote on the one side or the other at the election, Mr. Isaac Williams wrote as follows:—

At the Rev. Sir G. Prevost's,
Stinchcombe, Deersley, *4th Jan.* (1842).

My dear Manning—I cannot tell you how much gratified I have been by your most kind letter. It was reported before I left Oxford that you were going to vote against me, and I mentioned on hearing of it that it was the only thing that had yet hurt me in this unhappy contest; for I did not think that you would be carried away by a clamour, or condemn me without reason. And of this I was entirely relieved by your letter to Dr. Pusey, from which it appeared that you were not going to vote against me, and that there were reasons, which I thought quite sufficient, why you should not vote at all, and with this I was quite satisfied.

There appears at present every reason for supposing that the contest will be avoided, as the Bishop of Oxford's name appears attached to the circular, but otherwise my own character seemed to render it necessary that I should not withdraw, and I now

leave it entirely with my friends, as I have done throughout, to decide as they may think best.—Believe me, my dear Manning, very thankfully and sincerely yours, ISAAC WILLIAMS.

The weight and importance attached to the impending contest are amply attested by the vigorous appeals which Mr. Gladstone made to Manning for his personal aid in bringing about a compromise. To effect this, Mr. Gladstone proposed the withdrawal of both candidates for the professorship of poetry, and the nomination of a third person of neutral religious opinions. Manning was not averse to the proposed compromise in itself—quite the contrary; but he did not wish to commit himself in any way, to one side or the other, as he would have had to do, had he accepted the proposal to act as one of the pacificators. Mr. Gladstone had drawn up an address to be signed by moderate men of both parties; and had difficulty in understanding Manning's hesitation to attach his signature—unaware until the last moment of, and not a little indignant at, the archdeacon's determination to observe an absolute neutrality.

For the first two years, from 1841 to 5th of November 1843, Newman took no notice of Manning's desertion. Indeed, the holding himself aloof as archdeacon from the Tractarian movement after the condemnation of Tract 90 would have been, perhaps, condoned as only too common or natural under the circumstances. But what was remembered against him—by some unforgotten to the end—was that in the day of disaster and defeat; in a time of turmoil and popular outcry against Newman and the writers of the Tracts, the Archdeacon of Chichester fell not only into line with the protesting bishops and the leaders of popular Protestantism, but smote with his own hand them that were down.

It must, however, be ever borne in mind, that in the attitude which he assumed at that time, Manning was in part constrained by the sense of responsibility imposed upon him by his new office; by his closer relations not only with his own bishop, but with the dignitaries of the Church, and last, but not least, by the weight of public opinion.

In part, too, we may be assured he was actuated by the keen desire of his heart to preserve in the Church of England concord and unity, which were dear to him as the apple of his eye; and which were threatened, as he feared, in that heart-searching day, by those whom the *Record* denounced at the time as the "troublers of our Israel."

CHAPTER XII

A PERIOD OF DECLENSION

1843–1846

THE Archdeacon of Chichester was now approaching a most critical period in his life. To him the condemnation of Tract 90 was the beginning of the end. Tractarianism was a losing cause. To a losing cause Manning was never partial, early in life or late. His nature instinctively shrank from them that were failing, or were down. On the winning side, he could render, as he knew, far more effectual service to the Church—a thought ever uppermost in his mind—by restraining extreme men on either side. Untrammelled by party ties, he could assume the character of peacemaker, and stepping forth between the two hostile camps present the olive branch. It was, if a critical, therefore, a period of highest interest as testing character, as it can alone be tested aright, by trials and temptations; yet painful withal, as showing how Manning in those tempestuous days was influenced and swayed by external circumstances, by public opinion and popular outcry.

This period, which I have now to chronicle, is described in his contemporary Diary by Archdeacon Manning as follows:—"Declension—three and a half years—secularity, vanity, and anger."[1] Again, "I was caught up in the wilderness of London life, visions of an ecclesiastical future came to me." On the 30th of January 1846 is the following record:—"I do feel pleasure in honour, precedence,

[1] See Archdeacon Manning's Diary, 1844-47.

elevation, the society of great people, and all this is very shameful and mean."

Such confessions were the reproaches of a sensitive conscience under severe self-examination, made in the peace and quiet of Lavington, on a return from one of his periodical visits of three or four weeks to London. All this means no more than that Manning for three and a half years, dating from his final repudiation of the Tractarians in his Charge, July 1843, to his illness in 1847—cast in his lot with the winning and popular side. He suspended for a time correspondence on his religious doubts and difficulties with Robert Wilberforce. He entered, as I have already related, into London society. Dined in the company of great people in Church and State. Attended levées and drawing-rooms. He followed, in a word, the leading of his brother-in-law, Sam Wilberforce, then recently appointed Bishop of Oxford. What wonder then, that under such influences, the hope of preferment, or what he called "elevation into a sphere of higher usefulness," should have entered for a time into the heart of the Archdeacon of Chichester?

There is no need or call to gloss over or suppress, even if it were honest, this period of "declension and secularity"; it was followed by repentance and change of heart, as is fully set forth in Archdeacon Manning's Diary in 1847.

Newman's retirement to Littlemore brought matters to a crisis in Manning's mind. It was a danger-signal. He felt instinctively that Newman's "fall," as Mr. Gladstone did not hesitate to describe it, would implicate not Tractarians only, but the High Church party *en masse*, and be fatal to their position as leaders in the future. Ultra-Protestantism in its rage and jealousy, the civil and ecclesiastical authorities in their blind following of popular feeling, would involve with Newman the whole High Church party in a common condemnation. Such a catastrophe, Manning felt, must needs be averted at all hazards—even at the hazard of giving pledges to ultra-Protestantism.

On Newman's withdrawing to Littlemore, Manning wrote

making inquiries, and in reply received a letter from Newman,[1] which both Manning and Mr. Gladstone interpreted as indicating secession. On receiving from Manning his own and Newman's letter, Mr. Gladstone, under date Whitehall, 28th October 1843, wrote as follows:—

MY DEAR MANNING—Alas, alas for your letter and inclosures of this morning! My first thought is "I stagger to and fro like a drunken man, and am at my wit's end." But even out of the enormity of the mischief arises some gleam of consolation. For between four and five years he has had this fatal conviction; he has waited probably in the hope of its being changed—perhaps he may still wait—and God's inexhaustible mercy may overflow upon him and us.

It is impossible for me at the end of a long day and near the post time really to enter upon this subject, and indeed I am so bewildered and overthrown that I am otherwise wholly unfit. But I will address myself *briefly* to points which appear to me to *press*.

I cannot make his letter hang together. The licence to you at the end looks like saying "I cannot bring myself to reveal this—do you reveal it for me"—but surely this is contradicted by his aspiration that God "may keep him still from hasty acts or resolves with a doubtful conscience." This could have no meaning—would be worse than nonsense—if the interpretation of the concluding passage which I have suggested were adopted.

I cling to the hope that what he terms his conviction is not a conclusion finally seated in his mind, but one which he sees advancing upon him without the means of resistance or escape. This is sad enough, more than enough; but something of this kind is absolutely required to make his conduct (I must speak succinctly) *honest*. I am strongly of opinion, and I venture to press it upon you, that you ought not to rest contented with the bare negation in your *P.S.*, but to write to him again—he cannot be surprised at after-thoughts following upon such a letter. To tell him as you tell me that you cannot put his letter consistently together: that much more would be requisite in order to enable you to come at his real meaning—not to say at any such view of the chain of what precedes, as you could in justice to him adopt—that you believe he never could intend you to make any use, save the most confidential, of that letter—that if he could for one moment be out of himself and read it as another man

[1] This letter of Newman's is not in the "Collection of Letters" preserved by the late Cardinal Manning.

does, he would see it in a moment. (The description of his proceedings in 1841, of his letter to the Bishop of Oxford, of his committing himself again, is, *as it stands there*, frightful,—forgive me if I say it,—more like the expressions of some Faust gambling for his soul, than the records of the inner life of a great Christian teacher.) Therefore you cannot take this letter as it stands to be his. Reflect upon the constructions which that passage would bear upon the mind of the country. It would lead men to say —He whom we have lost is not the man we thought. It certainly would damage and disparage his authority and character in the manner which one perhaps should desire as to a confirmed enemy to Truth, but which with respect to him it would be most wicked to do otherwise than deeply lament.

I do not know whether out of these confused chaotic elements you can make the ground note of a further note—or whether you will think it right—but I feel that there are such *imperative* reasons upon the face of his letter, reasons relative to himself and his own good name, for your keeping it secret, that I am very loath your refusal to divulge should stand without any reason; next I have the hope that he does not desire or contemplate abandonment of the Church; and lastly, I would to God you could throw in *one word*, glancing at the fatal results, which I may seriously illustrate by the effects that the horrors of the French Revolution produced in a most violent reaction against democratic principles in England. But even this, though a great historic truth, seems cold for the matter we are now dealing with.

I think you come to town next week—come to our house and take up your quarters there, that we may communicate freely. We may then, please God, talk of James Hope, and other matters.

I am compelled thus abruptly to close.—Ever affectionately yours, W. E. GLADSTONE.

Manning, we may be sure, did not "stagger to and fro like a drunken man," at the thought of Newman's secession; nor, with Mr. Gladstone in the excitement of his intense grief, regard Newman as a "Faust gambling for his soul." Still less would prudence allow him, as Mr. Gladstone suggested, to enter into controversy with Newman. Supreme over private feelings was the public duty imposed upon the Archdeacon of Chichester by Newman's letter, or the construction put upon it, to break, and, on this occasion at all events, in an unmistakable fashion, with the Tractarian

party and its illustrious leader. Manning knew better than Mr. Gladstone did "the fatal results to all Catholic progression in the Church which Newman's fall would produce." To-morrow, when the fatal tidings, which to-day he held locked in his breast, should become public, there would be, as Manning knew but too well, an end to all Catholic progress: an end to peace: an end to his own work and position. All alike would be tarred with the same brush. Time pressed: an opportunity was at hand: Manning was not the man, in the Church's interests or his own, to shrink, no matter at what sacrifice of personal friendship, from a public duty.

The necessity of things—a hard taskmaster, as he found out to his cost, and not on this occasion only—induced him once more at that period of acknowledged "declension," to take a new departure and make a fresh sacrifice. Archdeacon Manning was equal to the occasion; he was not afraid, in that evil day, to gratify the Ecclesiastical and Civil authorities and to respond to the popular "No Popery" outcry against Newman and the writers of the Tracts by preaching a Fifth of November sermon in the pulpit of St. Mary's, Oxford, but now abandoned by the illustrious recluse of Littlemore.

In a conversation with Mr. Gladstone several years ago about this forgotten 5th of November sermon, and about Manning's declaration that, "unlike Newman, he had not pages after pages of passionate rhetoric and of empty declamation to retract on his conversion, but only, in all his works, four pages—and those not of anti-Roman abuse, but—of calm and simple argument," Mr. Gladstone said: "Manning has forgotten his anti-papal sermon, which created no little sensation at the time, and under the circumstances of its delivery. I remember well the effect it produced." After some remarks upon his own intimacy with Manning, Mr. Gladstone went on: "In 1843, just after Newman's retirement to Littlemore, Manning preached the 5th of November sermon—a custom then kept up at Oxford, and made a fierce attack on the Church of Rome. In it, there is plenty of passionate rhetoric, as you will find when you get it, for Manning to retract."

Afterwards Mr. Gladstone added, that "Manning's 'No Popery' sermon gave great offence to many at Oxford, delivered as it was at St. Mary's and almost on the occasion, though, of course, neither event nor name was mentioned, of Newman's retirement. I know, not only that two or three of Manning's personal friends refused to speak to him after that sermon; but, on his paying a visit to Littlemore shortly afterwards Newman himself declined to see him."

Two or three passages from *A Sermon preached on 5th November* 1843, *in commemoration of Guy Fawkes' Plot*, under the title "Christ our Rest and King," is all that I need recite to show that on his conversion Manning had something more to recant than he was willing to admit, and of a different character than pure argument; for the insinuations that the Gunpowder Plot was encouraged by the subtleties of Roman casuistry, is a rhetorical appeal to the popular Protestant prejudices prevalent in that day rather than to calm reason. The following passages seem more suited to the heated atmosphere of Exeter Hall than to that of St. Mary's, Oxford:—

The two events which are united in the acts of this day (5th of November), different as they are in their circumstantials, have this at least in common. They exhibit the mercy of God in preserving the English Church and people from the secular domination of the Roman Pontiff.

The conspiracy against the king and the three estates of England was conceived, planned, and brought to the eve of perpetration, by members of the Roman communion; it was designed to advance the interests of the Roman Church. It was not indistinctly known that some such attempt was in preparation. The intent was encouraged by the subtilities of casuistry, being directly defensible on principles prevalent and commended among the writers of that Church.

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In the other event the "Most High" that "ruleth in the kingdom of men and giveth it to whomsoever He will," confounded our adversaries in the very point wherein they had usurped upon His sole prerogative. They who had claimed "the power to bestow the empire on whom they listed," who also said of themselves: "We" (the popes) "are to this end placed over the nations and kingdoms, that we may destroy and pull up

and plant"—saw, in one hour, the secret labours and confident expectations of many years scattered "as a dream when one awaketh."

In a note the archdeacon says :—

No one can deny that the Revolution of 1688 was an event in Providence, nor that by that event the re-entrance of the Roman influence was prevented, and no member of the English Church can but look upon this as a mercy.[1]

Then the archdeacon goes on with his 5th of November sermon as follows :—

A special Providence appears to have shielded this Church and realm from falling again under the secular dominion of Rome. Every time it has re-entered, it has been cast out again with a more signal expulsion; every time it has seemed to gather strength, it has been more utterly confounded. The reign of princes alien from the English Church has been twice brought to an end with a speed truly significant: foreign armaments ignominiously baffled, conspiracies at home laid bare, the insinuation of secret emissaries detected and exposed, the whole line of the House of Stuart repelled by steady and uniform defeats. If a series of Providential acts may be read in combination, and thereby taken to express the purpose of the Divine Ruler of the world, it would seem to be the will of God that the dominion of the Roman Pontificate may never again be set up in this Church and realm.[2]

After stating that "there are many duties to which

[1] Referring to a note in Tract 90, Ward says, "In the note it not obscurely instructs us to look 'at the judgment of King Charles's murder' as brought down by the crying sins of the Reformation."—*A few more Words in support of No.* 90 *of the Tracts for the Times*, by the Rev. W. G. Ward.

[2] In the Introduction (page 2) to the *Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost*, published in 1877, Cardinal Manning, after rectifying two errors in his Anglican Sermons, the *Rule of Faith* and *Unity of the Church*, goes on as follows :—"Thirdly, in a sermon preached before the University of Oxford on 5th November 1843, speaking of the conflicts between the Holy See and the Crown of England, I used the words: 'It would seem to be the will of Heaven that the dominion of the Roman Pontificate may never again be set up in this Church and realm.' Now I feel that I owe a reparation to the Truth for these three errors. Beyond these, I am not aware that for any published statements, I have any reparation to make. And I feel, that, as the statements were not declamations, but reasoned propositions, so ought the refutation to be likewise."

this day of commemoration (5th of November) recalls us," the preacher proceeds to justify the Reformers, showing how, "for just causes and by a rightful authority, the Roman jurisdiction was finally removed"; and then he goes on:—

> The principle on which the Reformers rested their act, and on which our relation to the Roman Church is still amply to be defended, is this:—That there is no one supreme Prince or Power in things temporal from whom the pastors of this Church derive their apostolical succession, that both the spirituality and the temporality of this Church and realm severally possess full authority and jurisdiction derived to them by succession and devolution, and that both under Christ alone are within their respective spheres perfect and complete. There does not exist any fountain of jurisdiction below Christ the head of all, on whose will and authority the acts of either for right or validity depend.[1]

The preacher, it will be observed, does not stoop to argue, but contents himself with laying down, in a tone of infallible authority, a dogmatic assurance. His *ipse dixit* was to be accepted as all-sufficing. This dogmatic certainty, combined with his earnestness and good faith, was the secret of Manning's influence in that day when the hearts of men were shaken by the forebodings consequent on Newman's retirement to Littlemore.

Then, as befits the preacher of a 5th of November sermon, the archdeacon launches forth against the Catholic Church and the Popes:—

> From two of the mightiest kingdoms of Western Europe this generation has seen the Church all but blotted out. At its very centre it rests upon the deceitful calmness of a flood, which at any hour may lift up its lowest depths and scatter it to the winds. They (the popes) who once claimed to plant and to pluck up the thrones of kings, now hold their own unsteady seat by the tutelage of princes.

Lastly, Archdeacon Manning relapses into the prophetical mood—so common with him in those days—in which, Cassandra-like, he foretells evil days and terrible issues

[1] *Christ our Rest and King*, p. 92.

for the Church of Rome. His eye piercing the veil of the future, he sees visions and dreams dreams, and in winding up, as seems to have been about this period a favourite habit of his enthusiasm, his tongue utters a glowing prophecy as to the coming glorification of the Church of England :—

> The whole aspect of the world seems to be looking out towards some new movement of the providential hand. It is towards evening, and the day of its restless life seems well nigh spent. The old institutions of the Christian world cast long shadows on the earth—strange energies, spiritual and political, issue from their relaxing frames, forming themselves into new combinations, and moving rapidly towards some unknown consummation.
>
> If there be truth in the universal foreboding of Christendom, days of trial for the Church must soon come—and who can foretell what we, unworthy, may be raised up to fulfil, for what the energetic acts of the sixteenth century may have been the stern but necessary preparation? It may be that our highly favoured Church, amid many chastisements and rebukes of heavenly discipline, shall be fashioned and perfected until it becomes a principle of reconciliation between East and West, and a law of unity and peace to mankind. It may be that our task shall be to cast up the camp of the saints against the day when the nations of Antichrist shall, for the last time, go up and compass it about. We may be called to bear and break the last assault of the kingdom of evil. God grant that we may be kept unspotted from the world; steadfastly cleaving to the Unseen Hand, which has thus far preserved us; ready to serve Him in the Church where He has blessed us with our spiritual birth, by all the powers of life and, through His strength, even unto death.

Manning, who, up to the date of the condemnation of Tract 90—up to the time of his appointment as Archdeacon—had been on terms almost of intimacy with Newman, could not now but feel that he had placed himself in an awkward, if not a false position. The 5th of November sermon was preached on Sunday; on Monday the 6th, Manning hurried down to Littlemore in the vain hope of explaining away or extenuating his sudden change of front. He was too late. The fatal news had already reached Littlemore. Newman did not understand, or

had no stomach for, the ways of diplomacy. Manning, on his arrival, was met with the answer, "Not at Home."[1] He understood its meaning; and so did all Oxford. The 5th of November sermon was extinguished in laughter. It is not only in France that *le ridicule tue.*

Sam Wilberforce, on another occasion, received a like rebuke; had a like measure of poetic justice dealt out to him for playing a double part. Wilberforce had made a vehement attack on Pusey for his famous sermon on sin after baptism, and shortly afterwards sent an article to the *British Critic.* Newman, as editor, returned the MS. with the message that he could not accept an article in support of the Tractarian movement in Oxford from one who had attacked it in London. Sam Wilberforce's disgust and mortification may be imagined. After his 5th of November sermon, Manning wrote no more for the *British Critic.*[2]

In a letter to his sister, dated Oxford, 7th November 1843, speaking of Manning's 5th of November sermon, J. B. Mozley says:—

Archdeacon Manning preached on Sunday a testification sermon against the *British Critic.* I did not like either the

[1] The door was opened by one of those young men, then members of the quasi-monastic community, who had to convey to the archdeacon the unpleasant communication that Newman declined to see him. So anxious was the young man to cover the slight, and to minimise its effect, that he walked away from the door with the archdeacon, bareheaded as he was, and had covered half the way to Oxford before he turned back, unaware, as was his companion, of his unprotected state under a November sky. So strangely do we change in these changing times, that it is hard to realise that the perplexed novice was James Anthony Froude.—*The Century,* vol. xxvi. 1883, p. 129.

The writer in the *Century,* in speaking of Mr. Froude as a novice, was under a mistake. Mr. Froude was at no time a novice perplexed or otherwise at Littlemore; he was not even an inmate. Like many another undergraduate at the time, he with other disciples was in the habit of walking over from Oxford to Littlemore to see Newman.

[2] In the beginning of the year, January 1841, S. F. Wood had written to Manning congratulating him on his article in the *British Critic*:—"It is most masterly and high-toned, indeed. How grand our three articles, all of a row in the *British Critic,* look." The three writers were Manning, Wood, and Rogers. Their articles were non-theological. Manning's article was, of course, in the printers' hands before he was made archdeacon (24th December 1840).

matter or tone. He seemed so really carried away by fear of Romanism that he almost took under his patronage the Puritans and the Whigs of 1688, because they had settled the matter against the pope. He did not indeed commit himself into a direct approval of them and the means they used, but talked of the whole movement as having had a happy event and being providential. Yet he went up to Littlemore and saw J. H. N.[1] yesterday. I suppose he wants to disconnect himself regularly from the ultra party, and has taken this means. The Heads are immensely taken with the sermon, of course. It had no merits as a composition, and was much inferior to his former ones. . . .[2]

In another letter from Oxford of about the same date, J. B. Mozley wrote :—

Lincoln's Inn preachership is now in the field. Manning, I think, stands. They say Manning is too high for the Lincoln's Inn men ; if so, it shows the inutility of men making demonstrations—for his sermon here was thought quite low.[3]

In his contemporary Diary—1844-47—(referred to always by Cardinal Manning as "The White Book") is the following entry, dated 5th November 1845 (the sermon was preached *5th November* 1843) :—

As Fellow of Merton, I had to preach before the University on 5th November. The sermon is printed in the volume of *University Sermons.*

1. Because such plainness is necessary.
2. Because others who ought cannot or will not.
3. Because my silence is misinterpreted.
4. Because unsettlement is spreading.
5. Because I did not choose either the occasion or the subject.
6. Because there could be no personality.
7. Because it seemed a call of God's Providence.[4]

[1] Mozley had evidently not as yet heard of the rebuff which Manning, the day before, had received at Littlemore.

[2] *Letters of the Rev. J. B. Mozley* (1885), p. 148. [3] *Ibid.* p. 149.

[4] In the above entry Archdeacon Manning states that he preached the 5th of November sermon at St. Mary's as Fellow of Merton, implying that as Fellow it was his turn or duty to preach on that day. He was not Fellow then, for his fellowship had ended with his marriage ten years before. Moreover, the Vice-chancellor, by right of his office, appointed whom he pleased to preach the 5th of November sermon. One of the prominent

The Archdeacon of Chichester, who in 1841 had already publicly broken with the Puseyites, yet was anxious, perhaps not unnaturally, to justify in private his ultra-Protestant manifesto, which had given such grave offence to Dr. Pusey, and Mr. Keble, and many other friends of Newman. After failing to obtain admittance to Newman's presence at Littlemore, Manning therefore endeavoured to explain the motives of his 5th of November sermon to Dr. Pusey in the following letter, dated Lavington, 22nd Sunday after Trinity, 1843 :—

. . . I can no longer deny that a tendency against which my whole soul turns has shown itself. It has precipitated those that are impelled by it into a position remote from that in which they stood, and from that in which I am. This has suddenly severed them (so far at least, alas!) from me. With the knowledge[1] I communicated to you, it is an imperative duty for me to be plainly true to myself at all cost and hazard. It would be deceit to let them think I could feel anything but sorrow and dismay, or do anything but use the poor and small strength I have to save others from passing on blindfold and unawares into the same perplexities with them. I feel to have been for four years on the brink of I know not what; all the while persuading myself and others that all was well; and more —that none were so true and steadfast to the English Church; none so safe as guides. I feel as if I had been a deceiver speaking lies (God knows, not in hypocrisy), and this has caused a sort of shock in my mind that makes me tremble. Feel for me in my position. Day after day I have been pledging myself to clergymen and laymen all about me that all was safe and sure.

Tractarians of those days, in reference to the Whig 5th of November sermon preached by Manning, writes to me as follows :—"The Vice-chancellor in 1843 was Dr. Wynter of St. John's, a very keen Protestant, who never would have given that sermon to Archdeacon Manning if he had not had good reasons for believing the archdeacon to be a very sound Protestant too. Dr. Wynter was at that time extremely hostile to the Tractarians, who had the credit of spoiling his promotion to a bishopric which he longed for. He and his successor in the Vice-chancellorship were very bitter foes of the Puseyites, and we had troublous times."

[1] This "knowledge" was the letter which Newman wrote from Littlemore in 1843 to Manning, and which he forwarded to Pusey and Mr. Gladstone. Both Mr. Gladstone and Manning interpreted Newman's letter as indicating secession. Not so Dr. Pusey : see an extract from his letter to Mr. Gladstone on the following page.

I have been using his books, defending and endeavouring to spread the system which carried this dreadful secret at its heart. There remains for me nothing but to be plain henceforward on points which hitherto I have almost resented, or ridiculed the suspicion. I did so because I knew myself to be heartily true to the English Church, both affirmatively in her positive teaching, and negatively in her rejection of the Roman system and its differential points. I can do this no more. I am reduced to the painful, saddening, sickening necessity of saying what I feel about Rome.

Referring to this sermon, Keble said long after, "I always feared what would become of Manning when I heard of his violent 5th of November sermon. Exaggerations of this kind provoke a Nemesis, and it did not surprise me so much as it pained me to hear that he had become a Roman Catholic." [1]

In Canon Liddon's able and interesting *Life of Dr. Pusey*, Manning's visit to Littlemore is described once more as follows:—

"It was when visiting Oxford on this occasion that Archdeacon Manning paid the visit to Littlemore, which has been often described. Newman, who had heard of the sermon, would not see the preacher, and desired one of the inmates of the *μονή* to tell him so very civilly."

In a letter to Mr. Gladstone, dated November 1843, Pusey wrote:—"Knowing Newman intimately, I do not think that the portentous expressions in his letters (forwarded to me by Manning) have a necessary or immediate bearing upon certain steps of outward conduct." Writing to Manning subsequently, Mr. Gladstone said, "Some consolation may be drawn from this letter of Pusey's."

When in 1885 the long-forgotten story of his 5th of November sermon was revived by the publication of J. B. Mozley's *Letters*, Cardinal Manning, hastened to put his own construction on that untoward event, not, indeed, by way of exciting afresh a forgotten controversy, but in one of those keen, critical Notes on passing events—on men and books—which Cardinal Manning was in the habit of

[1] *Life of E. B. Pusey*, by H. P. Liddon, p. 378, footnote.

putting down in one of his journals for his own satisfaction, or for future use. The following is the Cardinal-archbishop's apology in 1885 for the 5th of November sermon preached in 1843 at St. Mary's, Oxford, by the Archdeacon of Chichester:—

On 5th November 1843 I preached before the University, and I denounced Gunpowder Plot and the Spanish Armada, and the authority which wielded these weapons. I saw that, given the Temporal Power of the Pope, his spiritual jurisdiction was granted, the recovery of England to the faith was a supreme duty to be attempted even by the Armada. I did not then believe or understand the Temporal nor the Spiritual Power. I believed it to be of the earth earthy, and the cause of schism, as I had published in my book on the *Unity of the Church*. And Mozley found fault with me. I saw that their position was untenable. I have an able letter of Church's [1] in the "Red Books" on my sermon as to the Temporal Power. They (Church and Mozley) were right, and I was wrong, yet they ought to have been where I am now before me, but the one is Dean of St. Paul's, and the other accepted the Gorham Judgment. "It is not in man to direct his steps," but it is in man to go astray. I remember I had just heard of J. H. N.'s intention to become Catholic. It threw me back.

Nearly two months after his 5th of November sermon, and after being refused admittance to Littlemore, trusting, and not in vain, to Newman's magnanimity, Manning again made approaches to the recluse of Littlemore, in a letter full of protestations of personal friendship and of kindly sympathy, with a special allusion to the offence he feared he had committed. Such an approach or apology was a characteristic act on the part of Manning, and in harmony with the principle on which he consistently acted, as I have shown in a later chapter ("The Double Voice"). He had two duties to perform—one public, the other private. In his Testification sermon at St. Mary's, Oxford, and in the Charges delivered in 1841, 1842, and 1843, at Chichester Cathedral, he had discharged what he considered a public duty—a duty to himself and to the moderate High Church party—he had publicly disowned Newman and the Tract-

[1] See Church's letter in Notes at the end of the volume.

arians, and had given pledges to the rampant Protestantism of that angry day. A private duty remained to be fulfilled —to be fulfilled in private—the duty of friendship and of affection for Newman. Hence a letter couched in such kindly terms of sympathy and inquiry as to elicit from Newman the following reply:—

LITTLEMORE, 24*th December* 1843.

MY DEAR MANNING—How can I thank you enough for your most kind letter received last night, and what can have led you to entertain the thought that I could ever be crossed by the idea which you consider may have been suggested to me by the name of Orpah? Really, unless it were so very sad a matter, I should smile; the thought is as far from me as the antipodes. Rather, I am the person who to myself always seem, and reasonably, the criminal, I cannot afford to have hard thoughts which can more plausibly be exercised against myself.

And yet, to speak of myself, how could I have done otherwise than I have done, or better? I own, indeed, to great presumption and recklessness in my mode of writing on ecclesiastical subjects on various occasions; yet still I have honestly trusted our Church and wished to defend her as she wished to be defended. I was not surely wrong in defending her on that basis on which our divines have ever built, and on which alone they could pretend to build. And how could I foresee that, when I examined that basis, I should feel it to require a system different from hers, and that the Fathers to which she had led me would lead me from her? I do not, then, see that I have been to blame, yet it would be strange if I had the heart to blame others, who are honest in maintaining what I am abandoning.

It is no pleasure to me to differ from friends, no comfort to be estranged from them, no satisfaction or boast to have said things which I must unsay. Surely I will remain where I am as long as I can. I think it right to do so. If my misgivings are from above I shall be carried on in spite of my resistance. I cannot regret in time to come having struggled to remain where I found myself placed. And, believe me, the circumstance of such men as yourself being contented to remain is the strongest argument in favour of my own remaining. It is my constant prayer that if others are right I may be drawn back, that nothing may part us.—I am, my dear Manning, ever yours affectionately, JOHN H. NEWMAN.

This letter of Newman's, accompanied by the expression

of Manning's own doubts and misgivings, was at once communicated to Mr. Gladstone. With his wonted fertility of resource, in the following letter, dated Hawarden, Sunday, 31st December 1843, Mr. Gladstone suggests various modes and methods to avert the catastrophe he dreaded :—

HAWARDEN, N.W., *Sunday*, 31*st December* 1843.

MY DEAR MANNING—I return the interesting and kind but painful letter which you forwarded for my perusal. It shows that a most formidable contingency is in the distance, more or less remote. It may be indefinitely near, or indefinitely far. Can the degree of remoteness be affected by anything in your power, under God, to do or to forbear ?

From the second of the three letters, taken alone, it would be a legitimate inference that any particular act or decision, and bishop's Charges this way or that, would have no influence upon his mind. But from the first letter—from the note in his new volume where he declares that the Church of England has lately by the mouth of her rulers been taking the Protestant side, evidently a *preparation* conscious or not—and from his conduct the reverse is clearly the case. It is manifestly in the power of bishops and others, though the degree may be uncertain, to impel or retard his fatal course, and it should be deeply pondered whether, by a discreet use of your knowledge, any beneficial exercise of this power might be brought about.

Looking at the bishops' Charges *as a whole*, it seems to me that, through timidity, they have overshot their mark, in the Protestant sense, and that if there be no fresh sores opened, the Charges of the next year or two will be much above those of the last. This will be so far well.

Are there, however, any bishops—I think there must be many—who believe that the event we know to be possible would be to the Church an inexpressible calamity ? These are the men whom to contemplate in any practical measure.

By one word he gives you an excellent ground of approach—the word "contented." Starting from that word you may, though with a light touch, avow that you are—(1) Not contented, but obliged ; perhaps it might be dangerous to add, (2) Not contented, but thankful. Such writing might be a parable to him.

Is he aware of the immense consequence that may hang upon his movements ? His letters do not show it. If he is not, either now or at some future time he ought to have his eyes opened.

What is wanted is that cords of silk should one by one be thrown over him to bind him to the Church. Every manifestation of sympathy, and confidence in him as a man, must have some small effect. I am even tempted myself (for he made me an opening by kindly sending me his sermons) to ask him to converse with me at some time on a passage in which he speaks of the present temper of statesmen with regard to the Church. What say you to this?

Whatever you do, may God prosper your counsels.—With kindest remembrances, ever affectionately yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

In other letters, Mr. Gladstone and Manning bewailed in common Newman's growing declension:—"The Newman of 1843 is not the Newman of 1842; nor is he of '42 the same with him of 1841; and how different, how far drifted down, are any of those from the Newman of the Romanism and ultra-Protestantism." Both Manning and Mr. Gladstone alike believed in the Newman of the earlier stage who with equal vehemence pitched into both "Romanists" and ultra-Protestants. But from Newman liberated from his earlier errors in regard to the Catholic Church; from Newman enlightened by study, prayer, and meditation, both Mr. Gladstone and Manning shrank back in dread. They appealed from "Philip sober to Philip drunk."

In a letter to Manning, 24th October 1843, Mr. Gladstone, speaking of Newman and of the Tracts so far as "I knew them," said:—

I confess it always appeared to me that they were ever too jealous of the suspicion of Romanism, too free in the epithets of protest and censure which were to be taken as guarantees against any accusation of the possibility of their fall. It is frightful, too, I confess, to me to reflect upon the fact that such a man as Newman is—for is it not so?—wavering in his allegiance, upon any ground so impalpable as what he terms the general repudiation of the view contained in Tract 90.

In regard to that famous Tract, which was the turning-point of the Oxford Movement, it was stated in one of the magazines, after Cardinal Manning's death, that he had declared Tract 90 to be "dishonest." There is not the

slightest contemporary evidence that Manning had ever pronounced such a judgment on Tract 90. The story was merely one of those idle after-death statements which attributed to Cardinal Manning words he had never uttered, views or opinions which he had never held. No one had a more intimate knowledge of Manning's mind, of his views and opinions at the time of the publication of Tract 90, than Mr. Gladstone. And Mr. Gladstone's testimony is contained in the following letter, dated 25th April 1892:—

DEAR MR. PURCELL—I have not the smallest recollection of Manning's treating Tract 90[1] as "dishonest," and, except on conclusive evidence, I should not believe it, though I myself thought and think one or two of the arguments sophistical. I do not recollect Manning's concurrence even in this idea, which is one totally distinct from dishonesty.—Yours very faithfully,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

The truth is that the Archdeacon of Chichester objected to Tract 90 not because he thought it "dishonest," but because it was too pronounced in its statements of doctrine, and because it was condemned by the Heads of Houses at Oxford, by Church dignitaries, and by public opinion.

Although Newman had condoned Manning's Fifth of November sermon, there was but little or no communication between them subsequently.

In a letter to Manning, dated London, 8th November 1844, Mr. Gladstone remarks that, "again the rumour about Newman seems to have blown over. I do not think any one can judge how short or long this interval may be."

In the same letter he asks, "Is your dean's sermon on

[1] Speaking of Tract 90, and its condemnation, Dean Church said:—"But faith in the great leader was still strong. No. 90, if it had shocked or disquieted some, had elicited equally remarkable expressions of confidence and sympathy from others who might have been, at least, silent. The events of the spring had made men conscious of what their leader was, and called forth an enthusiastic affection. It was not in vain that, whatever might be thought of the wisdom or the reasonings of No. 90, he had shown the height of his character, and the purity and greatness of his religious purpose; and being what he was in the eyes of all Oxford, he had been treated with contumely, and had borne it with patience and loyal submission."—*The Oxford Movement, Twelve Years*, 1833-1845, by R. W. Church, p. 272; Macmillan and Co., 1891.

receiving a Romish convert to be seen, or is it a secret? The narrative of Ciocci reviewed in the *Dublin Review* is curious." [1]

Either in response to Mr. Gladstone's remark or out of interest in Newman's trying position, Manning, a day or two afterwards, wrote a sympathetic letter to Newman, which brought from Littlemore in reply the following frank and touching account:—

LITTLEMORE, 16*th November* 1844.

MY DEAR MANNING—I am going through what must be gone through, and my trust only is that every day of pain is so much from the necessary draught which must be exhausted. There is no fear (humanly speaking) of my moving for a long time yet. This has got out without my intending it, but it is all well.

As far as I know myself, my one great distress is the perplexity, unsettlement, alarm, scepticism, which I am causing to so many, and the loss of kind feeling and good opinion on the part of so many, known and unknown, who have wished well to me. And of those two sources of pain, it is the former is the constant, urgent, unmitigated one. I had for days a literal ache all about my heart, and from time to time all the complaints of the Psalmist seemed to belong to me.

And, as far as I know myself, my one paramount reason for contemplating a change is my deep, unvarying conviction that our Church is in schism and my salvation depends on my joining the Church of Rome. I may use *argumenta ad hominem* to this person or that, but I am not conscious of resentment, or disgust, at anything that has happened to me. I have no visions whatever of hope, no schemes of action, in any other sphere more suited to me; I have no existing sympathies with Roman Catholics; I hardly ever, even abroad, was at one of their services; I know none of them; I do not like what I hear of them.

And then, how much I am giving up in so many ways, and to me sacrifices irreparable, not only from my age, when people hate changing, but from my especial love of old associations and the pleasures of memory.

Nor am I conscious of any feeling, enthusiastic or heroic, of pleasure in the sacrifice; I have nothing to support me here.

What keeps me yet is what has kept me long—a fear that I am under a delusion; but the conviction remains firm under all circumstances, in all frames of mind. And this most serious

[1] See the *Dublin Review*, October 1844.

feeling is growing on me, viz. that the reasons for which I believe *as much* as our system teaches, must lead me to believe more, and not to believe more, is to fall back into scepticism.

A thousand thanks for your most kind and consoling letter, though I have not yet spoken of it. It was a great gift.—
Ever yours affectionately, JOHN H. NEWMAN.

This letter of Newman's was forwarded to Mr. Gladstone, who, in a reply to Manning, dated Whitehall, 23rd November 1844, says:—

I return to you Newman's letter, and need hardly specify with what deep and what painful interest I have read it. In a recent note to me he has disclosed a small part of the same feeling. This you shall see and hear about when you come up.

In another passage:—

Newman's letter is a step in advance towards the precipice; yet it still remains impossible to say how many more paces may remain between him and its edge.

In the following autobiographical Note, of a late date, Cardinal Manning minimises or passes over his early connection with the Tractarian movement and his intimacy with its illustrious leader:—

I remember that I had just heard of J. H. Newman's intention to become Catholic.[1] It threw me back. As select preacher[2] I had to preach on 5th November. I took it as the occasion to declare my independence. I had never been one of the company of men who were working in Oxford. I knew them all, I agreed in most things, not from contact with them; but because at Lavington I read by myself in the same direction. I therefore acted with them in Hampden's condemnation, in opposing Ward's degradation, and the like. But, as Newman said, I was an external, independent witness; for my work and field were my parish, archdeaconry, and frequent work in London. I was related to some 200 clergy, and to many persons and duties, especially official duties, which cut me off from Oxford, and made my line wholly unlike an Oxford and literary life. I went on reading and working out the sum by myself; and on looking back, seem to see a constant advance, without deviations, or

[1] Newman himself told us in his *Apologia pro vitâ suâ* that in retiring to Littlemore he had no idea or intention of becoming a Catholic.

[2] See footnote 4, pp. 250-251.

going back; so that my faith of to-day rests upon the work of all the chief years of my life. I can see one principle and a steady equable advance. This I believe to be the leading of the Holy Ghost. Nothing but this would have preserved my intellect from wandering, and my will from resistance.

If it be difficult, with the evidence before us, to admit Cardinal Manning's theory of continuity of principle—"a constant advance, without deviations, or going back"—in his religious opinions; it is all but impossible to accept his conclusion that during the whole of his Protestant life, Evangelical and Anglican—at any rate up to the year 1845—"his intellect was preserved from wandering and his will from resistance by the leading of the Holy Ghost."

The truth is, that Manning in those days still had an absolute and stubborn belief in the Church of England as guided by the Holy Ghost in all truth. In those days he still sat with eyes unseeing in the darkness, at the feet of a teacher who, under a false title, and by misleading claims, held him captive; who beguiled in that day—and, alas! still binds and beguiles, for our sins perhaps, or for the sins of our forefathers, many a profound intellect, many a noble nature, too many a true and God-fearing heart. The day had not yet dawned—the day appointed of God—the star had not risen as yet, which, like the Star that guided the wise men in the East, was to lead his "slow but sure steps" into the Church of God; was to lead the assailant of the Papacy at Chichester and at Oxford into the Vatican Council, as the foremost champion of Papal Infallibility; as a loving and obedient son of the successor of St. Peter.

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CHAPTER XIII

PUBLIC LIFE AND TEMPTATIONS TO SECULARITY

1841-1846

ARCHDEACON MANNING'S rupture with Newman and the Tractarian party was a turning-point in his Anglican career. Dissociated from an unpopular party and a losing cause—as Tractarianism was regarded on Newman's retirement to Littlemore—prospects of a great ecclesiastical and public career were opened up to the Archdeacon of Chichester. The ambitions of his undergraduate days were revived. It was not now a seat in the House of Commons which he aspired to, but a seat as a spiritual peer in the House of Lords. It was not a vain and empty aspiration, born of his oratorical triumphs at the Union, but a well-grounded hope within the bounds of probability. Mr. Gladstone remembers well Bishop Phillpotts of Exeter saying to him about this period—"No power on earth can keep Manning from the Bench." "It was true at the time," Mr. Gladstone remarked, "the Bishop of Exeter knew well what he was speaking about, but not later—not after the full effect of Newman's secession was felt, not after the Papal Aggression outcry, for both we and Disraeli had made up our mind not to give the mitre to anyone connected with the 'unholy thing.'" "But," Mr. Gladstone added, "his tact and moderation, and the art which he possessed in a singular degree of conciliating even the most adverse opinions, made all his friends believe at the time that, like his brother-in-law Bishop Wilberforce, Manning in his turn was sure to receive the mitre."[1]

[1] This belief was shared by Newman and his friends at Littlemore. The

His private Diary of this date bears ample witness to the hopes and ambitions which troubled his spirit and perplexed his judgment, and not infrequently records the remorse of heart he felt at the "secularity" of his life in London. But these confessions and self-examinations must be taken as the shrinkings of a sensitive conscience, wounded by the temptations to a worldly career which for a while beset his heart or imagination. In Manning, the instincts of an ecclesiastical statesman predominated over the sensitive spirit and the reforming zeal of a theologian, or the logical conclusions of a thinker. If at Oxford, Newman's main aim and work was to purge the English Church of its Protestantism—which he regarded as an unhappy accident—and to bring its teachings and practices into accord with the doctrines and devotions of Catholic antiquity, Manning's heart was set on liberating the Church of England from its bondage to the Civil Power. The divine rage of the Tractarians was directed against heresy in the Church; Manning's mind was filled with hatred of its Erastianism. "Give"—or restore, as he would say,—"Restore its liberty of action to the Church of England, and all things else would set themselves right."

In his correspondence and conversations with Mr. Gladstone, Manning insisted strongly "on the right of the Church to the exclusive government of its own affairs; and denied the competency of Parliament, as a purely secular body, to interfere in any way, even with the temporalities of the Church." To this Mr. Gladstone, who concurred generally in Manning's views of the right of the Church to self-government, replies:—"I do not think I take quite so strong a view as you do of the *de jure* disqualifications of

late Father Lockhart, who was a friend and disciple of Newman's at Littlemore, confirmed this common belief in the following statement:—"Until he (Archdeacon Manning) took this step (submission to the Catholic Church) I do not think that Newman and those that went with him in 1845 into Catholic communion believed that the Archdeacon would ever become a Catholic. It was thought for certain, while I was with Newman at Littlemore, that he meant to remain an Anglican, that he would become a bishop, and, in fact, that he had a grand career before him in the Church of England."—"Personal Reminiscences of Cardinal Manning," by William Lockhart, *Dublin Review*, p. 377, April 1892.

Parliament to counsel the Crown touching the Church in matters primarily or partially relating to her temporalities." Manning had a rooted antipathy to the interference of laymen in the affairs of the Church, whether as regards its temporalities or spiritualities, or those mixed questions, which Mr. Gladstone contended might be properly delegated to a mixed tribunal. What the archdeacon was working for, was the establishment of provincial synods under the Archbishop of Canterbury as the supreme spiritual head of the Church for the government of all Church matters. In support of this project, Manning, who was an ecclesiastical diplomatist as well as a practical man of business, relied on Mr. Gladstone's aid in influencing the chiefs of his political party. That such a scheme, which was nothing less than revolutionising the whole theory and practice of the Established Church, should have been considered within the range of practical politics, shows the immense gulf which separates our unecclesiastical days, with Disestablishment "in the air," from those when the present prime minister[1] was "the hope of the stern and unbending Tories." In reply to Manning's plans and suggestions for transferring the management of things ecclesiastical from Crown and Parliament to Provincial Synods, Mr. Gladstone says, among other things :—

> Now the question is, how best to prepare men's minds for such a government, and make them feel the want of it? Here I should doubt if you have much of immediate countenance to anticipate from the heads of the political party friendly to the Church. Strange to say, it is a novel subject, like that of all forgotten duties.

The tendencies and prepossessions, or what Manning called the Erastian principles of the bishops, formed often matter of discussion. In reference to his plan of a Provincial Synod, Mr. Gladstone put the following pertinent objection :—

> And among the bishops, who is there ready to support it? I do not know that we have affirmative evidence from any; even

[1] This passage was in type before Mr. Gladstone had resigned office.

if we might conjecture as we wished of one or two. I confess, therefore, that I look to the clergy themselves to operate on public opinion and on their flocks in endeavouring to make the want felt, and to show the reasonableness of the principle. This result must flow out of the ministry which teaches the doctrine of the Church as a living body; for, if a living body, she must have a living unity of organisation.

I do not think the difficulties are in the nature of the thing, but in the existing prejudice and want of information. Convocation should not be our permanent government, but as the worm to the chrysalis, or rather the butterfly. The existence of the Convocation might enable the Crown, if well inclined, to advance the cause greatly more than if at the outset the subject could only be handled in Parliament.

If what I have written should appear to you indefinite or insufficient, or both, at all events do not let this have the effect of checking our free communications on the subject.

From these free and constant communications by letter and word of mouth, it appears that Archdeacon Manning held in too absolute a sense the right of the Church to be altogether independent of the Civil power, denying alike to Crown and Parliament a share even in the regulation of temporalities; whilst Mr. Gladstone, though fully concurring in Manning's view of the absolute independence of the Church in spiritual matters, yet claims for Parliament and Crown a right of regulation in mixed questions. On this subject Mr. Gladstone wrote as follows:—

I am quite clear that Parliament is not a body competent to conduct the whole legislation of the Church, or any of its legislation, except such as is mixed in its nature, having reference primarily to temporalities. Over these I do think it may claim a right of regulation, though I am not prepared to say an exclusive one. But I cannot take the refuge offered by the other branch of your supposition, namely, the view of Parliament as a purely secular body. I yet hold and feel that kings ought to be nursing fathers of the Church, and that the road from "*separation of Church and State*" to Atheism is, if indirect, yet broad and open.

To put his finger on the central pulse of political and ecclesiastical life; to aid even by a word of counsel spoken in season, in the shaping of things ecclesiastical; to stand

as fellow-worker by the side of the makers of history was to a man of Manning's temperament the keenest of life's delights. It was more—it was a duty. As a believer in churchcraft, as well as in statecraft, Manning held that the interests of the Church he loved so well could be better advanced by action at headquarters than by controversy at Oxford. To the ecclesiastical statesman, what were the subtleties of theology, the study of the Fathers, the claims or disclosures of Catholic antiquity, compared with the unloosing of the locks of action at Westminster? What the effects of Tract 90 towards the revival of Catholic life in the Church of England, compared to the granting by the Crown of self-government to the Church; what the pulpit of St. Mary's, Oxford, to the antechamber of a minister in Downing Street?

Manning set to work with a will in his favourite pursuit; conferred with leading or rising men in the political or literary world; made the acquaintance, at Mr. Gladstone's house, of Harcourt, Archbishop of York, and of Bishop Blomfield of London.[1] But too soon he found out, as Mr. Gladstone had warned him, that little was to be hoped for, even from the Tories, the religious-minded party in the State; still less from the Bench of Bishops, who in contented ease or indifference wore the livery of the State and hugged their chains. The disappointed archdeacon in his despair exclaimed: "We must wait until the existing race of bishops expires."

But Manning never gave up a plan on which his heart was set. If bishops were deaf to his call, or too lazy to move; if a statesman like Sir Robert Peel with Maynooth —the rock of danger in that day—staring him in the face, was afraid to stir or speak on behalf of the Church; if Lord John Russell was lying in wait, eager to pounce again upon the High Church party and renew insults like to that

[1] 13 CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE, 22*nd April* 1841.

MY DEAR MANNING—I see you are coming to town again. On Tuesday the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of London, and Dr. Hook are engaged to dine with us, and if you would come in about nine your company would be very acceptable. . . .—Affectly. yours, W. E. GLADSTONE.

of the Hampden appointment; yet there was still open an appeal to public opinion on behalf of the Church's claim to self-government. Mr. Gladstone had urged upon his friend and fellow-worker the duty of every clergyman to impress upon his flock Catholic principles in regard to Church government, and especially to create in rising men, not only a desire for liberty of the Church, but a sense of its reasonableness. But what could the Archdeacon of Chichester do towards this end? He was a stranger, dependent on the hospitality of churches for a pulpit. He had no foothold of his own in London. A village church and a rural archdeaconry afforded no scope for the work he aimed at. Not in stagnant country life could such a work be accomplished, or even attempted. The preachership of Lincoln's Inn, which was vacant, would have afforded just such an opportunity as Manning stood in need of. It was, however, a prize much coveted. The archdeacon was one of the first and foremost candidates. Mr. Gladstone exerted all his energy and influence on his friend's behalf. James Hope, Thomas Acland and other friends carried on an active canvass. It was a close and exciting contest.[1] The *Record* and its friends, unappeased by his recent Low Church and Gunpowder Plot sermon at Oxford, opposed Manning tooth and nail, with the result that he lost the election. It was a rare disappointment to the archdeacon, for he sorely wanted such a footing in London as the Lincoln's Inn preachership would have given him. In his hands it might have become, if not a centre of profound theological investigations, or of speculative thinking and inquiry, yet a centre of activity to create or promote a new Church polity.[2]

The following letters testify to the deep interest and

[1] "Gladstone has just put me forward for the preachership of Lincoln's Inn. I have canvassed nobody, and, God helping me, never will, nor even ask anything. I should not have consented even thus far, but that I felt I ought to give myself to them that had a right to ask it of me."—Archdeacon Manning's Diary, November (1843).

[2] In a letter to Manning, dated Whitehall, 22nd November 1843, mainly about the absence of vigorous action on the part of Pusey to stop defections, Mr. Gladstone congratulated Manning on standing for the Lincoln's Inn preachership as follows:—"So you are launched for the preachership. God speed you."

activity shown by Mr. Gladstone and James Hope in promoting Manning's canvass for the Preachership. The failure in securing his election was nearly as deep a disappointment to Mr. Gladstone as to Manning himself:—

WHITEHALL, 16*th Nov.* 1843.

MY DEAR MANNING—I write to Hope asking to see him on your letter to-morrow morning, and I send this for his perusal, on its way to the post. In my view it is impossible to learn definitely whether a wish prevails among the Benchers "extensively" for your being put in nomination. Assuming that they are ready to elect you in preference to any other man, still I do not think, at least I do not see, how the inquiry could be carried far enough to obtain such information, without becoming substantially a canvass.

I think we have already that general evidence of a favourable disposition which ought to induce you to proceed, provided some one person in a fashionable position will in the popular phrase take you up. Justice Coleridge's opinion is that we should urge the Vice-Chancellor to declare himself in this sense, he having already spoken favourably; and I should have done this to-day but that the restrained terms of your letter make me doubt whether I am at liberty to do so.

You have already I believe sent or kept men out of the field —Merivale, for example, not to mention Palmer—this of itself goes some way to decide the question—not all, I freely admit.

As to the question of a call to this office, it seems to me that you have every indication of it which can be gathered from special fitness universally allowed, and from highly favourable though as yet immature indications on the part of the electors.

If you are not prepared to let Hope and me go forward on the condition that if the V.C. adopts you, you will declare yourself—write and say so strongly—I will not, however, say it is *impossible* that after a conversation to-morrow we may act for you without waiting.—Affectionately yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

WHITEHALL, 18*th Nov.* 1843.

MY DEAR MANNING—I have just seen the Vice-Chancellor, who announces that he will support you. He agrees in your repudiation of personal canvass. He will see that your name is *bruited* at any meeting of Benchers upon the subject; one had been appointed for next Monday but it is put off. He will also moot the question as occasion may offer. He states that he does not remember any canvass by Bishop Heber or Bishop

Lloyd. He supports you as the best man, and likewise on account of a personal friendship of his; but he strongly holds to the former position. I have therefore now to beg you forthwith to address an official letter to Rt. Hon. Sir J. L. Knight Bruce, Vice-Chancellor, Treasurer to the Hon. Society of Lincoln's Inn, The Priory, Roehampton, London, declaring yourself a candidate.

It is bald and ungracious to say in such a note I shall not canvass; but Hope and I think you may very well imply what is equivalent, and convey that negative by something positive in its immediate form—*e.g.* that having thus placed yourself at the command of the Benchers, you will await their decision with respect; but you are not the man to require instruction, and least of all from me, upon a matter of expression. I thought it well however to give you our idea.

You may take the vacancy for a certainty. Hope will see the V.C. Knight Bruce to-morrow.—Ever affectionately yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

On learning the result of the Lincoln's Inn election, Mr. Gladstone, who, like Manning, was much disappointed at the action of the Benchers, wrote as follows :—

WHITEHALL, 12*th Jan.* 1844.

MY DEAR MANNING—I am sorely disappointed about the Lincoln's Inn Election, the result of which is highly disparaging to the Benchers.

If I could persuade myself that it would have any detrimental effect on your reputation, this is the moment at which I should acutely regret having endeavoured to move you forward in the business. I cannot, however, say that I am under that impression.

But as a benefit missed is sometimes equivalent to an evil inflicted, I do deeply feel the loss of an opportunity of advancing the cause of truth in the Church by an appointment which would also have been, I think and believe it will be admitted, also by far the most honourable to the intellectual character of the Benchers.[1]

Whatever may come of any such matter, your work is appointed for you, and you for it, and none will come between.

I have, however, been guilty of a political error, a false calculation, arising from over-confidence. In this I trust you will pardon me, and believe me always affectionately yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

[1] Mr. Gladstone said quite recently :—"The man so shamefully preferred to Manning by the Benchers left his parish in debt and borrowed a sovereign from the gate-keeper."

WHITEHALL, 15*th Jan.* 1844.

MY DEAR MANNING—I have read your letter with even more of interest and sympathy than usual. Such letters are to be felt, remembered, and pondered, not to be answered. But let me say this. If I expressed a fear as to your reputation, it is not in the view of your reputation as a personal or as a worldly good. But because your character is a part of the property of the Church, and of the Truth in the Church, and must be husbanded for the sake of its association with that truth.

Nor did my miscalculations arise from my being blinded by my personal regard or affection. They arose out of a belief that the Benchers would be guided by comparative fitness. My impressions as to this latter point might be affected by personal motives—but I have found no one who thinks them erroneous or exaggerated.

I have had great pleasure in falling in once more with Charles Wordsworth, who is in town.—Ever affectionately yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Ven. Archdeacon of Chichester.

The year which witnessed Archdeacon Manning's failure to obtain the Lincoln's Inn preachership, witnessed the elevation of his brother-in-law, Archdeacon Wilberforce, to the Bench of Bishops. In the year 1845, he was appointed by the Crown to the See of Oxford, rendered vacant by the promotion of Bishop Bagot. The Wilberforce interest was very great, and Samuel Wilberforce, who was the most distinguished pulpit orator of his day in the Church of England, was very moderate in the expression of his religious opinions. "It was not," as Mr. Gladstone once remarked, "until after he became bishop that Sam Wilberforce developed his High Church views. The prospect of a mitre," added Mr. Gladstone with a smile, "exerts a great restraining power over churchmen." The promotion of Wilberforce set men thinking and talking of Manning's chances of preferment. It was hoped, especially since his recent repudiation of the Oxford Movement, that he might in time live down his early connection with Newman and the Tractarians.

Already indications were not wanting that the way was being made smooth for Manning's promotion. On his being made Bishop of Oxford, Wilberforce resigned the Sub-

almonership to the Queen, which he held under the Archbishop of York; and before the close of the year, through Wilberforce's influence, it was offered to his brother-in-law.

To show in what high esteem Archdeacon Manning was held at that time by such men as F. D. Maurice, the following passage from a letter of his will suffice. The letter was dated "Madeira Vale, Bonchurch, 15th September 1843." After speaking of "much pleasant refreshment both bodily and spiritual," which he enjoyed with Wilberforce during a few days spent at Alverstoke and with Manning at Lavington, Maurice goes on as follows:—

> Manning is one of the completest, perhaps the completest man I ever met with; there are doubtless deficiencies, which completeness itself implies, seeing that the incomplete is that which is ever seeking the infinite and eternal to fill up its hollows; and in him there is logical rotundity which I should not wish for. But it is united with so much appreciation of everything good, such great refinement, tolerance, and kindliness, that I know not where one would look rather for a wise and true bishop in these times.[1]

In public labours of this practical kind, Manning was in his element. He was in active communication with Cabinet ministers. His busy hand was helping to modify or amend the laws of his country. He was working in harmony with men of different and often of conflicting religious opinions in building up the Church, as by law established, at home, and in creating for it a new sphere of action in our Colonial Empire. His eloquent speech and fruitful labours in a common cause were rewarded by public recognition and applause. Whilst, on the other hand, Newman and the Oxford men, engaged in the arduous task of reviving in the English Church a lost faith, or in transmuting the dross of its Thirty-nine Articles into the pure gold of Catholic doctrine, were overwhelmed with abuse from pulpit and platform and in the public press. But concurrently with

[1] Extract from the *Life of Frederick Denison Maurice*, vol. i. p. 350, published by Messrs. Macmillan, 1884; transcribed by the Cardinal in one of his Journals.

his practical and public labours on behalf of the Church Manning was working out his way towards the recovery of Catholic Truth. The *Unity of the Church*, which Mr. Gladstone considers Manning's greatest production, was published in 1842. Speaking three or four years ago, of this sermon, Mr. Gladstone said :—" Manning has never surpassed that work. In writing his 'Life' as an Anglican, you will find in it the best illustration of his religious opinions, though, perhaps, in parts, it is somewhat wanting in depth and solidity." To this eulogy of the *Unity of the Church*, Cardinal Manning remarked : — " Mr. Gladstone has good reason for praising that work ; for it was the best apology I could make for the Anglican Church—and the last. At that time Mr. Gladstone and I were of one mind. The book was affectionately inscribed to him ; but Mr. Gladstone unhappily remains to-day, where I left him in 1842."

In a letter, dated 13 Carlton House Terrace, 30th June 1842, to Manning, Mr. Gladstone made the following remarks on the *Unity of the Church* :—

On Sunday last, however, I was able to read Part III. and my say upon it is easily said—that you have handled that part of the subject, it is manifest, with great felicity as well as with your usual clearness. If you happen to have read the twelfth sermon of Newman's sixth volume, you will have seen that he there unfolds the mitigating and just view of the exclusive principle which you also have given—I mean that you correspond in substance. And I wish for the interests of truth that this had been more sedulously enforced upon public attention by the Oxford writers in the Tracts and other publications with which they have been connected. . . . Hope seemed very much pleased with the general notion of your work; I do not mean that he stumbled at particulars, but he was not, I believe, minutely acquainted with them."

In his Journal, dated 15th November 1888, Cardinal Manning gave the following account of the genesis of this sermon :—

In 1841 I preached the *Unity of the Church* and dedicated it to Gladstone. His letter above referred to speaks of this.

The book arose in this way. His (Gladstone's) book on *Church and State* suggested it as wanting to his argument. The subject of unity was then pressing on us partly by the *Tracts for the Times*, and partly by Dr. Wiseman's Moorfield Lectures and articles in the *Dublin Review*.

The Warden of Merton asked me whether I would undertake the Bampton Lectures. I said, "I would see if I could." This made me read up and write, what is really only the outline of such a course. Events came which made it impossible, and I finished it in haste. The third and last part was done very hastily. It was an honest attempt to justify the position of the Church of England, and to claim for it pastoral succession and sacraments. I do not think there is any anti-Roman declamation or *animus*. It was a case for the defendant, with what reason I could, and without passion. And if there were not an antecedent truth—the mission, prescience, and office of the Holy Ghost—it would not be easily answered. But this wipes it all out.

The establishment of the Jerusalem bishopric under the joint protection of England and Prussia, as the two most prominent Protestant nations, was Bunsen's pet project, in the view of setting up the influence of Prussia in Palestine. That it succeeded only shows once more the essential Protestantism of the ruling authorities and of the Bench of Bishops. Manning, though he still blessed the Reformation and its results in England, viewed with just abhorrence the Protestantism of the Continent. By the establishment of the Jerusalem bishopric, the Church of England was, with the consent of the bishops, and by the act of the State, formally and officially identified with the Protestantism of Prussia. On signing the Thirty-nine Articles, Prussian Ministers of religion whose creed was the Augsburg Confession of Faith, were to be ordained by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Manning appealed to Mr. Gladstone for help and counsel to avert this shame and degradation from the Church of England. The High Church party were thrown into confusion by the action of the bishops. Low Churchmen and Dissenters celebrated as a signal triumph this public identification of the common Protestantism of England and the Continent. The Tractarians, of course, spoke out without fear or hesitation, and denounced the scheme as

committing the Church of England to an act of heresy, to which the bishops were a consenting party. Of the High Church party Mr. Gladstone was perhaps the most active and resolute. To Manning, in a letter, dated London, 30th November 1841, he wrote as follows:—"I should exceedingly desire to go through the whole subject of the Jerusalem bishopric."[1] Manning did his best to aid Mr. Gladstone in opposing the scheme, but their efforts were unavailing.

During these eager years, the Archdeacon of Chichester, in constant communication or contact with leading men in Church and State and letters, made, wherever he went, his influence felt. He conciliated opponents; removed, with far-reaching foresight, obstacles from his path, and made sure the foundations of his future career. To show the range of his social pursuits, it will suffice to say that Archdeacon Manning was in 1844 presented at Court, attended levées and drawing-rooms, visited both Houses of Parliament—or as, later in life, the Cardinal described his first visit to the House of Lords, "Sat on the steps of the throne,"[2] made friends for himself, went out to dinner parties and frequented clubs as eclectic as the Sterling Club. In a word, Manning entered into the world in which his friend Mr. Gladstone lived, and in which his brother-in-law, Sam Wilberforce, fascinated the brilliant society in which he moved and breathed, and to which he preached. In this course of social pleasures, as Cardinal Manning recorded in a Journal, dated 15th January 1882,

There were, however, two things which always checked me. First, all my life I have been always ailing and never failing. I caught cold one late evening at cricket at Harrow. It fell on

[1] In the correspondence which passed between Mr. Gladstone and Archdeacon Manning on the subject of the Jerusalem bishopric, Mr. Gladstone lamented, that all he could effect by way of amendment was to substitute in the formal Act of Agreement, instead of united action between England and Prussia, the words between "the Queen of England and the King of Prussia." This amendment Mr. Gladstone hoped would give to the united action a personal instead of a national character.

[2] I remember sitting on the steps of the throne in the House of Lords and Bishop Blomfield introducing me to the Bishop of New York. It was the Catholic Archbishop Hughes, as I found; but Bishop Blomfield did not know it.—*Cardinal Manning's Journal*, 1878-82.

my chest; and for ten years I suffered severely from asthma. . . . I suspect I have had gout in the stomach all my life: whatever gout means I do not know, but I mean a constant risk of gastric heat and an inability to take the quantity of food common with other men. This gave me always a dislike of long dinners and of dining out. Society at this cost was bought too dear.

The other check upon me was an impatience at the loss of time. My friends used to watch me and laugh when I took my watch out: I had always something saying, "What doest thou here, Elias?"

The time given to society was not time wasted for "Elias," though he may not have known it. His pleasant manners and lively conversation won golden opinions for him wherever he went. Mr. Richmond, the celebrated painter, once told me that at one of Miss Burdett Coutts's (as she was then) famous Thursday dinner parties, consisting of four persons only, Archdeacon Manning and himself met Young, the comic actor, who was much graver than the archdeacon, for Manning kept the table alive by his humorous anecdotes, of which he possessed an almost inexhaustible fund. On that occasion Young said to Mr. Richmond, "I always read with intense delight and edification the archdeacon's sermons, but I am sorry to say he never comes to the theatre to be edified in his turn." Mr. Richmond added, "Mr. Irving, I know, reads to-day with real interest and pleasure Cardinal Manning's writings." When I told this to the Cardinal he was as surprised as he was pleased, and said with his quiet smile, "I thought they all looked upon me as a black sheep."[1]

With his innate love for clubs and their varied society, pleasant ways and sociable talk, which never deserted him to the end of his life, it is not surprising that Manning was a frequenter of one so attractive and select as the Sterling Club. Mr. Gladstone remembers the club well. "We used to meet," he says, "for the purpose of conversation and discussion. Its charm consisted in meeting with men of the most various opinions, and the talk often elicited a manifestation or conflict of antagonistic principles. Wilber-

[1] See an autobiographical Note, dated 1890, in Vol. II., for Cardinal Manning's final judgment on theatres.

force and Manning, and my brother-in-law Lyttelton, and Copley Fielding and Thirlwall were members." [1]

In a letter to S. F. Wood, undated, Manning said, "Yesterday I was elected a member of the Sterling Club, I suppose to give it a dash of theology." At the club he made friends with Maurice and Sterling, with both of whom he afterwards kept up a correspondence. With Thirlwall and Arnold and others of that school whom he met at the club Manning had no sympathy, for he was not a speculative thinker, and was never troubled with doubt, philosophic or religious.

In a letter to R. Chenevix Trench, dated 15th June 1839, S. Wilberforce says:—"At the Sterling Club we had Sterling, Lord Adare, Lyttelton, Blakesley, Colvil, Spedding, Pollock, etc. I thought there was a certain *brusquerie* about Sterling's manner which took off the pleasure of a first meeting. But many things spoke of substantial kindness. I hope he has misconveyed himself to H. E. Manning, for Manning identifies him in some very painful points with the Rationalism of Germany." [2]

Manning, however, was not misled in his judgment, for in conversations at Rome in 1838, as well as in the following letter to Manning, Sterling made an open profession of scepticism:—

CLIFTON, 2*nd January* 1840.

MY DEAR MANNING—I was extremely glad to hear from you, and of course much the more from the great kindness of your letter. . . I am very glad that you have been able to recur with interest to any of our conversations at Rome. There was much in my share of them which I do not think of without some self-blame. But on the whole, I maintained what I have been led earnestly to hold as truth, and tried to assert honestly what had been honestly come by. I see clearly the necessity in many, and in some most valuable minds, for a scheme of belief and practice more compact and sharp, and above all more positively enacted and patented than any that I can assent to. And as truth cannot be incoherent, such schemes appear to me not

[1] Among the original members of the Sterling Club was Charles Butler the well-known Catholic writer of that day.

[2] *Life of Bishop Wilberforce*, 1st ed. vol. i. p. 154.

denials of the principles which command and fill my reason and feelings, but accommodations thereof to the use of those whose kind of cultivation and whose practical pursuits are different from those allotted to me. Slight and vague as this statement is, you must excuse it as being the nearest approval to a thought that I have ventured to put on paper for the last two months. I have lately been foolish enough—I really now regard it as a folly—to print a small volume of poems.

I shall have great pleasure in calling on your friend at Madeira, and doing my best to derive enjoyment and profit from his society. You know, however, the chance that most persons of the class you assign him to, may, unless peculiarly indulgent, recoil from me as one of the profane. I seldom fail to remember how excusable all such judgments of me are, and I hope I shall avoid giving any more occasion for them than is absolutely inevitable.—At all events pray believe me, very cordially yours,

JOHN STERLING.

On Sterling's death in 1844, Archdeacon Hare wrote a Memoir of his former curate at Hurstmonceaux. On its publication the *Record* made a fierce and furious attack on the Sterling Club, which it declared was founded to commemorate the Rationalistic unbelief of John Sterling. The members of the club were denounced as sharing the irreligious principles of the man in whose honour it was founded. Archdeacon Manning was singled out by name.

In speaking of the origin of the club and its name, Mr. Gladstone said:—

It was called the Sterling Club, not in honour of John Sterling, but because he was its first and most prominent member, and because we were all supposed in some way or other to be *sterling* men. The attacks and insinuations of the *Record*, however, eventually killed the club. Manning was the first who thought it prudent to withdraw his name, then Wilberforce and others. We endeavoured to keep it together. It was removed to another locality, where it lingered on for a few years.

In those days to be suspected of "Germanising views"—which[1] Hugh James Rose was the first to denounce in England

[1] Dr. Pusey defended German theology against Mr. Rose; but later on recanted his views and, as far as he could, suppressed his own books. To the last he felt anxious as to "their untoward influence." "In his will, dated 19th November 1875, he desires the two books on *The Theology of Germany* should not be republished" (Canon Liddon's *Life of Dr. Pusey*, vol. i. p. 176).

as essentially rationalistic and leading to unbelief—was almost fatal to a man's reputation, and not in the religious world only. To belong to a club, in which "Germanising views" were supposed to be entertained, was a mark against a man somewhat akin to that in the social world of that day—if I may be pardoned the comparison—of being seen smoking a cigar in the morning.

After one of his frequent excursions in those days into what he himself calls "the bewildering life of London," Archdeacon Manning, suffering perhaps from reaction in the silence and solitude of Lavington, put himself through a severe course of self-examination, especially in regard to the motives of his actions; and for lack of a confessor—for he had not as yet chosen one for himself—confesses his temptations, his weaknesses, and his ambitions in the pages of his private Diary. His confessions show a very sensitive and scrupulous conscience and a God-fearing spirit. The self-examination in some instances is so prolonged and minute as to be almost morbid. A judicious spiritual director would have saved Archdeacon Manning from much self-torture springing out of a, perhaps, too constant and morbid introspection.

At this time the question of ecclesiastical preferment seems to have seriously disturbed his mind. In order to show—under his own seal, as it were—what was passing through Archdeacon Manning's mind, exciting his heart or troubling his conscience, I cannot do better than recite the following passages from his Diary.

Almost the first entry—I mean the first of the entries left standing, for pages after pages have been cut out—is as follows:—

13*th December* 1845.—I feel wonderfully lone. God knows I long to be satisfied with His presence.

Then follow these reflections and self-accusations:—

I am pierced by anxious thoughts. God knows what my desires have been and are, and why they are crossed. How did I strive to find His will to be as my will, and to make a way of

escape from His hand upon me. But a fear has held me, so that I dare not go on.

.

I am flattering myself with a fancy about depth and reality.

Then follows what almost seems like a life-and-death struggle between ambition and self-denial:—

4th December 1845.—This evening I found the Archbishop of York's letter offering me the office of Sub-almoner.

8th December.—As to this appointment the arguments are—

For.	*Against.*
1. That it comes unsought.	1. Not therefore to be accepted. Such things are trials as well as leadings.
2. That it is honourable.	2. Being what I am, ought I not therefore to decline it— (1) As humiliation. (2) As revenge on myself for Lincoln's Inn. (3) As a testimony?
3. That it is an opening to usefulness.	3. All I have is pre-engaged.
4. That it may lead to more.	4. Therefore, at least for that reason, not to be accepted. It is a sphere of temptation to which I am akin, and have been.
5. That it has emolument.	5. But this is dearly bought with five sacred days, and anything ethically wrong.
6. That I owe it to my friends.	6. Supposing the reasons good.
7. That it is due to the archbishop.	7. The same.

Now the negative reasons are—

1. That I ought not for my own, and for my flock's sake, to be absent on the feasts, especially Passion Week and Easter.

2. That I ought to keep out of temptations.

3. That I owe to myself, and to my Master, at least one denial, and I have never denied myself.

4. That Lincoln's Inn affair makes such a withdrawal right, especially in one who is perhaps too aspiring.

5. That it will be somewhat out of tone with my words and line, or might be thought so.

6. That a willingness to be preferred would perhaps affect unfavourably some who are drawn to me because I am as I am. My work, if anywhere, is *in eremo*.

7. That anything which complicated my thoughts and position may affect the *indifference* with which I wish to resolve my mind on the great issue. Visions of a future certainly would.

8. That to keep aloof brings a man more simply and nearly to the Head of the Church—to be disposed of directly.

9. That to leave my altar at the feasts is a bad public example to the archdeaconry.

10. That the contracting two new relations—(1) to the office, and (2) to the archbishop—might make me less free to act and speak.

After a week's anxious deliberation and careful balancing the pros and cons about the office of Sub-almoner, Manning resolves to refuse the Archbishop of York's offer.

I have made up my mind, and will put down my reasons to-night, and, please God, write to-morrow to decline the offer.

1. I ought not to be away from my altar at the feasts, especially the Easter communion—

For the sakes—(1) Of my flock.
(2) Of my brethren.
(3) Of my own.

2. I am afraid of venturing out of the Church into the Court. It is a μετάβασις εἰς ἀλλογενεῖς. The first point in the line, and therefore involves the whole principle. If I am to go, then I shall be called again, not less surely for having now refused.

My course has been afar off, and I have seen a stronger man than I damaged. "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging."

3. I owe myself a revenge for Lincoln's Inn, and a greater denial than this.

4. I have *prayed* against "pride, vanity, envy, jealousy, rivalry, and ambition," but have done nothing to attain humility.

5. I would fain simply deny myself as an offering to Him who pleased not Himself, and perhaps in a distinction and an honour having worldly estimation, such a denial is better for me than in money and the like.

6. I would fain cross my inclinations.

Now in all this Satan tells me I am doing it to be thought mortified and holy; or out of pride, as wishing to slight what others value and assume I should gladly accept.

After this minute self-dissection, this careful and prolonged balancing of arguments and counter-arguments, and after a final decision arrived at out of the deepest religious motives, it would seem all but impossible for Archdeacon Manning to go back upon himself. He had fought the good fight; he had won the crown. And yet, on returning to his friends in London, he was once more, as he calls it, "caught up in the whirl of the actual," and accounted himself a fool for having lost a great opportunity in declining the Sub-almonership, not for its own sake, but for what it might lead to.

Returning from the wilderness of hopes and ambitions, of worldly motives and associations which beset his heart or entangled his feet in London, Manning has again recourse to his Diary, that most patient of confessors:—

I am ashamed of myself for having allowed the return of so many doubts and disappointed feelings. I have, since I left home, been deprived of my supports; have not found others confirm my view. The associations of the world came about me, and made me feel that I had played the fool and lost a great opportunity, &c. I cannot deny that in the region of the world, even of the fair, not irreligious, view of self-advancement, also of command and precepts, I have made a mistake.

But in the region of counsels, self-chastisement, humiliation, self-discipline, penance, and of the Cross, I think I have done right.

Yet great humility alone can keep me from being robbed of all this.

To learn to say no, to disappoint myself, to choose the harder side, to deny my inclinations, to prefer to be less thought of, and to have fewer gifts of the world, this is no mistake, and is most like the Cross. Only with humility. God grant it to me.

Feast of St. Paul.

On this subject, which appears to have weighed very heavily on his soul, Archdeacon Manning wrote two letters, one addressed to his mother, telling her, as a consolation for

the step he had taken, that duty forbade his leaving his own altar during holy seasons; the other to Robert Wilberforce, in which, under the seal of confession, he assigned "fear of secularity" as the real reason for his refusing the office of Sub-almoner.

After a time, not being able to rid his heart of disappointment and vexation at having refused a preferment which would have made him look greater in the eyes of others, Manning, in restlessness or remorse or both, returns to his meditations and confessions:—

Therefore, mistake or no, it is a good thing I have mortified my vanity. It is good I am susceptible of vexation, and regret that I should feel it; without trying to bolster myself up by expectations or complacency with myself. I have been both ambitious and designing, and it is good for me to be disappointed by the act of others as in Lincoln's Inn, and by my own as now.

It is hard to know exactly what is *the* or the chief motive on which we act. I believe I did refuse it on the reasons I wrote down. Yet something tells me I should not have refused it if I had not been alone. Yet I ought, if that reason be good now.

Could I be content to live and die no more than I am? I doubt it. And yet in some ways I feel more so now than in time past. But that is because I am complacent over my books.

30th January.

His Diary shows how Archdeacon Manning's heart was stirred to its depths at the thought that, in refusing the office of Sub-almoner to the Queen,[1] he had lost or delayed his chance of elevation to the Bench of Bishops, for a fortnight later there is the following entry:—

The highest obligation I have is to my flock, and the highest season of it is Easter.

The bishops of the Church must give a fearful account in the Day of Judgment. It is only our unbelief, vanity, πλεονεξία that makes us fear that office so little.

Here a page in the Diary is removed. Then it proceeds:—

[1] The Queen's Almoner, the Archbishop of York, was too old to discharge the office; its duties fell to the Sub-almoner. The vacancy was caused by the bestowal of a mitre on S. Wilberforce.

. . . Have been really resting on other props, stays, and comforts, either present or to come. The great question is: Is God enough for you *now?* And if you are as now, even to the end of life, will it suffice you? I do hope I am feeling my way to more perfect deadness. No doubt this is one thing God is teaching me by this event.

It is difficult exactly to say what I am resting upon. I think it is partly the esteem of others, chiefly founded on what I have written; and on expectation of something to come.

Suppose I were left here alone, or with an uncomfortable neighbour; that my books were to leave off selling, and I were publicly attacked; that the prospect of elevation were at an end, and that nothing were left me but to stay myself on God in prayer and parish work—should I feel as I do now? If God were really my stay now, I should. But I think I should not do so, and therefore I doubt whether He is so.

It is very hard to try this question when things prosper round us.

Certainly I would rather choose to be stayed on God, than to be in the thrones of the world and the Church.

Nothing else will go into eternity.

15*th* (*February* 1846).

The self-revelations contained in his Diary bear witness in the most striking manner to the supernatural side of Manning's character. His vivid faith, his trust in God, obedience to the Divine Will, are made manifest in the struggles which he endured; the temptations which he suffered; and in the victory which he obtained over self. Much as he may have loved "the thrones of the world and the Church," it is clear that his deliberate will and desire was "to be stayed on God."

The next entry in his Diary has almost a pathetic touch about it:—

Yesterday morning I had a letter from Burns for a 5th edition of my first volume. This will carry me through 1846, please God; and I now feel at rest. It was great want of faith to be so disturbed.

I feel to be in His hands, and He will provide for me, as in this, so in everything.

Returning from one of his periodical visits to London, Manning made the following entry in his Diary:—

I came home from London last night after three weeks very ill spent.

My life there was irregular, indiscreet, and self-indulgent. [Two lines are here expunged.] Somehow I had thought before I went to London that the prospects of elevation would have drawn me under their power.

But I came home more estranged from the thought of being raised to any higher place than I went.[1]

This is the *first year* I have found this to be so. Usually I have been powerfully drawn into the whirl of the actual.

Lavington, 5th July 1846.

Thus ended, at any rate for a time, this protracted struggle, occasioned by the offer of the Sub-almonership—between, on the one side, ambition, vanity, desire for elevation, expectation of something to come, as he calls it, and, on the other, self-denial, self-mortification, humility, and trust in God. This passage in Manning's Diary is as edifying as it is interesting, for it lays bare, as in the sight of God, a human heart struggling with its temptations; the courageous wrestlings of a strong man with his own nature; a life-and-death struggle between the natural and the supernatural.

Such wrestlings with nature do not end in a day, but endure for a lifetime.[2]

[1] And in the heat of the struggle, echoing in his heart came the noble aspiration, recorded in his Diary,—"Certainly I would rather choose to be stayed on God, than to be in the thrones of the world and the Church."

[2] In the text I have followed the contemporary testimony given by Archdeacon Manning in his Diary as to the motives which influenced his mind and conduct on his appointment as Archdeacon of Chichester. But Manning, as cardinal in 1882, put on record in the following autobiographical Notes an account or explanation of his aims and motives which, far from acknowledging that he was as archdeacon "ambitious and designing and desirous of elevation," points the other way:—"This appointment was, I believe, the first revival of any thought of an ecclesiastical future, which was talked of, and written about, and bragged about me perpetually; and my known intimacy with all the younger men of my own standing, then entered into public life, made people prophesy and take for granted that I was thinking what they thought, and aiming at what they looked for. So far as I knew and can recall, I never put myself in the way of it. . . . I used to be sent for to public meetings and to preach in London. But as far as I can recall, I never did an act to seek for ecclesiastical advancement." In another Note the cardinal said:—"In 1840 I became Archdeacon of Chichester. This at once brought me into the world in Sussex and in London. I preached often in London, and took part in the chief public meetings. . . . I then

went to levées and drawing-rooms, and dined out, and went to the House of Commons." . . . Again :—"I stood upon the threshold of the world, into which Samuel Wilberforce was plunged to his last hour, and every one about me bade me go onward. What kept me back? God alone. The conviction that I should lose singleness of eye in the atmosphere of the world—this kept me back. But was not this a light of the Holy Ghost? that is, of God himself? . . . And yet there was a time, from 1840 to 1849, when I might have been plunged into it." The difference between the earlier and later statements seems to be this: that Archdeacon Manning in his humility and remorse confesses to have been led astray for a time, from 1841 to 1846, by ambitious and secular desires; whereas Cardinal Manning explains that he might have been plunged into secularity, but was not, because the Holy Ghost enabled him to resist the temptation.

CHAPTER XIV

A HOLIDAY—WARD'S DEGRADATION—THE MAYNOOTH GRANT

1844–1846

In the autumn of 1844 Archdeacon Manning enjoyed a well-earned holiday, seeking refreshment and recreation in a tour through Normandy, and a visit to Paris. In striking contrast to his visit to Catholic countries later on, in 1847-48, in this visit to Normandy Manning looked on the outside only of things Catholic. He describes the beauty of the churches, or their antiquity, or the style of the building, or notes their defects, as in St. Jaques, Dieppe, "The paltry deal pewing, some locked," or points out resemblances to English cathedrals; for instance, "The north-east corner of north transept window in Rouen Cathedral like Salisbury"; or records historical facts, "Richard Cœur de Lion's heart is in this Norman church," in that "William the Conqueror's grave";[1] or describes how this church was mutilated by the French Revolution, and that desecrated and secularised. Unlike the Manning of 1848, the Archdeacon of Chichester in 1844 did not look beneath the surface; did not inquire of monks and priests the meaning of things he looked at; did not, as afterwards in 1848, kneel in worship before the Blessed Sacrament or at Mass. Once only is to be found an entry so familiar in his Diary of 1848, "*Salut* at St. Ouen, Rouen, Oct. 18"; and one allusion to worship, "At night, 8 o'clock, went into St. Ouen. Moon through east window; a few lights in the church;

[1] "*Abbaye aux hommes.* William the Conqueror's grave. Lanfranc first abbot."—Archdeacon Manning's Contemporary Journal.

people at private prayers. Rouen, Sept. 27." Unlike, too, the Manning of 1848, in religious or ecclesiastical discussions in hotels, clubs, or on board the boat, Manning in 1844 took not the Catholic, but the Protestant side of the argument. In going up the Seine by steam from Havre to Paris, Manning, in his Journal, gives the following account:—

On board the boat I met a priest of Sens. He argued for liberty of conscience; persuasion the only argument, force the worst; defended the French persecution of Protestants on the ground that the Government touched nobody for religion, but for politics in self-defence—*i.e.* our defence of Queen Elizabeth and Catholics.

I said, "The Protestants armed in self-defence; all they asked was passive liberty."

A Frenchman standing by said, "They wanted a reform, not a revolution." The conversation drew a crowd, and I drew off.

Another Frenchman told me that the priests in France were respected so long as they kept to their functions, but that when they went beyond them, they were immediately opposed; that continually the mind of the country is withdrawing further from them.

From Dieppe Manning wrote the following letter to his mother:—

DIEPPE, 26*th September* 1844.

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I begin a letter to you from this place, and shall probably take it with me to Rouen.

When I got to the pier yesterday I found that the boats only go to Dieppe, so I sent back a card by my porter, which I hope came safely. I found Lord Cantilupe and two other people I know among the passengers. We had a very good passage, and got in by a quarter past eight. The entrance to Dieppe in a bright moonlight was very beautiful. The outline of the town was very irregular and unlike ours. I am comfortably housed in a clean hotel near the landing. To-day, after going about the town, I walked off into the country to St. Martin's Eglise, a village about 3 or 4 miles off, and then across to D'Arques, by which I have seen more of the common state of people than before. The churches are ill kept, and seem very poor; they are miserably ventilated, and patched up with all manner of materials. There is hardly any enormity

we have committed that they have not greatly exceeded; which is cold comfort after all. The priest's house at St. Martin's Eglise was literally a poor man's cottage, and no good one. The churchyard was full of apple trees in fruit.

I shall go to meet the steamboat this evening, hoping to find Henry Wilberforce. To-morrow I have taken my place at eight in the morning for Rouen.

ROUEN, 27*th September.*

Henry came safely over last night, and we have just arrived here at about one o'clock, after a pleasant drive. I waited yesterday evening at the *quai* till I thought everybody out of the packet; but Henry was still on board, and I very nearly went away. We shall stay here certainly until to-morrow evening, and then perhaps go to Paris, that is if we have seen what we wish, if not, we shall stay till Monday, and then go to Caen. Direct to the *Poste-restante*, Rouen. God bless you, my dearest mother, you are just now going to the railroad. I hope you will have a comfortable journey. I wish I could have taken you. As soon as I can I hope to come to Reigate, and see you comfortably settled in your new home, which I think of with constant pleasure.—Your most affectionate son,

H. E. MANNING.

At Paris, Manning met Bishop Luscombe, and dined with him and Archdeacon Keating. In visiting the churches Manning confines his remarks to architectural or historical points. There is no allusion to Catholic worship, or to his taking part in it. During this tour he was for a time accompanied by W. Dodsworth, and also by George Ryder and his wife, one of Manning's sisters-in-law.

Earlier in the same autumn Manning went to Wales to attend the laying of the first stone of a church at Pantassa, dedicated to St. David. The late Lord Denbigh, then Lord Feilding, and his first wife were friends of the Archdeacon of Chichester, who was their confessor and spiritual director. The church was to be built by Lord and Lady Feilding as a joint thanks-offering. In his Journal Manning says:—

6*th Aug.*—Left Lavington. 8th Aug., went with Dodsworth to Downing, then to Pantassa for the laying of the first stone of St. David's Church; met at the Schools about 60 clergy, Bishop and Dean of St. Asaph's; long procession—banners, cross, stars, *fleur-de-lis* green and blue, vestments crimson, cross

gold—leading up a green lane into a field with broken ground, and a high hill looking down upon it; the clergy went first, with choir chaunting the *Te Deum* in Welsh. Lord and Lady Feilding laid the stone, Lord Feilding read the copy of the inscription. The bishop said a few words, then Mr. Pugh and Mr. Owen in Welsh. Very strange and striking to hear a priest in the open air, and in a surplice, speaking in an unknown tongue.

The influence of Tractarianism had made itself felt in 1844, as we see, even in Wales, and emboldened the High Church party to form processions in the open air, unfold its banners, and, wisely making use of the Welsh tongue, seek to captivate the people, enamoured alike of music and their own language, by preaching and chanting their Church hymns in Welsh.

In the following passage of his Journal, Manning likens the passing away of a thunderstorm and of natural darkness at the moment of laying the first stone of St. David's Church, to the lifting up of the moral darkness of a people enshrouded by religious error at the rising of the sun of Anglicanism, pure and undefiled:—

A thunderstorm came on, gathered and formed in a way and advanced, black and close; then lifted up, and the sun came from beneath it; then it wheeled about and went off, "lifted up its hands and fled away." A strong gust blew over just as the stone was laying. . . . All the afternoon crowds in the park. Children, games, and balloons.

About six years after the laying the first stone, but before the church was completed or dedicated to Protestant worship, Lord and Lady Feilding became Catholics; and, troubled in conscience about devoting the church which they had built on their own land to the services of the Anglican Church, consulted Archdeacon Manning, as being fully and intimately acquainted with the motives which had induced them to build the church, as well as with all the details of the case. His judgment was, that, as owners of the building, they were bound in conscience not to hand it over to the services of a Church in which

they no longer believed and had formally renounced, but to devote it to Catholic uses.

The rest of the month Manning, accompanied by Dodsworth, devoted to travelling in Scotland. Of this journey there is nothing noteworthy to record. The learned Archdeacon of Chichester knew little or nothing of, or at any rate paid no heed to, the ancient glories of the Catholic Church in Scotland—before the Reformation so conspicuous for its apostolic fervour—beyond the architectural beauties of churches and monasteries, too many of them mutilated or laid in ruins by John Knox and his followers, or by the mob instigated to fanaticism by itinerant preachers, or by those self-appointed ministers of religion—to be found in England as well as in Scotland—whom Sydney Smith wittily described as unconsecrated cobblers.

The poet, with his far-reaching vision, sees things unseen of the duller eye of preacher, philosopher, or statesman. Thus it came to pass that Walter Scott, by his deeper insight into, and appreciation of, the ancient glories of the Church, especially in Scotland, prepared the way for the revival of Catholic truth and the ancient religion in England. Newman, made susceptible by the fervour of his imagination, caught the sacred flame from Scott,[1] and passed on the fiery cross, until the hearts of many in England were touched and softened, and under Newman's inspiration and leadership, turned once more in love and trust to the faith of their forefathers. Manning, lacking imagination that quickens insight into the real nature of things, had to await the result of the slower processes of reason and experimental experience before he, too, recognised the truth and glory of the Church.

A note or two from Manning's Journal will suffice. On 10th August he terminated his visit to Lord and Lady Fielding, and accompanied by "Dodsworth, Mr. Wray, and Hubbard," started for the north.

Left Carlisle ¼ to 10. Scotch mist on the Border. The

[1] Of Newman it is recorded that in his early boyhood he was in the habit of hiding a volume of Walter Scott's under his pillow at night, and waking up at daybreak eagerly devour it.

rising up into the mountains fine, bleak; Clyde and Falls, soft. Then a beautiful wooded ravine spoilt by New Lanark. Glasgow 5.30, Bishop's, Fordan Hill, Partick. 12th, preached at St. Mary, St. Luke xix. 41, 2; evening at Bpt.'s, L. xiii. The old cathedral a fine 1st Pointed, cruciform, tower and spire at intersection, clerestory; double lancet over nave, single over choir, aisle, transept. The cemetery on a hanging wooded hill. John Knox's monument.

John Knox elicited no comment, good, bad, or indifferent, from the High Church archdeacon. His remarks are mostly confined to a description of the natural beauties of Scotland, and the fine architecture of its ancient churches:—

Scotland is the land of lights, shadows, and colours. The first ascent from Inverness to Loch Garry is nearly 70 miles. The road at first cultivated, then wilder. Scotch firs and fruit like their mountains, heather and granite. Wide river-beds, then green morasses and streams winding away. Always three or four horizons, mist-broken, and three or four shadows, lights, and colours. Sunshine and storm, clear blue and cloud; light showers and black and lowering sky. Rainbows and prismatic colours entangled in mist.

After visiting the Druid's Temple at Beauly, Archdeacon Manning

went to Forres . . . then turned off to the south-east into a richly-cultivated country, and went up a hill; from the brow looked down into a valley wooded on both sides, and a stream. The convent of Pluscarden stands half-way against the north hill, open to the sun all day, and sheltered from the north wind. It stands in gardens and orchards, which show the culture of old days, rich, green, fresh, luxuriant. They were evidently the convent grounds and gardens. The situation of loneliness and peace most consoling.

Here follows a pen-and-ink sketch of the church:—

The style Early English, and the Decorated supervening. Wonderful varieties. South transept gable splayed down. The choir north and south, an archway with emblem on it—two angels holding a monstrance. *Memento mori* in moss on a stone. A lovely, lonely, cloistered place.

On 28th August is the following entry:—

Dodsworth and I parted—he to London, I to Edinburgh. The irregularity like Naples against St. Elmo.

The view from Holyrood is thus described:—

When the night closed, the lights were sprinkled like fireflies coming into Florence. 29th. Walked up to Arthur's Seat; too cloudy for the view; but the hill and rock very fine; St. Anthony's Chapel. . . . Then Durham; cathedral massive and towering. York Minster massive and beautiful. . . .

LONDON, *1st September*, 9.5.

On his return to Lavington, Manning resumed his active pastoral work among his scattered flock of shepherds and agricultural labourers, who looked upon him with reverence and love, not only as a pastor, but as a personal friend. With the happy activity of his untiring pen, he has left a record, which I found among his papers, of the dying days of an old shepherd of Graffham, under the title, "Shepherd's Talk." I will recite it here as a specimen of the Rector of Lavington's pastoral work and ministrations:—

SHEPHERD'S TALK.

In December 1844 Mrs. Long, wife of an old shepherd living in Graffham, came to me and said that her husband had taken to his bed, and that his deafness, always great, was so much worse that they could hardly make him hear. I gave her a print of the Good Shepherd, and said, "Give him this book from me." She said, "He can't read." I said "I knew that, but give it to him from me."

I went that afternoon and found the print on his bed. I took it up, he reached out after it and said, "That's mine." I said, "Do you know what it is?" He said, "Yes, yes—the lost sheep—that's me." I put my hand round my head to signify the crown of thorns. He said, "Yes, the crown of thorns," and turned his head over on the pillow and sobbed.

Some days after he said to me, "I hope I shall just walk in"; that is, to the fold. Another day he took it up, and pointing to the crown of thorns said, "That's what cuts me most of all," and turned over and sobbed.

I went to him in the January following to administer the holy sacrament. As I gave him the paten I saw something on his neck or throat. At last I saw it was the print. After the Holy

Sacrament I asked his wife when he had asked for it. She said, "As soon as it was light." I took it up and he said, "I haves it most days." He then said, "I hope He will have me like that," —the sheep on His shoulders—I said, "He has you like that. 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' He does not wait for the lost sheep to come to Him, but He goes out to seek till He finds it." He said, "No, no, He don't wait for he to come to He, but He goes after he; and I hope I shall not give Him much trouble." Long had been a shepherd on the South Downs all his life; and had had trouble enough in seeking the sheep that wandered and were lost. He then took up the print and said, "I shall be glad to see that Man."

That night he died.

A year or two before this date, Manning had been very much interested in a scheme of S. F. Wood's for the foundation of a Home for Fallen Women, of whose sad lot he gave a pathetic picture. Manning promised to preach a sermon on the subject, and enlist the sympathy of the charitable. Wood unhappily died before he carried out his work.[1] In the year following his friend's death, 1844, Manning delivered a sermon in which he described with touching and tender pathos the early and innocent life, and then the unholy revel and miserable deathbed, of fallen women. The following passages from this sermon, preached at St. George's-in-the-Fields in support of the Magdalen Hospital, illustrate the persuasive power of Manning's eloquence:—

God alone is witness of the groanings which are breathed unknown, and the burning tears which are shed in the very depths of impurity. What harrowing recollections of faces dearly loved, last seen in anguish, of the fresh years of early childhood, and the hopes and joys and fair prospects of an innocent and gentle life all scarred and blasted come back upon

[1] S. F. Wood's death is not recorded or even alluded to by Archdeacon Manning; but, in a letter to Dr. Pusey, dated Littlemore, 22nd April 1844, on the death of his daughter Lucy, Newman said,—"The 22nd of April is a day of special memories for me. That day, last year, was the date of dear Wood's departure; and the year before, of our coming here." There is a letter of S. F. Wood's to Manning, written in pencil just before his death, in which he said,—"My doctor holds out no hope. I have no organic disease but am slowly wasting away, as was the case with one you know of." The allusion is to the death of Manning's wife.

them in the hours of unholy revel, to be their mockery and torment. No eye but His can read the visions of home and happy days which rise upon their desolate hearts in the tumult and darkness of these crowded streets, and the agonising dreams of a blessedness no longer theirs, by which their broken sleep is haunted. None other but He can know what unutterable agony goes up by day and by night from the loathsome chambers and the pestilential dens in which these homeless, hopeless, decaying mortals hide themselves in misery to die. And what a death is the death of a harlot. When the baffled heart wanders in dreams of sickness to die in the home of its birth, and wakes up from the happiness of delirium to madden itself again in the sights and sounds which harass its miserable deathbed; when the eye strains itself in vain for the vision of a mother's pitying face, and the ear is sick with listening for the coming of brother, husband, child, whose footfall shall never be heard again. Then comes death, and after death the judgment and the Great White Throne on which He sitteth, from Whose face both heaven and earth shall flee away. Lamb of God that takest away the sin of the world, have mercy upon them and upon us in that day!

In those combative days, however, of religious controversy, Manning was not long allowed to live in peace. He was once more called upon to take sides—to vote for or against Ward's degradation at Oxford. There were three courses open to the Archdeacon of Chichester: he might vote against Ward with the Evangelicals, or for him with the High Church party and the Tractarians, or remain neutral, as he did at the election for the professorship of poetry.

I need not enter into the details of this stirring conflict and controversy between Ward and the Oxford authorities, as the whole case has been stated with singular ability by Mr. Wilfrid Ward in the Life of his distinguished father. Suffice it to say that Ward's book, *Ideal of a Christian Church*, from the moment of its publication, excited the fiercest controversy. It was assailed by the Low Church party with bitterness and abuse. Many High Churchmen, like Mr. Gladstone and Dean Hook, looked at it with suspicion or fear. Many more, like Manning, condemned the audacity of its arguments or shrank with apprehension

from its far-reaching but logical conclusions. The work, if paradoxical in places and purposely made more startling than the argument required, was a bold, powerful, and closely-reasoned statement against the Anglican system both in theory and practice. The crux of Ward's offence was his treatment of the Thirty-nine Articles. Newman had declared in Tract 90 that the Articles were susceptible of a Catholic interpretation. Ward went further, and put upon them a "non-natural" interpretation. To this view Newman objected strongly.

The sensation caused by Ward's book reached its climax when the authorities of Oxford brought forward proposals for his degradation.

The judicious and venerable Archdeacon of Chichester naturally had no sympathy with Ward or his book. Ward was a lover of warfare, but he was as open and candid as the day, and honest to his finger-tips; bold, extravagant, impetuous, fond of pushing things to extremes. Manning, on the other hand, was a lover of peace, cautious in thought and deliberate in action, in manner reserved, mild of speech, and averse to speaking his whole mind. He looked upon the propositions in Ward's book not only as risky in the extreme and provoking beyond measure by their audacity, but as untenable.

The publication of such a book, at such a moment, seemed to the Archdeacon of Chichester the work of a firebrand, flinging a lighted torch among the most combustible of materials. No wonder that Manning at the time regarded Ward and his work as alike rude and uncouth. Ward, on his part, held in supreme contempt—I do not say Manning, for I do not know whether Ward had any acquaintance with him or his writings, or line of action [1]—but men of the moderate and judicious type Manning represented.[2]

The *Ideal Church* was published in the summer of 1844,

[1] Cardinal Manning in his Journal, dated 25th August 1889, says, "Ward I never saw till the time of his degradation."

[2] "When I hear men called judicious I suspect them, but when they are called judicious and venerable they are scoundrels."—WARD.

and Mr. Gladstone, at once taking alarm, consulted with Manning, who was much shocked at the tone, style, and method of Ward's book, as to the policy of its immediate repudiation, before mischief was done and the University authorities aroused.

In a letter dated 14th November 1844, Mr. Gladstone wrote to Manning as follows:—

I have been writing an article on Ward's book, avoiding almost entirely his theology, but severely censuring his rash methods of decision and censure without examination. I intend to offer it to the *Quarterly*, but I should be very desirous to have your judgment on it.

Again, in another letter, dated Sunday, 17th November 1844, is the following passage:—

I have done my article on Ward, it is to go to Lockhart, but I cannot form an idea whether he will be afraid of it. Nothing but the publication of such a book would have put me in case to offer an article on such a subject to the *Quarterly*, I was anxious you should see it.

In another letter to Manning, dated 23rd November 1844, Mr. Gladstone writes:—

You should not fail to read Oakeley's remarkable letter in the *English Churchman*, he calls Ward's a wonderful book, but I confess I think it partly wonderful in a different sense for its temerity and harsh judgments upon insufficient grounds. The ἦθος of it is, to me, very, very far below that of Oakeley or of Newman.

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Lockhart inserts my article; but has certain amendments to suggest, I look much for your aid about it. I have done it, God knows, conscientiously. And I think Mr. Ward deserves to be well whipped for his mode of going to work: my object is, while handling that sharply, to deal quietly with his opinions, and to say nothing that can estrange his friends.

I wonder what the Oxford wiseacres will do with him. After the affair of Pusey's Sermon one cannot but tremble; but may God avert this mischief.

Manning, after reading it, expressed his full concurrence with Mr. Gladstone's article on Ward, which, after much

pruning and cutting down by Lockhart, the editor of the *Quarterly*, finally appeared.[1] Mr. Gladstone, acting on Manning's advice, submitted to all degrees of mutilation, rather than forgo the opportunity of attacking Ward's book in the *Quarterly*. Both he and Manning appear from the correspondence to have much undervalued Ward's intellectual power, and were surprised to learn that, as Mr. Gladstone informed Manning, "Lockhart is much struck with the talent of Ward's book."

But of infinitely more vital importance than Mr. Gladstone's somewhat crude criticisms of Ward in the *Quarterly Review* was the action taken by the Hebdomadal Board at Oxford, on whose "new and formidable freaks" Manning, in a letter to Mr. Gladstone, passed a severe censure while expressing at the same time his fear of the result of the new test in regard to the subscription of the Articles which the University authorities proposed to introduce. To this letter of Manning's Mr. Gladstone replied in a letter dated Hawarden, Christmas Eve, 1844:—

> You have anticipated me, and I have no more to do than to subscribe my ditto to what you have written. What spirit of dementation possesses these our guides and governors in the University? At the same time I cannot help thinking that it was the palpable error committed in the case of the Vice-Chancellorship on the other side which has emboldened them to the present pitch.

The case alluded to was the attempt on the part of the Tractarians to prevent the installation of the Warden of Wadham, one of the six doctors who condemned Dr. Pusey. In a letter to Mr. Gladstone, Manning described this act of the Tractarians as "a mad move." In another letter, dated 28th December 1844, he expressed the opinion that the Thirty-nine Articles were

[1] At one moment the article was on the verge of suffering shipwreck:—"Here," enclosing the note to Manning, writes Mr. Gladstone in a letter, dated Whitehall, 3rd December 1844, "is a curious note from Lockhart throwing me over." But on Manning's advice a compromise was effected. Two days later Mr. Gladstone wrote, "The basis of our concordat is that my argument is to be confined to the case of simple communion, and that I am to let alone the questions connected with the special obligations of subscription."

drawn up with the intention of striking the Church of Rome and fastening upon her the charge of error as regards some of her current ideas and practices—blasphemy and impiety; but with a great tenderness for these germs of ideas out of the corrupt following of which her present practices have sprung. Speaking of the "original" subscribers to the Thirty-nine Articles, Manning described them as "Succumbers." In reply Mr. Gladstone said—

I agree with you *eminently* in your doctrine of *filtration*. . . . I am not sure, however, of your whole assertion that subscribers were mere succumbers. It sometimes occurs to me, though the question may seem a strange one, How far was the Reformation, but especially the Continental Reformation, designed by God, in the region of final causes, for that purification of the Roman Church which it has actually realised? The English Reformation we yet hope has a higher kind of purification to accomplish in the rest of the Church.—Ever affectionately yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

The Heads of Houses, with what Mr. Gladstone described as their "perverse maladroitness," pushed matters to extremes. A vote of censure on Ward, entailing his degradation, was proposed.

Manning at first was inclined to adopt a neutral attitude, and not to vote either for or against Ward's degradation, as he had done in the contest between Williams and Garbett, and in the matter of the address to Convocation proposing the withdrawal of both candidates. But Mr. Gladstone, who was much opposed to such a course in the present crisis, wrote as follows to Manning:—

HAWARDEN, N.W., *Sunday, 5th January* 1845.

MY DEAR MANNING—I have expressed to you the disinclination which, as a general rule, I feel to the practice of not voting upon a definite and important question, such as the first of those to be proposed at Oxford. . . .

The question which I wish to have considered is this: Why should not you or some other propose an amendment to such an effect as this (which is very nearly in the sense of your letters of 20th and 28th December)—that the propositions cited from Ward's work (not saying each and all) were censurable upon the

ground of variance with the Articles and otherwise; and that the writer be incapacitated from teaching functions in the University until he should have given satisfaction to it?

This would, in my view, be going to the very farthest allowable point against Ward; and in my mind I should prefer the first of these only.

If the amendment was rejected, as Mr. Gladstone thought in all probability it would be, he was prepared to vote against the first proposition of the Hebdomadal Board on account of its impugning Ward's good faith, and urged Manning to take a similar decided step.

But [the letter concludes] do not answer me until it is convenient. Something must be done to bring men together. You will know when you are mature enough to say anything to me.—Believe me, affectionately yours, W. E. GLADSTONE.

Manning, naturally, had a strong objection to taking such a prominent part in the contest as to move an amendment; but as Mr. Gladstone had "no strong feeling," as he wrote to Manning, "in favour of it, except as preferable, if practicable, to not voting at all," it was finally arranged that he and Manning should record a direct "*non placet*."

Having come round to Mr. Gladstone's view, Manning wrote as follows to Robert Wilberforce on the proposed censure on Ward:—

LAVINGTON, 1*st February* 1845.

MY DEAR ROBERT—As you have written to me, I hold myself released from my promise to Sam not to write to you about Ward. My intention is to vote against both the proposed censure and sentence, because I think it a high moral wrong to condemn Ward of bad faith. It is no good to say that *mala fides* is only used technically:—

1. All the world takes it otherwise.

2. All I have met who mean to support it do so, as condemning the man's conscience and soul. I think it a high moral wrong, because I believe—

(1) That it is false.

(2) That even if true before God, no proof is offered to establish the charge.

1. It is one thing to condemn the man's *principle* of subscribing as false.

2. It is another to condemn the *man* as subscribing on that principle *in falsehood.*

Of the first certain proofs are produced.

Of the second none.

Now, I say, you ought, on the principles of universal justice, to invert your intentions—*i.e.* instead of voting for it, and saying you do not condemn *him*, you ought to vote *against* it, and say that you do not hold *his principles.* And my reason is this: You have a right to vote against the whole as a measure, without discriminating between the truth and the falsehood of its parts, because the power, and therefore the responsibility, of amending the proposition is denied to you.

But you have no right to inflict, or even seem by misconstruction to inflict, an unjust or unproved condemnation on any man.

The former course is simple political discretion, universal in all legislation. The latter is a wrong, or equivalent to a wrong, which is a positive sin in a judicial process.

I hope, on consideration, you will come to the same end with myself.

If you feel a desire to protect yourself against being supposed to hold Ward's principles, sign the declaration lying at Burns's. I do not sign it, because I have no fear or care about it. It is to me a clear and straightforward case of *fiat justitia, ruat cœlum.*

By all means get Moberly's pamphlet, and for the legal objection, Hall's.—Yours affectionately, H. E. MANNING.

P.S.—My letter, on reading, sounds *savage;* but it is only written in haste.

Cardinal Manning vividly remembered the scene which took place at Ward's degradation. Speaking on the subject six or eight years before his death, he said—

I remember well going up to Oxford with Gladstone; it was a bitterly cold day in March: snow was on the ground. There was an immense assemblage; great excitement; members of Convocation had come up from all parts of the country, the majority evidently hostile to Ward. As the sentence of Ward's degradation was announced, turning to Mr. Gladstone, by whose side I was standing, I said, ἀρχὴ ὠδίνων. The ominous words were heard. Men turned to look at us, and (he added with a smile) we were too well known not to be recognised.

It was indeed an ominous year for the English Church —the beginning of confusions. The more pronounced its

Protestantism, the greater its danger. When, two years before, on condemnation of Tract 90, its bishops took the side of Protestantism, the real nature of the Anglican Church revealed itself to Newman.

On Ward's degradation, Oakeley wrote to the Vice-Chancellor avowing like principles, and boldly challenging a like censure as that pronounced against Ward. In reply to Manning's inquiries, Mr. Gladstone, in a letter dated 17th March 1845, wrote as follows:—

> Oakeley has sadly complicated these vexed affairs. The Bishop of London told me (1) how bitterly he regretted the challenge; (2) that he and all the bishops were convinced it must be taken up; (3) that if he could not get on in the Arches Court he would act as diocesan, and suspend, or rather withdraw, his licence.
>
> I was also painfully impressed with the belief that Oakeley had nothing like a measured theological view of the case. In the meantime I think Oakeley becomes more tenacious. Last night at Margaret Chapel I heard him for the first time in his sermon advert in detail to the religious movement of the time, and distinguished the *earlier and less healthful* from the *later and more healthful* stages of its development. He is now evidently wedded in heart to this controversy of his own—a bad sign for our peace.

Verily the eventful year 1845 was full of "bad signs" for the peace of Anglicanism, so dear to the peace-loving heart of the Archdeacon of Chichester. In an able letter to Oakeley, in answer to his damaging criticisms, Manning vindicated as best he could the historic claims of the Church of England.[1]

The Archdeacon of Chichester's attention and activity were not confined to the theological troubles which afflicted the Church of England; but, as an ecclesiastical statesman, he adopted the farseeing policy of preparing beforehand the rulers of the State for the changes which their policy in Ireland in regard to the endowment of Maynooth would be certain to bring about in the position of the Church of England. In vain, by appeals to his sense of duty to the

[1] In a letter, dated 31st March 1845, Mr. Gladstone expressed his "general concurrence" with Manning's "historical letter to Oakeley."

English Church, had Manning endeavoured to induce Mr. Gladstone to remain in office and support the Maynooth grant on the twofold ground—(1) justice to Ireland; (2) the establishment of concurrent endowment in Ireland and England would safeguard the interests of the English Church. In one of the last letters to Manning on this subject, dated Carlton House Terrace, 26th April 1845, Mr. Gladstone wrote:—

MY DEAR MANNING—I am anxious, but not about my own reputation, nor about Maynooth. My cares have reference to the future fortunes of the Irish Church. I have always looked upon the Maynooth measure as what is called buying time—a process that presupposes the approach of the period of surrender. Whether or not time will be actually gained as the result of the measure, or whether the thing given and the thing sought will both be lost is, I think, very doubtful.

What we pay, however, I do not consider to consist chiefly in the £17,000 a year, but in the cession we make of most important parts of the argument for the maintenance of the Church in Ireland. . . .

Newman sent me a letter giving his own explanation of my position; it was admirably done.

And now, as to your two precepts, I can say nothing about my disposition to return to office (let alone that of other people to recall me) until my mind is made up what policy ought to be adopted and maintained with regard to the Irish Church as the guide of future years.—Believe me, ever affectionately yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Failing to find in Mr. Gladstone, who had given pledges to the country to maintain intact the Irish Church, a supporter of the principle of concurrent endowment, Manning, never at the end of his resources, appealed to another cabinet minister, Mr. Sidney Herbert, in the following letter:—

LAVINGTON, 3*rd April* 1846.

MY DEAR HERBERT—I do not write to you because you have not already enough to do, for I need not be told that every member of the Cabinet has his hands and mind full enough at this moment.

But I do so because I have been for a long time growing more and more anxious on subjects relating to the English

Church; and I seem to see the inevitable approach of questions on which I wish all public men had their minds fully prepared. Let me say at the outset that I look for no specific answers or expression of opinion from you, because the subjects to which I refer are of a nature on which your position gives you the privilege of silence. If you will let me have my say, I shall be content.

First, then, comes the endowment of the Roman Church in Ireland; and I am fully prepared to assent to it on grounds of political justice, and of sound policy, for the improvement of the social condition of Ireland.

Also, I think the principle of concurrent endowment is a safeguard to all endowments. All are bound over to keep the peace.

But I cannot fail to see that it must greatly alter the relative *weight* of the Roman and Irish Churches in Ireland. Everything that gives organisation, recognition, and solidity, to the Roman Church, makes it a more massive antagonist.

This, however, is less important than what is not far off. I mean some re-casting of the Irish Church—I say re-casting, because it seems to me that all the chief public men in Parliament are tending to that conclusion.

The Duke and Lord John Russell will both maintain *an* Established Church in Ireland as a part of the political Union and Settlement. But under the cover of this there may be an indefinite change in its extent, details, and endowments—witness Lord Stanley's Act for the Union of Bishoprics.

But this again, as an *Irish* question, I would leave to the Irish Church.

What I am concerned with is its aspect towards England; and its bearing upon the English Church. It seems to me impossible that the Roman Church should acquire weight in Ireland without giving weight to the Roman Church in England. Hitherto a weak Irish Church in Ireland has been supported by a strong English Church in England.

Hereafter a weak Roman Church in England will be reinforced by a strong Roman Church in Ireland. Now these weights in the social and religious scale cannot be shifted about without a dangerous disturbance of our general balance. And I feel convinced that *now*—now *beforehand*, is the opportunity for taking measures of precaution and preparation to put the Church of England into a position of moral and *popular* strength.

At this time its popular strength is little, and its *political* strength in the legislature is on the decline. I know of no other hold a Church can have on a nation. It must either

hold by the civil power or by the people, or by both. Now its hold on the civil power is by acknowledgment indefinitely weakened. And its hold on the people is, I firmly, and from experience, believe to be more nominal than real.

If any distinctive and testing Church question should arise in 1848, as in 1648, I believe the population would fall off as a landslip; and for this one and sufficient reason: The Church has no adequate *organisation* for the vast populace of England and Wales.

Now I am not going to trouble you with a longer letter; but if you will not think me unmerciful, I would ask you at your leisure to read the enclosed paper, for which I am answerable. And if you will let me, at some future time I will add a few more words on this subject.—Believe me, my dear Herbert, yours very faithfully, H. E. MANNING.

The Right Honourable Sidney Herbert.

I have told my bookseller to send you a book which I hope you will accept.

As an ecclesiastical statesman, endowed with practical sagacity and far-reaching foresight; not averse to compromise; ready to make sacrifices on the one hand, to attain greater or more abiding advantages on the other; seeing more clearly than most men the issues of those great politico-ecclesiastical questions, on which the mind of the nation and Parliament were most divided, Manning took a higher rank in his generation than he did as a thinker or theologian. Mr Gladstone, who often consulted him on ecclesiastical questions which divided parties in Parliament and in the Church, like National Education and the Maynooth Grant, had a very high opinion of his sagacity and prudence. In those days, Manning's mind was more supple than Mr. Gladstone's, whose principles the great ecclesiastic considered too rigid and abstract. Manning, as his letter to Sidney Herbert shows, was in favour of the endowment of the Catholic Church in Ireland, not only out of policy and justice, but out of expediency, for the principle of concurrent endowment would safeguard the endowments of the Church of England. He was ready, too, to throw the Irish Church overboard, or to leave it as an Irish question to take care of itself. His main object in this

policy was to strengthen the position of the Church of England. In this letter, Manning states that for want of an adequate organisation, were any testing question to arise, the population of England would fall off from the Church like a landslip. This admission is at startling variance with the statement made by Manning in his Charge delivered at Chichester in July 1841, that, in striking contrast with the Church in France, the English Church had a firm hold on the heart and mind and intellect of the people of England.[1]

For his support of the Maynooth Grant—the endowment, as it was called, of the Catholic Church in Ireland—and for his compromise in 1849, which, though indirectly, eventually led to giving up the management of Church schools to the Committee of the Privy Council on Education, Archdeacon Manning was denounced as a traitor and time-server by the two most uncompromising men of their day in the political and ecclesiastical world—Sir Robert Inglis and Archdeacon Denison. The testimony of such men may, perhaps, be taken as in reality confirming Mr. Gladstone's judgment that Manning was a great ecclesiastical statesman, not indisposed to act on the principle, common in the political, and not altogether unknown to the ecclesiastical world, of "give and take."[2]

[1] Chapter X. p. 207.

[2] Speaking on one occasion of Manning's practical wisdom, Mr. Gladstone said, "When I was Secretary for the Colonial Office I often saw Sir James Stephen, who was Under-Secretary: I remember well his once saying to me, 'Manning is the wisest man I ever knew.' But I don't think he would have said so after Manning's change in his religious opinions."

Cardinal Manning seemed much gratified on learning Sir James Stephen's high opinion, and said, "I knew him well; he was a man of excellent judgment. He wrote with great clearness and was an able historian."

CHAPTER XV

NEWMAN'S CONVERSION

1845

EARLY in the year 1845, an attempt was made by the ultra-Protestant party at Oxford to induce the Heads of Houses to take steps against Newman. Manning, with quick and ready sympathy, sent a letter of condolence, to which Newman replied as follows:—

LITTLEMORE, 9*th February* 1845.

MY DEAR MANNING—I write a line to thank you for your most kind and feeling letter. I ought to bless those events which occasion me such a pleasure. And indeed what is happening, while it has brought me some singular proofs of consideration and friendship, has brought me nothing else. It is but simple truth to say that I am quite unconcerned at what is projected against me, and have no interest about next Thursday's result higher than about the merest occurrence I might read of in a newspaper, and not even the curiosity which unconcerned spectators might feel about it.

You will be at no loss to understand this. I have ills which Heads of Houses can neither augment nor cure. Real inward pain makes one insensible to such shadows. — Ever yours affectionately, JOHN H. NEWMAN.

In the hope of appeasing the ultra-Protestant clamour, and of reassuring bishops and Church dignitaries, excited beyond measure by the results of the Oxford Movement and by the dread of Newman's going over to Rome, the Archdeacon of Chichester delivered a charge, in which he exalted once more the Church of England, disparaged by

the Tractarians; and once more attacked the Church of Rome for which Dr. Pusey and his followers showed a partial fondness and leaning.

The following passages from his Charge, delivered July 1845, betoken the Archdeacon's Protestant fervour:—

I humbly thank God that he has permitted me to be a member of a Church in which I am not worthy to keep the door.

And then the preacher goes on to speak of

the Church of England as a true and living member of the Holy Catholic Church, neither heretical in dogma, nor schismatical in the unhappy breach of Christendom; in will and desire united to all Christ's members upon earth; her faith, the baptismal faith of all saints from the beginning; her cause austere but just, and her plea valid in the court of heaven. And if this be so, then in virtue and power she shall be, as she has been, a mother of saints—a root of churches in east, west, and south; at this time it may be peculiarly tried, and yet there hath no trial come upon us, but such as is common to the Church. Many more threatening signs, even now, are hanging over almost all other churches—signs of conflicts yet to be endured, with doubtful issue, through which we have been saved, "yet so as by fire."

In a note to this Charge appears the following statement:—

There is no branch of the Roman Catholic communion in the north and west of Europe, which does not at this moment exhibit signs of conflict, and some of a truly alarming kind. Passing over the lesser contest in the Tyrol, and even in parts of Belgium, of which the Jesuits are the subject, it is enough to mention France and Germany. In the former a strong movement against the Roman Catholic Church has appeared in the dioceses of Verdun, Châlons, Limoges, Poitiers, La Rochelle, Bordeaux, Fréjus. In the last, ten parishes have almost unanimously renounced Romanism. In La Rochelle it is said that twenty-five parishes are desiring to be placed under Protestant pastors. As to Germany, the late schism [1] has formed forty-eight communities, and is still spreading. The state of Germany, both among Protestants and Roman Catholics, gives warning of

[1] The movement of Ronge, an Apostate priest, a sort of anticipation of Dr. Döllinger and the "Old Catholics" after the Vatican Council, but still more insignificant and short-lived.

a fearful future. While we are listening at home to every word and footfall, it may be that events are near elsewhere, which shall make the whole Church ring.[1]

And the Charge concludes, after prophesying evil things for the Catholic Church in France and Germany, as follows:—

Be our trials what they may, every year deepens in thousands of contrite hearts the tokens of Christ's presence—every year quickens and unfolds against all antagonistic powers the spiritual life and fruitful energy of the Church which bore us. And shall any be tempted to mistrust? Shall we ask proofs of our regeneration, or of our waking consciousness, or of the reality of our own soul? There are things which go before all proof—all reasonings rest upon them, logical defences cloud their certainty. Such are our pledges of His presence. They are the tokens of no hands but His; and "if God be for us, who can be against us?"[2]

What a contrast does not Archdeacon Manning's Charge present, perhaps intentionally, to the farewell sermon preached by Newman on his retirement to Littlemore! "The Parting of Friends" was Newman's last sermon as an Anglican. It was delivered at the chapel at Littlemore in the presence of Dr. Pusey, and of other intimate friends and disciples who were deeply moved by Newman's solemn and touching words. The concluding passage is as follows:—

O my mother, whence is this unto thee, that thou hast good things poured upon thee and canst not keep them, and bearest children, yet darest not own them? Why hast thou not the skill to use their services, nor the heart to rejoice in their love? How is it that whatever is generous in purpose, and tender or deep in devotion, thy flower and thy promise, falls from thy bosom and finds no home within thine arms? Who hath put this note upon thee to have "a miscarrying womb and dry breasts," to be strange to thine own flesh, and thine eye cruel towards thy little ones? Thine own offspring, the fruit of thy womb, who love thee and would toil for thee, thou dost gaze upon with fear, as though a portent, or thou dost loathe as an offence—at best thou dost but endure, as if they had no claim

[1] A Charge delivered in July 1845, pp. 56-57.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 58.

but on thy patience, self-possession, and vigilance, to be rid of them as easily as thou mayest. Thou makest them "stand all the day idle," as the very condition of thy bearing with them; or thou biddest them be gone, where they will be more welcome; or thou sellest them for nought to the stranger that passes by. And what wilt thou do in the end thereof?

In acknowledging his Charge of 1845, Dr. Pusey wrote to the Archdeacon of Chichester, complaining of the want of love shown to the Roman Church; and especially rebuking Manning for rejoicing over the falling away of Roman Catholics in some of the dioceses of France into schism and heresy; and for encouraging, apparently, the setting up of Protestant teachers. In reply to this rebuke, Archdeacon Manning, 8th August 1845, wrote to Dr. Pusey saying:

We owe to the Church of Rome a pure Christian charity as to a member of the Catholic body; we owe the same also to the churches of the east. I do not find you expressing the latter feeling, and that seems to me the cause why you are misunderstood to have not a charity to the whole Body of Christ, but a partial fondness and leaning to the Roman Church . . . will you forgive me if I say it? (the tone you have adopted towards the Church of Rome) seems to me to breathe not charity, but want of decision. . . .

The Church of Rome for three hundred years has desired our extinction. It is now undermining us. Suppose your own brother to believe that he was divinely inspired to destroy you. The highest duties would bind you to decisive, firm, and circumspect precaution. Now a tone of love, such as you speak of, seems to me to bind you also to speak plainly of the broad and glaring evils of the Roman system. Are you prepared to do this? If not, it seems to me that the most powerful warnings of charity forbid you to use a tone which cannot but lay asleep the consciences of many for whom by writing and publishing you make yourself responsible.

In the same letter, Manning added, "A Roman Catholic said some time ago of certain Oxford men 'They are forging new chains for themselves and riveting ours.'"[1]

The end was at hand. The event long foreboded with sorrow and trembling of heart is come at last. Newman's

[1] Canon Liddon's *Life of Dr. Pusey*, p. 455.

retirement to Littlemore ended in his becoming a Catholic. In spite of all that has been written on that event, two such witnesses, so deeply interested in Newman as Mr. Gladstone and Manning, have to-day, in their letters published for the first time, spoken out in the fulness of their hearts; have borne public testimony—especially Mr. Gladstone, who was so warmly attached to him—to the sense of loss produced by Newman's conversion. The letters which passed on that occasion between Mr. Gladstone and Manning, between Manning and Newman—especially Newman's own letters—add, even late as it is in the day, a new charm and interest to the old story of the Tractarian movement and of its illustrious leader.

Manning, on the occasion of Newman's conversion, had a double duty to perform—the duty of private friendship and the duty of public faith and policy. Each duty was discharged with consummate tact and skill. In this chapter, however, I have only to deal, or chiefly, with Manning's private relations to Newman; or with such acts as disturbed or broke those relations. No one could perform the duties of friendship or affection, whether of condolence or congratulation, of sympathy or advice, with greater delicacy or tenderness of expression than Manning. Tact, restraint, grace guided every line, dictated every word or allusion in the following letter[1] of Manning's, written on a most trying and painful occasion:—

LONDON, 14*th October* 1845.

MY DEAR NEWMAN—I have only this evening received your letter dated the 8th.

If I knew what words would express my heartfelt love of you, and keep my own conscience pure, I would use them. Believe me I accept the letter you wrote me, at such a moment, as a pledge of your affection. I shall keep it among many memorials of past days and lasting sorrows.

Only believe always that I love you. If we may never meet again in life at the same altar, may our intercessions for each other, day by day, meet in the court of Heaven. And if it be

[1] This letter alone was preserved of those written since 1840. All the rest, even the one described at the time as "a great gift," were destroyed by Newman, subsequently to his correspondence with Archbishop Manning in 1866.

possible for such as I am, may we all, who are parted now, be there at last united.

It is a time that admits but a few words; and I will say no more than that I am, my dear Newman, most affectionately yours, H. E. MANNING.

This letter brought to a dramatic close the relations, at least during their Anglican days, of two men of such opposite natures, characters, and sympathies as Newman and Manning.

Of Newman's conversion there is no record extant in the contemporary Diary. It may, however, once have existed, for whole pages referring to that period have been destroyed. The only contemporary evidence, apart from his public line of action, of the effect produced on Manning's mind by Newman's conversion is to be found in the correspondence that passed between Manning and Mr. Gladstone and Robert Wilberforce. In this correspondence Manning's part is slight. To such an intimate friend even as Robert Wilberforce a strange reserve is maintained in regard to the expression of personal feeling or public regret at the loss to the Church of England of such a man as Newman.

In a letter dated Lavington, 3rd November 1845, Manning writes:—

MY DEAR ROBERT— . . . What shall I say of our dear friend Newman? My heart is very heavy. I still seem to see great difficulties before us; and wish I could read and talk with you, for we shall have to give plain answers and firm to many hard questions. Not the least part of the difficulty will be to show why principles are safe so far and no farther.—Ever yours very affectionately, H. E. MANNING.

Does not this statement of the difficulty of showing why principles are safe so far and no farther, seem to imply that principles are safe in the Anglican Church only so far as they are not carried out—as Newman carried them out, to their logical conclusion?

Nearly two months later, in a letter dated Lavington, 30th December 1845, after explaining his reasons for refusing the office of Sub-almoner, Manning writes about Newman's book as follows:—

Now about better things—if I can call Newman's book good. It seems to me a wonderful intellectual work. Sceptical in one sense, as all estimates of evidence must be—*e.g.* It is most probable that the world was created as it is; less so that it was self-made, or is eternal. I am not sure that it is more sceptical really than Butler, for all conviction rests on a balance of *intellectual* reasons, apart from the spiritual consciousness. The infallibility of truth, whether in the Church or the Scriptures, rests on moral, *i.e.* scientifically imperfect evidence, and yet it is the highest source of conviction. Still Newman's mind is subtle even to excess, and to us seems certainly to be sceptical.

After reading the book I am left where I was found by it.

I do not believe in the fact of development in the Roman and Lutheran sense, for they are both alike, with the advantage on the Roman side. I believe that the faith was perfected *uno afflatu* by the inspiration of the Apostles.

2. That it has existed *ideally* perfect in the illuminated reason of the Church from then till now.

3. That development, as in the creeds, has been logical and verbal, not ideal or *conceptional.*

4. That the spiritual perceptions of the Church through contemplation and devotion have become more *intense*, but always within the same focus.

5. That the facts and documents of Revelation have been *codified*, harmonised, distributed, and cast into a scientific order, capable of scientific expression.

But that the omer of manna (as St. Irenæus says of the *regula fidei*) is in quantity unchanged, "He that gathereth much hath nothing over," etc.

I have very slightly touched on this in my last University Sermon. Tell me what you say of it. I hope it will hold, for if not I do not see the end. Is it not strange that the Lutherans and Lutheranizers οἱ τότε καὶ οἱ νῦν hold a development? Is it not the refuge for the destitute, who can find no shelter in antiquity? Have you seen Trench's *Hulsean Lectures?* It is a delightful book, earnest, stirring, and eloquent, with a fine masculine imagination. But his theory of development is to me fatal. It seems as if the thought of the *regula fidei*, and the tradition of dogma, and the whole oral confession of the faith seldom if ever crossed his mind. It is Scripture and the student; and the internal needs of man's spirit developing Scripture by demands upon it, there are more true things put in an untenable way than in any recent book I have seen. If there be such a principle of development at all, Newman has it against him a thousand to one.

It is no good to say Lutheran developments are in good faith and Roman not. It begs the question, and then—*Quo judice?*

Certainly with me the Councils of the Church, even of the West, even in Trent, are against the private spirit.

Now this brings me to our dear brother. I am jealous of the influence of Maurice over him; and I am fearful in some points even of Trench's, high as it is, for he is a noble fellow. But I found Sam Wilberforce evidently full of Trench's theory of development; after shifting, for some time, he acquiesced in what I have stated above. Whether he maintains this or that at Oxford I do not know.

I love him very dearly and, as I am able, pray for him. But let it pass; only between our own minds I feel that he is *afloat*, and I dread the direction he may be wafted in.

I say this, because I feel for myself that nothing but a deep and solid foundation such as the Catholic Church has laid (as in St. Thomas Aquinas, Melchior Camus, etc.), can keep a man from intellectual uncertainty and fluctuation. So it is with me. I have never found rest for my foot till I began to see the foundation of systematic theology; and I feel appalled at the thought how little I *know*, *i.e.* in its *principles*.

To come back to Newman's book, there are some things which go before all argument—*e.g.* the Invocation of God alone—and some that survive all objections, the reality of the English Church; and these come through the book unhurt.

Now let me have a good letter of your own thoughts.

May all blessing be with you and your house.—Believe me, my dear Robert, your very affectionate, H. E. M.

I have desired Burns to send you my second volume of *Sermons*.

In his numerous letters to Robert Wilberforce there is no further allusion to Newman. It would almost seem, at any rate as far as the expression of opinion or feeling goes, that the question of the acceptance or refusal of the Sub-almonership to the Queen were a matter of deeper concern to Manning than Newman's conversion.

Mr. Gladstone, who was on more intimate terms with Newman than Manning was, in a letter dated Baden-Baden, 20th October 1845, wrote as follows:—

My dear Manning—A few words in this day of trouble must pass from me to you; for your own sake I wish you had been with me here at the time of Newman's secession. To see

the Roman Church on the defensive against Ronge, rationalism, and thought tending towards rationalism within its own pale, is in the nature of a corrective to that half-heartedness and despondency which is almost forced upon us at home by the contemplation of our own difficulties.

After speaking in high terms of Dr. Döllinger and saying that "almost all I see here drives my sympathy into the Roman camp—that is *quoad* German matters," Mr. Gladstone goes on—

Is there to be any firm and intelligible declaration from Pusey? . . . I at one time thought of enclosing to you, for you to use or not . . . a letter to him (Pusey) expressing a very strong hope that it was his intention upon the occasion of Newman's secession to make some declaration of such a kind as will settle and compose men's minds, or at least tend that way, with a view to the future. No such effect as this is produced by showing that after infinite question one can just make out a case for remaining in the Church of England.

Then referring to Pusey he says:—

I do desire and pray that the trumpet shall not give an uncertain sound, inasmuch as men are certainly called upon to prepare themselves for the battle. It is possible that you may be at work on this subject with him—if you are, pray say so much of this to him in my name as you like, or as little, or none at all.

Mr. Gladstone then adds:—

It may appear strange, but I have almost a feeling of disappointment at not seeing more secessions with Newman; because it looks as if they were to *follow*. . . . However, I suppose and hope that Newman's book will bring all this to a head; and that persons are waiting for that in order to declare themselves. It is sad and bitter; but a sweep now, and after that some repose, is the choice of evils,—that which we should seek from the mercy of God.—Your affectionate friend, W. E. GLADSTONE.

In a second letter dated Hagley, Stourbridge, 21st November 1845, Mr. Gladstone writes as follows:—

MY DEAR MANNING—My chief object in writing is to suggest to you the possibility that you may have to entertain the idea of answering Newman's book. . . . After reading it I may

have to write to you again on the subject. It will probably be a real and subtle argument, backed by great knowledge, and it must not, if so, be allowed to pass unnoticed, nor should the task be left to those who will do mischief.

All I will now say is this: if, upon reading it, you entertain the notion that you can do it, do not lose a moment in making known your intention among friends, and let it appear to the public as soon as you have made any progress that will warrant an advertisement.

Oakeley's is a sad production, very unworthy of him, except in the spirit, which seems to me gentle and good.

I grieve much over the loss of Faber. He was evidently a man who understood working the popular *side* of this religious movement, which has for the most part been left to shift for itself.

I have no doubt that many persons are waiting for Newman's book, and mean to say Aye or No, after reading it.—In haste, I am, always affectionately yours, W. E. G.

Frederick Oakeley had always been, from their Oxford days until his conversion in 1845, an intimate friend of Mr. Gladstone's, who was in the habit of attending the services in Margaret Street Chapel when Oakeley was the moving spirit of that centre of Puseyite activity. Speaking of Margaret Street Chapel in its unadorned days, Mr. Gladstone once remarked: "The whole place was so filled by the reverence of Oakeley's ministrations and manner, that its barrenness and poverty passed unnoticed. His sermons," he added "were always most admirable; they never exceeded twenty minutes." Canon Oakeley[1] was on friendly terms until his death with Mr. Gladstone. The golden rule of a "twenty minutes" sermon acted as a charm on the most exuberant speaker of his generation. Is not this another illustration of the fact that they who themselves most indulge in the longest of speeches admire most brevity in others? It is characteristic of Mr. Gladstone's eagerness and anxiety

[1] Canon Oakeley, who was a friend and contemporary of Tait's at Oxford, remained on terms of intimacy with him when he was Archbishop of Canterbury, and was a welcome guest at Addington. On the occasion of his first visit at the Palace Archbishop Tait said, late in the evening: We are going to have family prayers, I suppose you would prefer to read your Breviary in your own room.

on the subject of Newman's conversion and his strong desire that Manning should undertake its refutation that, on the very day he was appointed Secretary to the Colonies, he again reiterated his appeal in a letter dated

CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE, 23*rd December* 1845.

MY DEAR MANNING—I had been long on the point of writing to you. Newman's book interests me deeply, shakes me not at all. I think he places Christianity on the edge of a precipice; from whence a bold and strong hand would throw it over.

Your mind, I am sure, has been at work upon it; but do not hurry to tell me the results. I trust to see them ripen.

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Many thanks for your sermons, which I have just received. A blessed Christmas to you, you will not have this until that happy morning.—Ever yours affectionately,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Five days later Mr. Gladstone writes again:—

HAWARDEN, *Sunday*, 28*th December* 1845.

MY DEAR MANNING—I have got your note about Newman's book, on which I shall be very brief. First, I am more sanguine than you about the ultimate issue; I am persuaded that Bishop Butler, if he were alive, would in his quiet way tear the whole *argument* into shreds—wonderful as is the *book*—so that one should wonder where it had been. Secondly, I am heartily glad you are at work upon it, and I augur that you will find your confidence grow as you proceed. May God be with you in the task. I have myself put down certain notes upon it: if I can connect them sufficiently, on some Sunday or Sundays, to give a hope of their being any use to you, they shall be sent to you. Lastly, I agree about the passage which you call "awful" respecting the Blessed Virgin; to me it realises both senses of that word, it is both sublime and frightful. Perhaps, however, I am applying this latter epithet to something beyond the limits of what you quote—to the general doctrine, and the expressions contained in two or three pages.

The perplexity arising from the publication of Newman's Book *The Essay on Development*, a statement and explanation of the grounds which justified and compelled his submission to the Catholic Church, grew day by day in intensity. To

Mr. Gladstone his reasoning seemed "to place Christianity on the edge of a precipice"; to Manning, the doctrine which Newman upheld in regard to the Blessed Virgin as Mother of God was "awful." The necessity of refuting his arguments seemed to both alike imperative to save the Church of England from the effects of the blow under which it reeled; to stop the continued and "dismal" progress of converts to Rome. Mr. Gladstone was sanguine as to the ultimate issue; Manning despondent. Both alike were agreed that Pusey was not the man to grapple with Newman. Mr. Gladstone, in a letter dated Carlton House Terrace, Sunday, 8th March 1846, speaking of Pusey, says:—

My dear Manning—I have read as yet only the preface of Dr. Pusey's sermon, and I confess myself much shocked at his allusion in a note to Mr. Newman's valuable sermon. Not that the words express an untruth, but the whole circumstances considered they appear to me little less than an outrage upon decency. His cannot be the mind which is to afford the mould to form future minds for the government of the fortunes of the Church of England; his personal character is a great light for all, but his character and proceedings as a member of the body suggest much matter for regret. I see I have written foolishly, as if it were to be supposed that an individual is to give form to the future mind of the Church among us; I did not mean it; what has happened to Newman ought at least to rid us of that delusion.

In another passage Mr. Gladstone says:—

Your account of Keble is comforting. I am sorry to say I hear that both Isaac Williams and Sergeant Bellasis are in a very uncertain state, but I cannot say I know it. Toovey, the bookseller, it seems, has been smitten. We should pray first I suppose that no more may go, and next, that which thou doest, do quickly? The Church of England cannot acquire a clear self-consciousness till this dismal series is at an end. It *is* a dismal series; we are unhappy in losing them, but the evil they do is greatest in itself. I hope you will not hurry your proceedings about Newman's book; for its remoter consequences are more serious, surely, than those which are immediate.

Manning's refutation of Newman's arguments, on which Mr. Gladstone with many others had set his heart, was not

attempted, or if attempted, fell still-born. Manning's heart gave way; his calm and sanguine confidence in the Church of England was shaken, five months later, by the pressure of events; by the going out of so many with Newman. In a letter dated Lavington, August 1846, he tells Mr. Gladstone:—"I have a fear, amounting to a belief, that the Church of England must split asunder." Such a confession came as a surprise upon Mr. Gladstone; who maintained his own strong conviction the other way, and in reply said:—

> Nothing can be more firm in my mind than the opposite idea, that the Church of England has not been marked out in this way and that way for nought, that she will live through her struggles, and that she has a *great* providential destiny before her.

He then reproaches Manning, saying:—I will say little in the way of argument, but I will more rely on reminding you that your present impressions are entirely at variance with those of six or seven months ago. I begin now to think that on a matter of magnitude I cannot differ from you; so I have the most immediate interest in your opinion, as I have a presentiment of its proving to be mine too, if it be indeed yours — hence this intolerance on my part.

From that day forth, I may add, in all his voluminous correspondence with Mr. Gladstone, Manning never again confessed, at least until the Gorham Judgment, the doubts and difficulties which now began to beset his heart, or his misgivings as to the future of the Anglican Church; on the contrary, he stoutly maintained in his letters to Mr. Gladstone, as he did in his charges, tracts, and sermons, his unshaken belief in the Church of England. It was to Robert Wilberforce that Manning now transferred the interchange of intimate confidences touching the breaking down of his belief in Anglicanism. The correspondence between Manning and Mr. Gladstone, turning aside from Newman and his book, and from religious and theological questions, drifted into ecclesiastical politics. As an ecclesiastical statesman Manning was much exercised in spirit at the effects which Sir Robert Peel's Repeal of the Corn Laws would have upon tithe-owners and the interests of the

Church. Manning complained bitterly to Mr. Gladstone that "Sir Robert Peel would neither help the Church nor allow her to help herself."

Manning's failure to grapple with Newman's arguments was accounted for at the time, and has been since, by different persons in different ways.

Mr. Gladstone, in a recent conversation, told me it was quite true that, on the publication of Newman's *Essay on Development*, he had strongly pressed Manning to write a refutation of the book, and that he had undertaken to do so. "Manning," added Mr. Gladstone, "was however not strong enough to grapple with Newman. Manning was an ecclesiastical statesman; very ascetic, but not a theologian, nor deeply read." Then, after a few moments' reflection, he added:—

"I may now tell you, what I had during the Cardinal's lifetime advisedly withheld. Newman's secession, followed by that of so many others, not at Oxford only, but all over the country, presented an intellectual difficulty which I was unable to solve. What was the common bond of union, the common principle, which led men of intellect so different, of such opposite characters, acting under circumstances and with surroundings so various, to come to one and the same conclusion?" Speaking with great earnestness, Mr. Gladstone continued, "I remember as if it were yesterday, the house, the room, Manning's attitude as, standing before me, I put to him that question. His answer was slow and deliberate: 'Their common bond is their want of truth.' I was surprised beyond measure and startled at Manning's judgment."

It was easier, perhaps, for Manning to impute motives than to answer arguments.

Two years later, in a letter to Laprimaudaye, his curate at Lavington, and one of the most intimate of his friends, Manning accounts for his not undertaking the refutation of Newman's book on grounds different from those alleged by Mr. Gladstone. Manning, in June 1847, wrote as follows:—

When Newman's book was published, Gladstone urged me to answer it. I declined pledging myself; but it forced me again

into the two same subjects (Unity and Infallibility) to which I have continued to give all the thought and reading I can.

And I am bound to say that I could not republish either of the two books as they stand. They are inaccurate in some *facts*, incomplete as compared with the truth of the case, and concede some of the main *points* I intended to deny.

To Mr. Gladstone, Manning does not appear to have thought it necessary to communicate the fact that, in endeavouring to refute the arguments in the *Essay on Development*, his own conclusions concerning Rome and the English Church were unsettled or upset.

On Newman's conversion not only the leadership, but to a large extent the propelling force of the Tractarian movement passed away from Oxford. Pusey was in a sense the leader, but his power still was felt not so much in Oxford as in the country and in London; Keble indeed retained great personal influence; but the motive power passed to the London men—to Upton Richards of Margaret Street, to Bennett of St. Barnabas, and Neale and others—preachers and writers and workers—and took a wider range and assumed a more definite form and organisation. Manning, too, had not only a special following of his own, but exercised considerable influence as a moderating and restraining power. Men came to him for counsel and comfort, and never went away empty-handed. Another effect of Newman's conversion was to open up a new sphere of activity to Manning, congenial to his temperament, his moderation and love of peace, and, perhaps, not out of accord with his hopes and ambitions. After the first shock, the Archdeacon of Chichester cultivated an attitude of benevolent neutrality between the two contending parties in the Church. He eschewed controversy himself and deprecated it in others. He stood forward bearing the olive branch in his hand; he laboured, heart and soul, to save the Church he loved so well from being split asunder. The bishops were beside themselves with terror at the storm raised inside the Church and out of it by Newman's secession, stirred anew as it was at every fresh conversion. They looked benignly, if with little confidence, on Manning's efforts as peacemaker; but had his efforts in

this crisis succeeded in a compromise, checking controversy and establishing peace between the more moderate men of the two parties, their benedictions would not have been withheld, nor a good word on his behalf, spoken in season and in the proper quarters, have been wanting.

For eight years the writers of the *Tracts for the Times* at Oxford had been labouring, heart and soul, in infusing a new spirit into the Anglican Church, in reviving doctrines which it had long since forgotten to hold, far less to preach and teach, devotions it had ceased to practise or even to remember. For eight years they had been unsettling and disturbing minds by enlarging—in spite of the Thirty-nine Articles, or by putting, as Ward and only a few others did, a non-natural interpretation [1] on them—the boundaries of the hitherto accepted or current faith of the Church of England. In leading the Church back to antiquity, in comparing its teaching with the faith of primitive times, they discovered that doctrines and devotions taught and practised in antiquity were wanting in the Anglican Church. With an honest zeal the Tractarians set to work to restore what they believed had been lost. They exalted the sacredness of the Eucharistic rite; and a perpetual Sacrifice for the quick and the dead; and insisted on formal repentance for sin after baptism; made selections from the Roman breviary of devotional services; introduced in a modified form praying for the dead, invocation of saints, veneration of relics, and other Catholic doctrines and practices.

But the chief characteristic of the elder Tractarians was their impatience of error. They could not bring themselves to tolerate the principle, as their successors have done, that truth and error, the lion and the lamb, should be permitted to lie down together within the fold of the Church of England. Newman's aim, but not theirs, was to purge the Anglican Church from its permitted heresies.

Since the condemnation of Tract 90—that critical turning-point in the Tractarian movement—Archdeacon Manning had no lot or part, beyond that of a witness at

[1] Newman strongly objected to such a latitude of interpretation.

a distance, in the greatest moral revolution—greater by far and more far-reaching and abiding than the struggle of Laud and the Nonjurors — which has ever befallen the Anglican Church and the religious life of England. He held aloof from, even if he did not look askance at, men whose zeal he considered was not tempered by discretion, or at all events by the prudence and tact which governed his own conduct. On Newman's conversion, Manning stepped forward, not to carry on Newman's work, but to undo it; to put a stop to the results of his teaching, and still more to the force of his example. No one was better adapted for such a saving office than the Archdeacon of Chichester. He rallied the broken hosts, discomforted and disunited in the first instance by the retirement of their illustrious leader from the battlefield into silent Littlemore. He took under his protecting wing the unsheltered and orphaned children of the Oxford Movement. He inspired the timid with courage; brought back hope to the despairing; lifted up the hearts of the downcast and dismayed. He inspired the souls of them that came to him in doubt, with their faces already turned towards Rome, with all the confidence in the Church of England which filled his own heart. Yet, when the shock of Newman's departure from out of the Anglican Church, though long expected, came at last, like a sudden surprise, men's minds reeled and their hearts sank within them; they knew not what to do, whom to look to, whither to go. And as week after week, month after month, the long procession of them that went out with Newman in the year 1845, that *annus mirabilis*, passed before their saddened eyes, they, who had not the faith, the hope, the heart to follow him—the scattered remnant of the Tractarian vanguard—turned instinctively to Manning. His voice was heard like that of one crying in the wilderness. He spoke, as one inspired, of the divine certitude of his faith in the Anglican Church. To the afflicted of heart, the troubled in conscience, to those tortured by doubt, he presented the Anglican Church, "primitive yet purified," possessed "of purities in doctrine and practice wanting in the Western Churches, whither in their impatience men had gone, seeking

what was not to be found." One thing alone was wanting to the absolute perfectibility of the Church of England; and that was her liberation from the bondage imposed upon her by the usurpations of the Civil Power. He directed their energies to this end, not only as good in itself, but as serving to divert their minds from doubts or controversial difficulties. His austere zeal, his earnestness, his personal piety and his dogmatic assurances attracted the hearts of men in that day of unrest. His confidence was contagious. He became a tower of strength to the weak or the wavering. The timid, almost frightened out of their wits by Newman's secession, were reassured; for such men instinctively felt that, under Manning's guidance, they were walking on the ways of safety and in the path of peace. "Safe as Manning," passed almost into a proverb in that day of panic. Thus it was that the Archdeacon of Chichester essayed to hold back the remnant of the advanced Tractarian party from following their illustrious leader to Rome.

Lavington became in the years that followed a half-way house for pilgrims innumerable on their Romeward way. But the undoubting faith of Archdeacon Manning in the Anglican Church, the magic of his personal influence over the hearts and minds of men, his resolute will, held too many a soul captive. For many—how many who shall tell?—of the pilgrims to Rome, Lavington was turned into a prison-house. The captives were only set free, when their great leader himself at last capitulated to Divine grace.

CHAPTER XVI

FACING DEATH

1847

WHETHER the Archdeacon of Chichester would have succeeded in the desire of his heart of effecting a compromise between the antagonistic parties in the Church of England, had not an event occurred, which arrested his course in mid-career, and which wrought far-reaching changes in his heart, in his way of looking at things, and in the principles which guided his life—who shall say? That event was the illness which in 1847 brought him, in the prime of life, face to face with Death.

Of the change of heart which this illness brought about; of the fading away in the apparent presence of death of his worldly ambitions, of his craving for name and power, of his restless longing to rule as bishop, the most graphic, and, in some passages, most pathetic hints and indications, are given in his Diary.

This prolonged illness and Newman's conversion with its after-effects—two events different in kind and contradictory in the character of their influence—produced, the one abiding, the other temporary, results on Manning's career. The effect of Newman's conversion threw Manning back for awhile; out of fear of Roman tendencies he stifled doubts, checked inquiries, and extolled more fervently than ever the position and faith of the English Church.

In his contemporary Diary, under date Nov. 1845, Archdeacon Manning made the following statement:—

I feel that I have taken my last act in concert with those who are moving in Oxford. Henceforward I shall endeavour, by God's help, to act by myself as I have done hitherto, without any alliance.

My duty is to live and die striving to edify the Church in my own sphere.

This I trust to do without desire or fear for this world. I have had caution—— [The following page is cut out.]

Whether the above entry refers to Newman's conversion or to the Fifth of November Sermon 1843 is doubtful.[1] Be that however as it may, in an autobiographical Note dated 1882, Cardinal Manning expressly says:—"Newman's conversion threw me back."

This undoubtedly was the effect of Newman's conversion, and of the consternation which it excited not only among Ultra-Protestants and Low Churchmen, but in the moderate High Church party, and more especially among the bishops. Warned by Newman's retirement to Littlemore, the Archdeacon of Chichester had taken precautionary measures; but when the crisis came and the trying times that followed, it required his utmost tact and skill to preserve a middle course. Not because of hesitation in his own mind, but on account of the strain and stress of external forces, hostile to any form of compromise between Rome and popular Protestantism.

During these trying times Manning was painfully alive to the danger of adding fuel to the fire. Other men were not as prudent or as circumspect as he was. He had already reproached Dr. Pusey for the tenderness and partiality he exhibited towards the Church of Rome. And yet at such a crisis Dr. Pusey was bent on heaping fresh coals on the fires of Protestant bigotry; for in his coming turn for preaching before the University he had chosen the subject of Confession.

[1] This entry would seem to refer to the 5th of November sermon, 1843. The Diary is dated 1844; and the half-page containing the entry is gummed into the Diary together with another entry of the same date referring to the Lincoln's Inn Preachership and Mr. Gladstone. The Lincoln's Inn affair was in 1843, and it is likewise in evidence that Manning "ceased to act in concert" with the Tractarians in that year.

What more inopportune at a moment when Protestant prejudice was incited to white heat against the practice of hearing confessions in Anglican Churches, notably in the Church of St. Saviour's, Leeds; and when bishops like the Bishop of Oxford were denouncing it as a "Romish" practice? In a letter to Dr. Pusey, Manning besought him to choose a neutral subject instead of throwing down the gauntlet; "passions are subsiding," and besides, Manning added, "it does not look well that you should seem to be always mixed up in University squabbles." But, since the subject fell in with the course he was delivering, Dr. Pusey was not to be moved from his purpose. Neither could he be induced to reef his sails during the storm, or to steer his bark for a time into quiet waters.

After the fashion of Newman's "Library of the Fathers," Pusey was endeavouring to obtain the co-operation of those who had worked under Newman and others to establish a library entitled "Commentary on the Scriptures for the Unlearned." He sought Manning's co-operation as one of the editors or contributors. The Archdeacon of Chichester declined on the score that his time was too much engaged in parish work. Such close association with Dr. Pusey did not at such a time commend itself to Manning's judgment.

The effects of Newman's conversion, far from subsiding, were on the increase. The numerous conversions at St. Saviour's, in the parish of Leeds, of which Dean Hook was vicar, were to Manning a cause of great annoyance and apprehension. In answer to a letter in which Dr. Pusey described the conversion of so many of the clergy of St. Saviour's as "heart-breaking events," Manning wrote almost the last letter before his illness early in February, to Dr. Pusey, as follows:—

23rd January 1847.

I cannot but feel that such events happening one by one at the altars which have stood as chief signs to be spoken against, do reasonably throw upon the whole body of men we most hold with a public imputation of uncertainty and secret unsteadiness.

I cannot wonder that great and extensive mistrust has grown up. . . . You know how long I have to you expressed my conviction that a false position has been taken up in the Church of

England. The direct and certain tendency, I believe, of what remains of the original movement is to the Roman Church. You know the minds of men about us far better than I do, and will therefore know both how strong an impression the claims of Rome have made on them, and how feeble and fragmentary are the reasons on which they have made a sudden stand or halt in the line on which they have been, perhaps insensibly, moving for years.

It is also clear that they are "revising the Reformation."

To Archdeacon Manning "revising the Reformation" was an act almost as sacrilegious as revising the Bible.

Keble, who like Pusey was distressed at "the heart-breaking events" at St. Saviour's, Leeds, wrote to Manning as follows:—

My dear Manning—I enclose you this, as desired, with a heavy heart; more, however, on Hook's own account than from any fear I have of his making his cause good, or staying the good work which seems, by God's especial blessing, to be more and more rife in our Church. We must make all allowances for him. No doubt he must feel more than most others the unspeakably pernicious effect of what has happened at Littlemore especially, and afterwards at St. Saviour's, and other places. Still, it is hard he should throw the onus on Pusey and St. Saviour's. The worst I anticipate is that these good men may be drawn into some other diocese—to Devonport, where the good work is said to be going on most blessedly.—Ever yours most affectionately, J. Keble.

("These good men," the clergy of St. Saviour's, alluded to by Keble, eventually went over to Rome.)

Dr. Hook, the vicar of Leeds, some years afterwards Dean of Chichester, already frantic at the practices and devotions carried on at St. Saviour's, was incensed beyond measure at the report that, in company with Dr. Pusey, Archdeacon Manning was to preach at St. Saviour's, and wrote the following fierce and intolerant letter to Manning:—

Vicarage, Leeds.

My dear Manning—The people of St. Saviour's are boasting of a triumph over me by the approach of Archdeacon Manning and Mr. Keble to preach their anniversary sermon.

As I think it more probable that they have asked you to come than that you have given your consent, I take the liberty

of laying the following facts before you, in the hope that you will consider them before you decide.

By coming to St. Saviour's you give your sanction to principles and practices which I reprobate. The St. Saviour's curates will assert, very fairly, that what I reprobate is sanctioned by Archdeacon Manning and Mr. Keble. And then what is the only course left open to me? I must express in public what I have said among very private friends, that feelings of painful indignation have been excited in my bosom by Keble's preface to his sermons. I think it scarcely possible that it could have been written by the author of *The Christian Year*. I must also express in public what I have said in private, that my principles are wide as the poles asunder from those of Archdeacon Manning in his last volume of sermons.

Now this will appear mere laughing matter perhaps, to you, and you will feel, like Pusey, that I shall be damaged rather than you. This may be true. But still it must be done, and some men of high calibre agree with me in thinking that a breach is inevitable between the old High Church party and the Puseyites. I am only waiting for a fit opportunity to express my abhorrence of Dr. Pusey's principles. If I were compelled to make my choice, I would rather choose the principles of the *Record* than his.

But one's heart shrinks from an open rupture with those whom he once esteemed. A crisis is at hand. War is inevitable. But still one dreads the first blow. The severance is unavoidable, but still the longer it is actually avoided one has ground to hope even against hope; but I shall say no more, do as you please. Perhaps you think the sooner the blow comes the better; so be it.

I hope, my dear Manning, that you will not be offended at the freedom with which I write. It is better on all accounts that things should be plainly stated; and if we are to be foemen I hope we shall still be foes who will respect each other.—Believe me to be, yours very faithfully, W. F. Hook.

P.S.—If you come there will be a gathering of Puseyites, blockheads from all Yorkshire, but not one clergyman in Leeds beyond those of St. Saviour's will attend.

To this intemperate letter Manning gave a conciliatory answer, which succeeded, as he told Mr. Gladstone, in keeping the peace and avoiding public discussion; and in reply to this conciliatory letter Hook wrote as follows:—

VICARAGE, LEEDS.

MY DEAR FRIEND—I thank you most heartily for your kind letter, to the kind feelings of which I most cordially respond.

My object in writing has been mistaken. I wanted to *avoid* division as long as possible, and therefore I asked you not to come here, that I might not be obliged to speak out.

Those whom I took for Church of England men, and who as such hated Popery, who once, as in the *Tracts for the Times*, openly assailed Popery, I find now to be enamoured of her. I find young men thinking it orthodox to read and study Popish books of devotion, and to imitate Popish priests in their attire; I find Justification by faith, the doctrine of our articles, the test of a standing or falling Church, repudiated, and consequently a set of works of supererogation and a feeling in favour of the intercession of those who are supposed to have been more than unprofitable servants; I find Confession, which our Church permits as a means of comfort to the weak and foolish, received as a means of grace and therefore essential,—an error which leads to the virtual denial of the only chance of comfort, the Justification by faith,—and finding these things in places where I did not expect it, I am grieved to the heart. If I am obliged to speak out, I will. But I shall keep silence until it is necessary for my own people, with whom only I have to do, to speak.

Again and again I thank you for your kind feeling. My heart is yours. Oh! would that you were like Hooker: I want no more. Who so catholic as to what relates to Justification? The union of these two truths is the glory of the Church of England, against Papists who anathematise Justification by faith, and against ultra-Protestants who do not believe in sacramental grace.

I have let my pen run on, though I only meant to thank you for your letter, and to assure you that I am most sincerely yours, W. F. HOOK.

Mr. Gladstone wrote to Manning on the subject of Hook's attacks, and said: "I saw Hook yesterday; he is drivelling."

Pusey's indiscretions, the practices at St. Saviour's, the numerous "secessions" to Rome, were among the troubles which vexed Manning's spirit on the eve of his prolonged illness.

In such a life as Manning's the action of Divine grace must needs be taken into special account. His nature was

peculiarly susceptible to impressions or suggestions either of good or evil. For instance, his surroundings in London, the sight or society of men of his own standing and acquaintance making their way in life, like Mr. Gladstone in the State, like his brother-in-law Bishop Wilberforce in the Church, excited in Archdeacon Manning's breast, as he put on record at the time, feelings of ambition, rivalry, envy—those spurs of the flesh which others might account natural or venial, he denounces in the secret chambers of his heart as temptations to sin, to vanity and worldliness of life. His conscience was sensitive and scrupulous, as the long inward struggle which preceded his refusal of the office of Sub-almoner amply testifies. Deep rooted in his soul was the fear of God; and the sense of moral responsibility acted as a sharp curb on his action and conduct. The natural man, indeed, hungered after honour and preferment. The hope of future elevation in the Church was a stay on which his heart rested. In a passage of his Diary I have already quoted, speaking of what he is resting upon, Manning says: "I think it is partly the esteem of others . . . and on expectation of something to come."[1]

In the year 1846, the Archdeacon of Chichester was in the high tide of prosperity and advancement. His faith in the Church of England was, as yet, unshaken. In a letter to Robert Wilberforce he says: "Nothing can shake my belief of the presence of Christ in our Church and Sacraments. I feel incapable of doubting it." His moderation was praised of all men. He was on intimate terms with rising statesmen. The prospect of a mitre was before his eyes.[2] In the midst of all these hopes, ambitions, and delights of life an illness fell upon him—a visitation of God's hand in mercy, as he justly regarded it. What effect this visitation produced upon his heart and soul, Manning has himself recorded in the pages of his Diary. Speaking of this long illness which brought him face to face with death,

[1] *Vide* Chap. XIII. p. 282.

[2] In a conversation with Cardinal Manning on the near prospect he at one time had of receiving an Anglican mitre, he said: "What an escape for my poor soul!"

he wrote on the day after leaving Lavington for the first time after fifteen weeks' seclusion, as follows:—

> Blessed time! I never was so alone with God; never so near to Him; never so visited by Him; never so awakened from dreaming; never so aware of the vain show in which I have been walking; never so conscious of the realities of the world beyond the grave. . . .
>
> I was never so long alone; and so wholly thrown upon my own soul and upon Him. And He did not leave me nor forsake me.

It was not sickness only, or fear of death, that oppressed him; but solitude. For Manning was taken on the sudden by the hand of God out of the world in which for three or four years[1] he had been living with such eagerness; aspiring, if the truth must be told, as it is told in his Diary, for elevation to the Bench of Bishops as giving him an opportunity, in that day of disunion and discord, of promoting unity in the Church. Solitude brought meditation. His sensitive conscience was awakened. Self-examination pursued in a spirit almost morbid, partly by nature, partly by illness, resulted in self-accusations, if true in substance or in their broad lines, exaggerated out of all proportion to the real offences, or inclinations of his nature.

In reading, therefore, some of the following extracts of Manning's Diary it must be borne in mind, under what circumstances they were written, and due allowance made for the effects of illness and depression of spirits. On the other hand, I must repeat that his Diary was carefully revised and expurgated by Manning as cardinal. Its pages, if they reveal at times temptations to worldliness, and the workings of ambition or vainglory, bear witness to a sensitive and scrupulous conscience, and a God-fearing spirit.

Extracts from Diary.

Reigate, 7th February 1847.—I have just perceived a faint[2]

[1] Described in the Diary as "Three and a half years of declension," July 1843 to February 1847.

[2] Manning was on a visit to his mother at Reigate. On the first symptom of illness showing itself he returned to Lavington.

thread of blood, probably from the membrane of the throat. My first words were, So be it. *Fiat voluntas tua*, as I remember saying on that day. I note this only because it is well to note beginnings, and to begin early. If nothing come, what loss? if anything, all well.

And how do I feel about death? If I knew that this was my warning, what should I feel? Certainly great fear.

1. Because of the uncertainty of our state before God.
2. Because of the consciousness—
 (1) Of great sins past.
 (2) Of great sinfulness.
 (3) Of most shallow repentance.

What shall I do?

1. First send to $\left(\begin{array}{c}\tau\hat{\omega}\ \Theta\epsilon\hat{\omega}\\ \chi\acute{\alpha}\rho\iota\varsigma\\ 18\text{th March}\end{array}\right)$ and make a full confession.

2. Next try to make restitution by acknowledgment, counsel, warning. Next begin to repent and pray.

10*th February* 1847.—If I knew that I were now to die, what should I feel?

1. Fear of Judgment? Yes.

Both because of my great sins and of my little repentance. Also of my unreal religion. That is, my sins before and after conversion. I tremble at having usurped the language of a saint—having been such a sinner and being so little penitent.

Nothing that I have ever done in my personal and pastoral life is even moderately free from evil. My prayers, communions, acts of professed obedience and self-denial: my preaching, teaching, tending the sick, almsgiving, writing, speaking, all are hollow, and stained horribly by self.

2. Regret at leaving this life? I hardly dare say no—and yet cannot simply say yes. I feel that to die as I am would be a fall of many illusions—and a sad feeling of incompleteness and unprofitableness comes over me.

To leave my name as it is, and work, and aims; and yet I have no folly about fame or desire.

Still a sense of τελειότης—of old age and the *officiorum cursus* —hangs about me ("12th August 1871"[1]). But what am I, having been what I was, that I should be anything in the Kingdom of Christ! I have formed to myself, at times, visions of a life of Pastoral oversight and an Ecclesiastical *Familia*. But what are these to Rest, and the lowest place beneath the feet of the Elect?

[1] Date inserted by Cardinal Manning in 1871.

3. Sorrow at parting from friends? Except the instincts of nature, I think not.

4. For all things besides that are in the world, I seem to have no hold of them nor they of me.

Money, rank, intellect, fellowship of minds, ease, refined pleasure, etc.

All these are as nothing.

The fellowship of God and His saints is a thought of bliss, and to be myself pure and capable of such fellowship is a joy like unto them that dream. . . .

23*rd February.*—Now I desire to know how to use this sickness: I desire it may do many things; but one will be enough. If I may in the spirit of St. Francis's prayer die to the world, "*ut amore amoris Tui mundo moriar.*" But how can I make this a reality in my state of life? This I pray God to show me.

How can I die to the world?

1. My kinship surrounds me with ties of blood.

My priesthood with a flock.

My archdeaconry with a multitude of persons, and relations.

I need not break from these, but live in them, not for them, or by them.

2. Should I refuse all beyond them? I think not—*e.g.* London and afar off.

3. Should I refuse all visits and invitations?

Not all—*e.g.* when asked as a priest; nor ——— when charity may be served.

But I think I may give up all such of them as I *can;* never going by choice or for my own pleasure.

4. Shall I give up my carriage and servant?

I have resolved so to do, at least for a time. 23rd March.

5. Can I make any rules about reading books, and topics of conversation?

6. Is it not rather by longer prayer, and living more to, with, and in God?

This seems to me—

(1) What I most lack.

(2) What is most direct and dynamical.

.

To-day I have seen my name in a way which some time ago —two years ago—would have made my heart beat quicker.[1] It

[1] The *Christian Remembrancer* which, on Archdeacon Manning's breaking with the Tractarians three or four years before, had spoken of him "as a man whom the Church needs in her highest offices, and who cannot be allowed to rest even in the honourable post which he now adorns," now again brought forward Manning's name in connection with the next vacant mitre.

now fills me with perplexity. Such an offer would be a μάχαιρα δίστομος, and must cut one way or the other.

If I were to say yes, there would be a life of struggle and conscious difficulty, yet it might be a Providential appointment in the direction of unity; and my place may be here.

If I were to say no, I should feel more free forever from the fear of some low temptations—though other subtle ones would arise.

Now I despair of any solution of such difficulty from my own reason, from the reason of any counsellor on earth.

It seems to me that nothing but a Divine light could show me my duty, and for this from this night I will daily pray.

Is this the answer to the question of last night, *mundo moriar —sed quomodo?*

To-day come the tidings of Henry's dear boy's death. I believe he is following the Lamb.

Four times I have sinned by impatience. Twice with Ann. Once with each—. Certainly not through *malitia*, as the persons will be enough to show, and I trust followed in all cases by an immediate acknowledgment, though not humble enough. It is wonderful: only an hour or so before I had been reading, marking, and assenting to a sentence in the *Via Vitæ Eternæ*, saying that all trials are God directly trying us, and I thought of Ann's knocking at the door. In a moment came the same with an open window. What a fool it shows me to be—I am put to sport for my intoxications about perfection. God give me grace to be passive and impassive—*sicut cadaver.*

10*th February* 1847.—To-day is the last Friday of the rule made last Ash Wednesday.

I do not remember to have willingly broken it. Once or twice being from home without this book I have been forced to go over the Confession in my mind, no doubt with some omission of detail; none I think of species.

The Seven Penitential Psalms I do not remember to have left unsaid. But what distraction, haste, sloth, insensibility. I have need to ask forgiveness specially for the sins of my penance. Unworthy the name. I trust, however, it has brought me down, and changed my line from a boaster to a penitent.

(Here follows a prayer.)

18*th March.*—Now for this Lent I desire—

1. To abstain either Wednesdays and Fridays, or Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, as I feel myself able, being lower than I was. (Suspended by a physician.) To use no pleasant bread except on Sundays and feasts, such as cake and sweetmeat. I do not include plain biscuits. *Kept.*

2. To give the price of three days' dinners to Mrs. Kentfield this Lent, week by week. *Kept.*

3. To use the form of self-examination and of penitential Psalms on Wednesdays and Fridays, as last year. *Kept.*

4. To add a third time of prayer. *Kept.*

5. To read Father Thomas at night, the *Via Vitæ Eternæ* in the morning. *Kept.* The M.C. Catechism any time.

6. To begin a daily intercession—

(1) For the Church. *Kept in a measure.*

(2) For this country.

(3) For individuals more *in extenso.*

7. To use a special prayer before study. *Kept in a measure.*

8. To read the special intercession at Blessed Sacrament. *Kept in a measure.*

9. To note down a record of *confitenda. Kept in a measure.*

8*th April* 1847.—*Deus in adjutorium intende.*

Ash Wednesday, 20*th February* 1847. — The order of a physician forced me to take broth yesterday, Friday, and to-day, and I fear will suspend my rules. I am so afraid that this sickness is passing away without a blessing, that I desire at least to adopt some lasting rules out of it.

1. To make my night prayers forty instead of thirty minutes. I so mistrust myself that I hardly dare resolve on more.

2. To embody in a prayer a commemoration of this sickness, of God's mercy in it, and of what I desire to learn from it.

(Here several pages are cut out.)

6*th March.*—Now I feel troubled about this Lent and my entire unobservances; also about this blessed time of retreat lest I should lose it. My wish, therefore, is to make three resolutions—

1. To take three-quarters of an hour morning and night.

2. To read some portion of Holy Scripture daily kneeling.

3. To make the rule of the seven penitential Psalms, Wednesdays and Fridays, perpetual for life, subject to Spiritual Guide.

Lady Day, 25*th March* 1847.

Chief Agents in my Conversion.

1. 2. 3. Lines erased by Cardinal Manning, 1886.

4. My admission to Lavington, 1833.

5. Entry erased (year of his wife's death), 1837.

6. The hearing of confessions, 1844.

7. The growing up of hope, 1845.

8. My illness, 1847.

These are, I think, the chief agents under God in my conversion.

I trust the tendency has been onward for these twenty years, fourteen years, ten years, three years, and one year.

My repentence is nothing, and my religion to be repented of.

The sloth and unprofitableness of my life are only equalled by my vanity and self-complacency. I have talked like a saint; dreamed of myself as a saint; and flattered myself as if I did the work of a saint; and now find that I am not worthy to be called a penitent.

God has in His great love smitten me again.

I take this illness as a discharge from all subjects of controversy. It is impossible for me to make up my mind on such a matter, in my present state, as it may be in the time left to me.

At this moment my sole fear of death is my own sinfulness.

If He should please to take me, perhaps for ever, it might be safest after my *quasi* baptism.

Or, if he spare me, my desire would be to—

1. Devote myself to keeping alive my preparation for death.
2. To preparing others whether in life or dying.

One week since the greatest conscious act of my life.

In the course of this week I have begun again with the reckoning.

Petulance twice.

Omission of spiritual service.

Want of love to my neighbours.

Complacent visions.

But in all these, except once under the first, I think there has been no conscious, at least *morose*, consent of the will.

26*th March.*

Psalm lxxvii. 10.

God's special mercies to me.

1. My creation *ex num; possib*^{s}.
2. My regeneration, elect from mankind.
3. My pure and loving home, and parents.
4. The long-sufferings which bore with me for twenty years until my conversion, restraining me, preventing me.
5. The preservation of my life six times to my knowledge—
 (1) In illness at the age of nine.
 (2) In the water.
 (3) By a runaway horse at Oxford.
 (4) By the same.
 (5) By falling nearly through the ceiling of a church.
 (6) Again by fall of a horse. And I know not how often in shooting, riding, etc.

6. By preserving me from great public shame, 1827-44.
7. By calling me to holy orders, and suffering me to be on His side against the world.
8. By afflicting me, 1837.
9. By prospering me, as a token of forgiveness.
10. By chastening me now.

27*th March.*—God's special mercies to me.

Thou hast—

1. Created me.
2. Redeemed.
3. Regenerated.
4. Blessed home, parents, friends, goods of life, education.
5. Spared for twenty years in sin, in six dangers at least.
6. Restrained in unnumbered temptations, intentions, inchoate sins.
7. Prevented. Leading me by books, friends, events, truth, and spirit.
8. Converted. From twenty to twenty-three.
9. Convinced. Unto this day; never more than in the last two years.
10. Enlightened. The same.
11. Reclaimed. Declension: 3½ years, secularity, vanity, anger.
12. Quickened. Great sloth in parish work and *prayer.*
13. Chastised. 1837, 1847.
14. Awakened. The same: realisation of His presence and of death.
15. Bruised. The same: and sixteen lonely years.
16. Kindled. Desire of oneness.
17. Softened. To penitents, to poor, to all I trust.
18. Humbled. 1844, 1847.
19. Called me to the altar.
20. Wrought by me.

Shall all this be in vain? Shall the dead praise thee, O Lord?

Palm Sunday, 28*th March.*—I have just had a proof of the unchanged sinfulness of my heart. I could not bear to hear Laprimaudaye commended even in a matter which ought to make me give thanks.[1] I abhorred myself on the spot, and looked upward for help.

God is witness that I abhor this for its malice, its meanness, its impiety.

[1] Laprimaudaye had been commended for bringing so many souls to God during Lent.

I would to God that I could say from my soul, of every brother and in everything, "He must increase." I do desire the most perfect self-examination. I feel some comfort in looking back and seeing that Christmas Day and Epiphany both bear witness that these were my desires in life and health. It seems to me that God has in love been weaning me from all things that I may possess Him, and be possessed by Him alone.

1. From sins of the flesh and spirit.
2. From love of worldly pleasure.
3. From worldly ambition.
4. From love of happiness.
5. From love of active popularity.
6. From ecclesiastical ambition. This is lessened chiefly by estrangement from the actual.
7. From the desire of excluding all from my flock and friends.
8. From intellectual sensuality.
9. From spiritual visions of sanctity and service.

"Did we but see,
When life first opened," etc.

I seem now to have two chief thoughts, God and death. And to desire, if He be pleased to spare me, to give the end of my life to two works.

1. The sustaining of my present preparation for ever.
2. The preparing of sick and dying.

This perhaps may be the answer to my question, Feb. 24, "*Mundo moriar;* but how?"

I do from my soul desire to die to everything which is not in God.

I trust I am willing to be supplanted, dispossessed, dethroned from the heart of all creatures, so that I may have no heart to rest on but His. I do not mean that I should not be the object of love to any, because this is sweet and blessed; only I wish not to aim at it, not to put my happiness in it, not to draw my consolation from it.

St. Mark xiii., "Is it I?"

.

Easter Eve, 1847.—I wish still to keep myself as if I had received my discharge from this world, and to keep close to the foot of the cross. I fear to be again absorbed even in thought by the activities of life. I should soon grow again ambitious, conscious, and bold in speech. For I am *capable of all evil*, nothing but the hand of God has kept me from being the vilest of creatures, and nothing can. I feel now that if I were within the sphere of temptation I should sin by a perpetual backsliding.

May this Lent be so stamped into my soul that I may never lose it; and if I die, may I die in Christ; and if I live, may I live in a perpetual Lent like this as to its spiritual realities, that living or dying I may be His.

.

I feel to burn with shame at the self-love with which I have magnified this illness; thought life of importance, sought health by all carefulness. . . .

My external work seems wound up, and I am more than content, if only I can live in divine love, and have my life hid with Christ in God.

Easter Day, 1847.—Lent is indeed now over, for the first vespers of Easter have been said.

What a Lent it has been to me! From Shrove Tuesday I have been in this house.

Yet truly no Lent in my life has been like it. All others have been shadows, and this the substance. They have been preparations for this reality.

.

There are two very awful qualities in sin—(1) We do it voluntarily; (2) that it preys upon us passively.

Now I have the latter to-day from jealousy.

I do not think I have actively and voluntarily consented; but I have felt a sort of poisonous, feverish, impatient sensation; partly lest it should be true, but chiefly that it should be thought true.[1]

I suppose nothing but the pure and perfect love of God can heal me.

How I ought to have rejoiced—

1. For the glory of God.
2. For the love of our blessed Lord.
3. For love of souls.
4. For love of my brother.
5. For love of humiliations.
6. For the discipline of lowliness.
7. For the opportunity of concealing and hiding myself.

.

I have prayed that all pride, vanity, envy, jealousy, rivalry, and ambition may be crucified in me; and I accept this as a nail driven into me, and desire to be wholly crucified. I had rather suffer any humiliation and disappointment than harbour the accursed shame of jealousy.

[1] Namely, that Laprimaudaye had brought more of the Lavington flock to their Easter communions than Manning himself had brought in former Lents.

Easter Monday.—This morning *in sacro* :—

1. For all gifts of grace on Laprimaudaye, that where I have gathered one of my flock he may gather ten.

2. For the rooting out of every resentful, impatient, sensitive feeling towards P(usey ?).

3. For a risen life resting upon His death ; a life of love, joying and rejoicing in the gifts and graces of all, forgetting myself ; and for lowliness, that I may love shadows and humiliations, and never undo them by explanations.

.

Having prayed for this, and resolved not to enter upon the subject of last night (though I believe I always reserved the stating of facts to Laprimaudaye, and answering questions), I was drawn by his showing me the list (of Easter communions) into saying things which I know embodied and vented feelings of evil.

In satisfaction for this, I desire now to give him this copy of the Breviary, and to say how sincerely I feel that my flock have been better in his hands than in mine.

May God accept this through Jesus Christ.

This long illness which, in the fulness of life, in the high tide of prosperity, brought Manning face to face with death, which wrought such a change of heart, is now passing away. In his Diary, under the date 10th May, he thus records his recovery :—

I am now going to breathe fresh air once more. God grant it may be not unto renewed sickness, but health. If it be for the glory of Thy name, and the sanctification of my soul.

11*th May.*—To-day I went out once more into the free air and sun of heaven. With what gladness I cannot say. I trust with a thankful heart. It was most sweet, most refreshing. The earth and the world never looked to me so benign, beautiful, and lovely. I fear I love it too well and have too little desire for God's Kingdom "which is far better." And I am conscious that in all this sickness my care for myself has been delicate and selfish, and for my own sake, not for God. I do earnestly desire that this may be a stage and a step in my life.

This day twelve weeks Ferguson came to me first. What days and nights have passed since then. And what tender mercies of God.

Oh that I may never be a burning mountain again. . . .

On his two doctors ordering him to go abroad, Manning made the following entry in his Diary :—

I am willing to lay aside the work I am printing.

I am willing to follow step by step, not knowing whither I go.

I am willing in my superior will to go where God wills, and for as long and for such end as He ordains, whether for life or death, that living or dying I may be united to Him.

The next entry in the Diary is as follows :—

8th June.—I trust I shall never again, if God in his goodness give me life, return to the fierce, isolated, resentful spirit I had before I was ill.

If I remember I had even then begun to strive against it, but I have dreadfully sinned by what St. Thomas Aquinas calls a clownish temper—an ἀγροικία—as with James Hilton. . . . I do not remember any one with whom I have ill will. Mr. Bliss and Mr. Davies[1] have exchanged with me pledges of kindness. So Mr. Murray. I cannot remember any other. How thankful I am that I never had a controversy, nor, so far as I know, a personal quarrel since I came to manhood. God has wonderfully made men to be at peace with me, even in the midst of strife; and given me the love of friends and the forbearance of enemies. I trust my memory would not be one of division. . . .

The following entry alludes to the commencement of the last illness of his wife, 22nd June, 1837 :—

24th June.—This time ten years ago the end was in its beginning. It opened on the 22nd, and I then said from my soul what I say now, "Thy will be done." . . .

Manning's heart was heavy about things spiritual as well as temporal, as the following letters to Robert Wilberforce show :—

Private.

LAVINGTON, *9th March* 1847.

MY DEAR ROBERT—Your kind words gave me great pleasure this morning. I had been inclining to write to you, wishing to ask your prayers more than at other times, not for bodily health, but that I may have the grace of a fervent repentance, of zeal and sorrow. You cannot ask this more than I need it. I know you will ask it, for the love we bear each other. For my part I ought to love you as I do, for I owe you more than I can repay.

[1] The Rev. Mr. Davies, a Low Churchman of Chichester, wrote a book attacking Manning's sermon *The Rule of Faith* in 1838.

As to illness, I am ashamed to make so much of so little. I have been near to an illness, but, by God's mercy, I trust it is gone. It may make me liable to it, but I believe that is all. As to the future, I do not yet look on. It would be to me too little trial to be idle and to go southward to make it good for me to think of it.

I do somewhat feel uneasy at this being no Lent to me, and yet in one way it has been more than any Lent.

Are you likely to be this way before Easter?—Believe me, my dear Robert, ever yours affectionately,

H. E. MANNING.

44 CADOGAN PLACE, *9th June* 1847.

MY DEAR ROBERT—Your kind letter, as yours always do, gave me much comfort. For though I thank God that I have not felt out of heart, yet four months' illness, the removal of my dearest mother, the suspension of all work, and the prospect of leaving home for a long time, have turned all thoughts and feelings out of old channels into a new one, somewhat of a sudden. Still I may say with an open heart to you I never felt the thought, I trust I may say the presence and the love, of God so near and full of peace.

Dr. Ferguson has tried my chest, and says he finds no tubercles, but great weakness; and said that my heart and pulse are young, but all the rest old. Would to God it were in ripeness as well as weakness. He wishes me to go slowly southward and reach Italy about October.

So much for myself; and now, my dear Robert, I feel much the thought of being parted from you: when, please God, I am away, I shall feel still more how little I have ever done for any one. I remember you morning and night and often at the altar, and this I may do, I trust, still. You will, I hope, not forget me.

I am very glad that your coming to London is fixed for the end of this month, as, if all goes well, I shall be here to make ready for starting.

I should very much like to go into some of the subjects of your letter; but I feel that illness is a discharge from the schools, and it seems but for me to think more of the points which are believed on both sides. What you say is my feeling that the presence and office of the Holy Spirit in the Church is the true foundation of certainty and perpetuity in doctrine. And that this is an object of *faith*. Everything below this seems to me to be in principle purely rationalistic, whether the judge of doctrine and tradition be an individual or a synod.

I cannot end this without thanking you for what you said about my dearest mother. It is strange we should both go into the same sorrow almost together. It has somehow made the unseen world more like home to me in childhood, and after-life is already there.

Pray for me that I may not come short of it.—Believe me, my dearest Robert, yours very affectionately, H. E. M.

The following remarks, with which he concludes his Diary—the record of his long illness, of his wrestlings with self, of his change of heart—bear edifying witness to Manning's vivid belief in the supernatural, trust in God, and touching resignation to the Divine Will:—

Whitsunday, 1847.—How can I ever bless God for this sickness! Without it I should have died eternally.

I feel that I have to begin my repentance as the Prodigal: and my religion from the alphabet. Make me to be as a little child.

27*th June*.—I have just come down from Lavington Church, having given thanks for the mercies of God in the last five months. Truly this sickness "is dearer unto me than thousands of gold and silver." . . . The Church seemed very beautiful; it had lost its familiar look and seemed strange and new to me, as I remember school used after holidays. The chaunting struck me, yet I wandered in my prayers. I had, I think, a more real sight of the unseen world and the object of worship; but my mind wandered on both sides. I felt moved and thankful. But I asked myself to-day what I was getting well for? At longest, to be sick again soon and for the last time. And between now and then what? (1887 is the answer put in by Cardinal Manning.) . . .

Voluntas Dei, 5th July 1847, *Lavington*.—I have just come down from the altar, having offered once more. . . . I never felt the power of love more: nor so much bound to my flock. It is the strongest bond I have. I believe it to be of the reality of the Catholic Church. And yet it will bear no theological argument except a denial of visible unity altogether—which is self-evidently false.

To-morrow by the will of God I go forth, it may be for a year, it may be for ever. I feel to be in His hands. I know not what is good for myself.

CHAPTER XVII

A SPIRITUAL RETREAT IN CATHOLIC COUNTRIES

1847-1848

"It is I: be not afraid."

NINE years after his first visit to Rome, under circumstances how different; with what a change of heart towards the claims of the Catholic Church on his faith; with a spirit how chastened by tribulation, did not Manning in 1847 rise up from what he had believed to be his death-bed and go forth Romewards, to meet half-way the destiny prepared for him by the grace of God! Natural weakness after so long an illness; anxiety; and fear for the results of the future, beset his heart. As in 1838, troops of friends prayed for his welfare—no longer among them to-day the most affectionate of them all, S. F. Wood, who had gone to his rest; nor Newman, who, living out of the world that knew him no more, was studying for the priesthood in Rome.

In a letter of introduction to Dr. Döllinger, Mr. Gladstone put Manning on his guard respecting certain critical objections to the main argument of his work, *The Unity of the Church*, held by the eminent Church historian, and suggested to his friend as a convenient *tu quoque* in regard to the Catholic Church the prevalence of a growing rationalism within its pale, as evidenced by the movement in Germany of Ronge, a priest who with his followers had cast off the yoke of Rome.[1]

[1] Ronge was an apostate priest who resisted the jurisdiction of Rome. But the rebellion was insignificant and short-lived.

In Archdeacon's Manning's Diary, dated 8th July 1847, are carefully recorded, often with great minuteness, the impressions conveyed to his mind by Catholic worship as presented to his view, practically for the first time, in the churches, cathedrals, and convents of Belgium and Germany, France and Italy; secondly, events of public interest, of which he was an eye-witness, notably at Rome in 1848, when he watched with no idle curiosity the first beginnings of the Italian Revolution, which led to the flight of Pope Pius IX. to Gaeta; and finally, the men of name and note, the makers of history, with whom, especially in the city of the Popes, he was brought into close contact—the leaders of the Revolution, or its abettors, or its apologists, on the one hand, and on the other, the defenders of the Catholic cause and of the Holy See, foremost among these Pope Pius IX. himself.

What imparts its special interest to Archdeacon Manning's Diary is its spontaneous character. It was evidently not written with a view to publication. Indeed, Cardinal Manning had more than once expressed to me his disdain for the idle folk who run up and down Europe, note-book in hand, jotting down remarks and reflections as material for book-making. His own Diary is simply a daily record of events. It contains notes on men and things; friendly interviews with Catholic priests and monks in Belgium and Germany, in France and Italy; reflections on the method and character of Catholic worship; comparison between its objective presentation of Divine truth and the Anglican system. Naturally, on his arrival in Rome, Archdeacon Manning's Diary expands and embraces in its purview a greater variety of subjects, not without interest to the politician as well as to the theologian or the student of ecclesiastical history. It records conversations and discussions on the moral, religious, and political state of Rome, on the laxity of ecclesiastical discipline, on the frequentation of the sacraments, on the Temporal Power of the Popes, on the relations of Pius IX. with Austria on the one hand, and with the revolutionary movement in Italy on the other.

The year in which Archdeacon Manning visited Italy

and Rome, and of which his Diary is a record, was, it must be remembered, a year of public turmoil and trouble throughout Europe, when other thrones beside the Pope's were attacked and shaken—the Revolutionary year, 1848, the birthtime, for good or evil, of great political, social, and religious changes in what was once known as Christendom, but which can now only be described as a congeries of States morally independent of each other, and released from the ancient authority and bond of Christian unity.[1]

It is curious to note with what avidity the leaders and spokesmen of the Revolutionary party in Rome confided their hopes and views and wishes to Archdeacon Manning, known to them only as an Englishman of distinction, a prominent member of the Anglican Church. They, who were familiar with the Rome of the popes in those days, know with what untiring energy the leaders of the Revolution laboured to influence the public opinion of Europe. No visitor of distinction escaped their polite attentions. They pounced upon him and poured into his ear the real or imaginary grievances which the Romans had to endure under the temporal power. Archdeacon Manning listened to the violent harangues of Gavazzi, to the revolutionary theories of Padre Ventura, and to the propositions and plans of Ciceroaicchio; but it is characteristic of his intellectual acuteness to find, as his Diary often records, that he was able to separate the grain of wheat from the bushel of chaff. We often, for instance, find in these pages the Anglican archdeacon in his discussions with the politicians of Rome—priests or monks, as well as laymen—defending the sovereign rights of the Pope and the authority of the Church against the partisans of the Revolution, led away, as so many were in 1848, by the promises of Italian unity.[2] Sometimes, indeed, Archdeacon Manning seems to have been captivated or captured by the

[1] *Vide* Cardinal Manning's *England and Christendom.*

[2] Miss R. H. Busk, the author of that celebrated book, *The Folk-Lore of Rome*, and many other popular works on Italy, speaking of the Revolution in Rome, wrote to me, at the time of the Piedmontese invasion, as follows:—"What lured people, who did not care a fig for Italian unity, to submit to the Revolution was, as I know well from talking to them, the promises which the Revolutionists made, that they were going to bring in an El Dorado."

specious arguments advanced by the more moderate or more astute opponents of the Temporal Power, or at any rate to have given an apparent acquiescence to the revolutionary theories propounded by men like Padre Ventura.

It must be remembered that at the date of Archdeacon Manning's residence in Rome, in the spring of 1848, the revolutionary character of the Italian movement was not fully recognised. Many good Catholics, priests as well as laymen, indulged in the dream of a united Italy under the headship of the Pope. In the beginning of his reign Pius IX. himself, carried away by his generous instincts and love for Italy, held out hopes that he would, as Sovereign Pontiff, bestow his blessing on the Italian movement, send his army into the field against Austria, and promised, if Padre Ventura is to be believed, on the morrow of victory to crown at Milan Carlo Alberto, King of Piedmont, with the iron crown. All these hopes and vain dreams were dissipated and destroyed by the famous Allocution of 29th April 1848, by which Pius IX., forced by their maliciously extravagant claims and demands, broke with the Revolutionary party, the character of which was only too manifest, not only by the principles which they enunciated, but by their rebellious acts and misdeeds. The assassination of Rossi, the Pope's prime minister, on the steps of the Cancellaria, forced Pius IX. into a life-long antagonism with the Revolution.

After this break with Revolutionary Liberalism, shortly before his departure from Rome, Archdeacon Manning found men's minds in a state of ferment. Many priests, with whom he came in contact, were loud in condemning the action of the Pope. In the Diary a passage is quoted in which the well-known Padre Ventura heaped words of insult and contumely on the head of Pope Pius, whom but a week or two before he had extolled as "an angel from Heaven," as "Divine love incarnate."

Cardinal Manning told me in 1887 that many of the priests and monks, described in his Diary as loud and clamorous in the revolutionary cause, are now good and holy priests; several of them high in office and dignity. "From one, perhaps the most violent and extreme, I have

to-day," added the Cardinal, "received a letter; he is now a prelate in Rome and something more."

One of the chief features in the Diary are the copious notes on sermons delivered in various churches at Rome. The archdeacon appears to have been a regular attendant; his criticisms on the sermons are interesting, and still more so the synopsis which he draws out of the argument used by the preacher. These "skeleton sermons" may have offered years afterwards to the newly-ordained priest of Westminster topics and suggestions for some of those striking discourses which he delivered at the Jesuit Church in Farm Street, or at St. Mary of the Angels, Bayswater.

At some of the monasteries which he was in the habit of visiting, Archdeacon Manning appears to have been catechised more than once by the good monks as to his own ecclesiastical position, and as to how his religious creed differed from ordinary Protestantism.

It is not difficult to conceive the surprise, if not indignation, felt by Archdeacon Manning—one of the great leaders and lights of the Anglican Church—at being challenged by simple Italian monks to show his right to the name of Catholic; and still more at being cross-questioned as to the character of his Orders. From one passage at least in the Diary, the Anglican archdeacon appears to have thought that the zeal of his catechists was not always tempered by discretion. On one occasion he accounts for the controversy running somewhat high by the absence of the more moderate-minded or discreet prior. The Anglican Branch-Church theory seems to have surpassed the understanding of these simple and straightforward Italian monks. On taking leave of his monastic friends at Assisi on his departure for England, May 14, 1848, the venerable Prior,[1] with tears in his eyes, kissing Archdeacon Manning on both cheeks, implored him on his return home to consult some competent English Catholic on the vital difference between Protestantism under every variety of form and the Catholic Church.

One curious peculiarity of the Diary is the careful daily record kept at Rome of the wind and weather; in this, if in nothing

[1] Padre Luigi, Prior of "Gli Angeli" at Assisi.

else under heaven, Archdeacon Manning resembled Pugin, the great reviver of Gothic Art, who would almost as soon have omitted his morning prayers as his daily weather-chart.

The Diary, I may add, is illustrated by frequent pen-and-ink sketches of shrines and altars, of ruined towers and of churches of special interest, often accompanied by elaborate ground-plans, exhibiting no mean architectural knowledge and skill. From the copious materials afforded by this Diary, after recording his experiences in Belgium, I shall give such extracts as illustrate the important events of which Archdeacon Manning was an eye-witness in Rome in the critical year of 1848; or as record his opinions, religious or political; or his often acute comments on the events he witnessed; or on the leading men, ecclesiastical or lay, with whom he was brought into close, often intimate, contact during his long stay at Rome. It will be conducive also to the fuller understanding of the state of his mind and feelings at this critical period of his life, if I recite such passages, even if unimportant, or of no present interest, as are characteristic of the writer, or show the tendency of his mind at a time when he had, as the Germans so well express it, no *Ahnung* as yet, that he stood at the threshold of that far-famed and mighty Church, of which in after years he was predestined to become not only a faithful son, but a most eminent defender, bearing witness among his own people to its Divine character and to the infallible authority of its Supreme Head.

Archdeacon Manning in Belgium, July 9-20, 1847.

On the fly-leaf of the Diary is the following entry:—

I was ill in the spring of 1847, and in July went to Homburg. Dodsworth joined me, and we went on into Switzerland. I fell ill at Lucerne, and was obliged to come home.

But in October started again with Colonel Austen and my sister Caroline, and stayed in Rome till May 1848, and reached home July 18th.[1]

[1] It is somewhat curious that Archdeacon Manning, so particular and exact as to dates throughout the whole of his Diary, should have made a mistake as to the date of his reaching home. His return to England was not on the 18th of July, but of June.

At the time of this visit with Archdeacon Manning to Switzerland, Mr. Dodsworth, who had been incumbent of the chapel in Margaret Street, famous then as now for its advanced High Church principles and practices, was perpetual curate of Christ Church, St. Pancras. In Frederick Oakeley's days Mr. Gladstone was a frequent worshipper at Margaret Street Chapel.

8*th July.*—From London by railroad at ½ past 1. Dover 6 o'clock.

9*th July.*—From Dover at 7 A.M. Ostend ½ past 11; by rail at 3 to Bruges; from Bruges at 5 to Gand.

10*th July.*—At Gand. The Beguinage: a long square of houses with walled gardens, and in the centre the church; all of red brick with a Dutch look. At 2 by railway to Malines.

An annual fair exactly opposite to the windows of the hotel; and the noise all day till 11 at night ceaseless.

At the cathedral, Saturday evening; the *Salut* and Exposition; the procession gave me a strong feeling of the reality of the Incarnation and of their way of witnessing to it. This morning, high mass with much splendour. The Elevation very solemn and impressive; vivid by exhibiting the One Great Sacrifice. The church very full all the morning, many thousands. At vespers about 6 or 7. Priests and a choir of 20 or 30. Full end to end.

The church of St. Aloysius attached to the Beguinage. Great number of religious in white and in black hoods. The responses were made from the north-east corner behind a screen. I conceive by a sisterhood. Mr. Daviney said by the quire. I doubt it, as the voices were certainly women's. He said the processions were of women, a priest carrying the Host.

11*th.*—Saw the college communal, a school for boys from 8 to 15, with choice of profession, about 125; then *petit séminaire*, where were about 330: 3 courses, Humanity, Philosophy, Theology. Here the choice is made. They study a certain number of years in humanity, in philosophy, in theology; and then go to the *Grand Séminaire.* This was much like St. Sulpice (at Paris), but the rooms better furnished, with more of personal comfort. St. Sulpice has a severer character. Bare walls, a bed, a table, chair, bookcase, and crucifix. Good library, and a most brotherly and intelligent priest who showed it to us. Then the *Frères de la Miséricorde* instituted by M. Scheppers. He was ordained 16 years ago, at the age of 30. In 1839 he began to attend the prisons with

three subjects. They are now 60. The old prison system by Gardism—old soldiers and by force; now it is wholly by religion, and blessed with great success. He showed us the house, refectory, kitchen, chapel, sacristy, cloisters, and school. He was an open, clear, sincere, kindly, energetic man, χρηστὸς, but did not impress me with a feeling of height or depth. But there was about him the balance and peace of a man who had found his place and calling in God's kingdom for life, and was moving onward without distraction. This appears to me to be one of the fruits of the objective Church system of dogmatic theology, the celibacy of the priesthood, and the monastic life.

The brothers all laymen. They take the three vows. Their noviciate is in all about 3 or 4 years. In the refectory is a tall panel having an *Ordo*, showing what brothers are out, and where. Also another for the novices. He showed us the relics under the altar; and also others in the sacristy.

I could not but feel that the effect of such objects is to awaken and keep alive a high standard of personal devotion. A theory at least which we have not. Also the whole objective worship gives a reality we have nothing to equal.

12*th*.—The priest at the *grand séminaire* told me that in the diocese of Malines there are 1500 priests, and that the archbishop meets them all in retreat once in 3 or 4 years at various places—the seminaire in Malines and other places in the diocese.

The population of Belgium is about 4,000,000; and of Brussels about 200,000.

13*th*.—M. Bougueaux showed us the chapel and convent of the Visitation; Sons, the superieure, had been 37 years in the Order at Annecy in Savoy, Nice, Paris, and Brussels. They have only 7 sisters here, and lay sisters. Then to the Dames de Marie, who have 15 sisters, and conduct the education of 600 girls (100 paying) in schooling, lace-making, and like work. In the chapel were 4 or 5 sisters. They have about 600 in all; a house in London with 4 or 5 sisters; a house at Falmouth, Oregon, America. The Redemptorists have only 6 fathers, and are at work sometimes from ½ past 5 A.M. to 12 in the confessional. There are 22 religious houses in Brussels, and more nuns than before the French Revolution. I could not but be struck by the calm happy look of every one I saw. They seemed at rest, as if they had said:

"This shall be my rest for ever."

There are in Belgium 6 dioceses, Malines (Archbishopric) including Brussels and Antwerp, Gand, Bruges, Liège, Namur, and Tournay.

14*th.*—To Louvain with M. Bougueaux. Population, 30,000; 7 parishes including religious houses and their chaplains. Liège, 75,000. Diocese, 600,000. Parishes small, 300 or 400; some 2, 4, and 8 thousand, but few. This from the grand vicaire.

M. Bougueaux said the Catholics did not make, but only profited by, the Revolution of 1830. There were only two bishops from the battle of Waterloo — Malines and Ghent. King William for 5 years forbade the great seminary to receive any more students. He wished to make Pope Adrian's College a philosophical system—liberal. The students there, although called reverend, were never ordained, as being unfit.

King William's professors are liberals—infidels. The University is supported by the town and the Church. Yearly collections in all the churches are imposed on the clergy. The bishops send their best men for 2, 3, and 4 years from their seminaries.

Heard a disputation for degree of Doctor, and on appeals to the Pope, in Latin. The University has very little property; the State will not create corporations nor suffer mortmain. In ten years M. Bougueaux hopes they may be able. The library, a fine one, belongs to the town. Students 600; several colleges; one theological, others for law and medicine. Bellarmine preached in Latin at St. Peter's.[1]

16*th.* Went to Antwerp. At the cathedral, the chapel of the Holy Heart.

In the Diary a blank space is left here evidently in the view of recording later on the impressions made on the writer by Antwerp, perhaps the most Catholic city in Belgium, certainly the most interesting and the most artistic. Archdeacon Manning at that period was evidently not familiar with Catholic terminology as used in England. For instance, he translates the French *Sacré Cœur* by Holy Heart; and uses the French word *Salut*, instead of speaking as English Catholics do of the Sacred Heart and of the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. After coming into personal contact with English Catholic ecclesiastics at

[1] This entry, which has no connection with the subject recorded in the Diary, appears to be the result of a mental note, the record of one of the *obiter dicta* heard in the course of conversation with his Belgian friends. It illustrates one of Cardinal Manning's most characteristic habits of mind, the power of gathering up and assimilating knowledge—the secret of a well-stored mind.

Rome, he adopts in his Diary, as will be observed later on, Catholic phraseology.

But to resume the extracts from the Diary:—

17*th.*—In the afternoon to Liège, a town lying in a valley with hills to the N.W. and S., many open places.

On the margin is a pen-and-ink sketch of the town. The Diary is illustrated by frequent sketches of monuments of interest, ruins of churches and chapels and colleges, especially during his prolonged study of Rome.

Palace of the prince bishop is fine. Inside a cloister or peristyle like Doge's Palace at Venice and the streets of Bologna. St. Martin's on a high and fine site.

The Feast of Corpus Christi first kept in that Church by the canons. Liège alone has with Rome the privilege of perpetual Exposition, four days in each church. The parish priests give tickets to the devout, assigning the number and succession of hours for the perpetual adoration. The night-hours are kept in their houses, the day-hours in their church (The 40 Hours). Went to St. Catherine where a Jesuit preached to the Society *de la bonne Mort:* church full. In the evening to the *Grande Séminaire* to see Dr. Kein.

The seminary, an old convent of the Augustinians. Their books still there. A good church in the Palladian style. The low large lamps of brass burning before the high altar very solemn. He said he bought them in 1835 for sixty francs. I cannot but feel that the practice of Elevation, Exposition, Adoration of the Blessed Eucharist has a powerful effect in sustaining and realising the doctrine of the Incarnation.

19*th.*—To Aix-la-Chapelle through a beautiful country—a mixture of North Wales, the South Downs, Stroud, and Dove Dale. Aix, a German Basle. First Vespers of St. Margaret. A long funeral procession. The streets were dressed with streamers from the windows. In one church orange trees within the sanctuary. In another a large congregation at the *Salut.*

I observed—

1. The great number of men, and some *young.*

2. The deep devotion. They responded as one voice, were vividly penetrated by an idea and a spirit.

3. The use of the rosary by many men well dressed, and by some poor men, with great devotion. One man with a lame left arm—like Simpson in face.

4. The lifting of the hands, the little (3) acolytes before the altar.

5. The parents crossing their children with holy water. The children crossing themselves.

6. The devout kneeling down on the marble pavement, coming in and out.

The whole very impressive, implying a deep hold on the conscience and the will.

It seemed strange that here on the moral site of the Western Empire and the Mediæval Europe, there should be still an energy beyond anything I have seen elsewhere. Is there not a moral reason to explain this?

20*th.*—At Aix. The Cathedral, a Temple church built by Charlemagne, destroyed and rebuilt by Otto on the same site, in 980 A.D. It consists of one octagon nave; a quire of the date of Westminster Abbey. There is a very old square tower at the west end; north-west a chapel of the Decorated time; south-west a chapel of the debased Italian.

(Here follows a ground-plan of Aachen Cathedral in pen and ink.)

In the middle of the nave a plain slab with *Carolo Magno.* His stone chair on six marble steps is up in the triforium. I could not help feeling as if I stood over the spring of a great power which had still hold upon us. It is the fountain of modern Europe—of the Mediæval Church and Empire; of the temporal element of our national, legal, and Christian civilisation.

The passages which I have given from the Diary are of interest and importance as recording Archdeacon Manning's first visit to Catholic Belgium; his first contact with Catholic life and Catholic worship, not so much, if at all, on account of the facts of more or less interest put on record, as because the daily chronicle reveals, simply and naturally, and with no foregone conclusion, the state of mind of the Anglican divine, when brought for the first time face to face with the living Catholic Church, as seen in its actual working, spiritual, religious, and social. For such a purpose Catholic Belgium was a good field for observation. Archdeacon Manning showed himself, as his twelve days' research among Catholic institutions, social and religious, proves, a clearsighted and candid observer of men and things. He was more; for the reflections, sparse as they naturally are in such a homely chronicle, show that his

mind was going down to the roots of things, to the differences, fundamental in their character, between the Catholic Church, in practice as well as in theory, and the Church of his birth and baptism. Archdeacon Manning was acquainted, indeed, with the Primitive Church, the Church of the ancient Fathers; but in reality knew little or nothing of the Church of Rome, that, practically to him, invisible Church, with which he as an Anglican claimed kinship. The Church of Rome, as made known to him in its actual life and working, came to him in some sort as a new revelation. To judge at least from some reflections in the Diary, the effect produced by the dogmatic teaching and the objective system of Catholic worship was not altogether favourable to the conduct and claims of the Anglican Church. Be that, however, as it may, it is evident that Archdeacon Manning did not consider himself an enemy in a hostile camp. He presented himself as a truce-bearer to the Church which did not recognise him as one of her sons. He was received by the priests and monks of Belgium as a friend among friends. Every church was open to him; at every monastery he was a welcome guest. From him no information was withheld. The secrets of the prison-house, which Mr. Newdegate—at that day almost an unquestioned authority in the Protestant world on convents—used to denounce in and out of Parliament, were not revealed to him, because there were none to reveal.

Archdeacon Manning made the most of his Belgian friends and of his opportunities; as he did when he reached Italy and made himself at home with Italian priests and monks. No Anglican divine of name and note, as far as I know, was ever on such intimate terms with Catholic priests and monks—not in England, indeed, but abroad—as Archdeacon Manning during his twelvemonth's sojourn in Catholic lands. In this spiritual retreat, God laid deep in the heart of His elect the foundations of his future faith.

CHAPTER XVIII

ARCHDEACON MANNING ON HIS WAY TO ROME

On leaving Belgium, 20th July 1847, Archdeacon Manning, on his way to Rome, went through Germany and Switzerland. In his Diary interesting accounts are given of his journey. A few extracts, to keep up the continuity, and to show the outlines of his journey, will, however, suffice :—

20th July 1847.—From Aix to Cologne and Bonn. Stayed at Bonn. The cathedral of our Norman ; a tower at the intersection, and another at the east. Apsidal ends. Crypt under choir.

21st.—To Coblenz by water. Went to see the monument which Mr. Papworth drew for my dearest father in 1828. This place recalls him vividly to me.

To-day by steamer to Biberich, and thence to Frankfort. My last visit is full in my mind. We were at the Hotel d'Angleterre. Sister and brother were here. I remember standing on the stone balcony over the door, and all the vanity of the time. Also I remember the cathedral and the walls round the town, the bridge and the *quais*. It is just nineteen years ago. I was then travelling for health, the asthma having just appeared. What have these nineteen years not comprehended ?

Frankfort, 23rd.—This morning went into a church. . . . It was like the Italian churches. The altars plain, but seemly. The lamp before the high altar burnt red. The contrast of stillness, sanctity, prayer, and the cross, with the stir, chafing, and eagerness of the busy streets, was most striking. (This at Frankfort.)

Homburg.—This place seems wholly stripped of outward Christianity. I walked over the greatest part of it, and could neither find nor see a church. From the terrace of the Palace I

saw a spire some way off, and this afternoon I walked there. The village is called Gerzdorf. I called on the priest. He said that in Homburg there are about 200 Catholics, the population being near 5000. In his village he has about 1000. He says Mass every Sunday at Homburg, at Gerzdorf every day, and Vespers at 1.30. On Sunday there is catechising for the children. I asked if there was to be any *Salut.* He said "No." I asked whether, being the eve of St. James,[1] there would be no office; he said "No." I went into the church and was left alone, which was very still and grateful, but was soon disturbed. A bustling boy, with much noise and no sign of realising where he was, went in and out through the sanctuary and prepared the side altar and credence. He then began to ring the bells. I did not know what would follow, and went away.[2]

The church was plain, clean, and sufficient. (Here follows a ground-plan in pen and ink.) It was high, and the altar with the crucifix drew all one's thoughts from the veil of the building. I saw three or four crucifixes by the roadside in the parish; none in Homburg. The place seems to be out of Christendom.

9*th August.*—To-day walked to the Jews' Burial Ground near Eidberg. It was on the skirts of a wood, very lonely in the open lands; rough, ill-tended, with the graves broken, sunken, and deformed. The stones had Hebrew inscriptions, some very old. It was a picture of the race, lonely, separate, and in ruin. It contrasted mournfully with the fair and fruitful fields which lay round it, with their orchards and tillage, as Israel in the midst of Christendom.

19*th August.*—To Frankfort. Afternoon went to the Einhorn *Apothek.* As I stood there, the shop, the bottles, and the gold paper all came back upon me as nineteen years ago. There I was a second time buying ether to relieve asthma.

Walked down at night to the bridge, and saw the pier, which they were repairing when I was last there.

28*th August.*—To Mayence. Dodsworth came.

Basle, 5th September.—Went to the church near the post office. Fairly full; singing good. Then sermon; no marks of great attention. Then cathedral not so full; many hats on. The effect of Protestant worship is dreary; want of object, aim, intelligibleness; cold, dark, abstract.

[1] The eve of St. James was the anniversary of the death of Archdeacon Manning's wife.

[2] Had Archdeacon Manning, in spite of the "bustling boy," possessed his soul in patience, he might have witnessed in this rude German village the service which so captivated his heart in the churches of Belgium. The simple German priest, no doubt, had no idea what was meant by the *Salut.*

Then went on the river to Little Basle. The R.C. Church; a queue of people at each door, and a knot against the wall opposite; hats off; crossing, joining in worship. Went in; thronged aisles, passages and all, with looks—visible—and great attention.[1] Cathedral choir round to the ambulatory, like Gloucester. (Here follows pen-and-ink sketch.)

Lucerne, 7th September.—The opposite coast, a long low land rising to a gentle ridge, clothed with trees and verdure, houses and villages to the water's edge. Behind it the Rigi; sharp-pointed, irregular; the lower ranges covered with rich green; the upper wild, barren, and bare. The sunset lit up the shore with a sort of glaring, homely, cheerful light. The mountain seemed to burn with a red heat.

The whole, with all its outlines and tints, and lights and shadows, lay upon the lake. As the sun went down the lights went upwards, leaving range after range in a dark cold green or a black misty gray.

9th September.—I was very ill, and turned homeward.

Lucerne, 15th September.—Started at 7.30 by diligence to Basle; got in at 8 P.M. *16th*, to Strasburg by rail; *17th*, to Mayence by steamboat; *18th*, to Cologne by steamboat;[2] *19th*, rested Sunday at Cologne; *20th*, Malines; *21st*, Ostend; *22nd*, by steamboat to Dover (seven hours); to London by railroad, 2.30; got in ten past 7.

τῳ Θεῳ χάρις.

Soon after his arrival in London, Archdeacon Manning wrote to Robert Wilberforce as follows:—

44 CADOGAN PLACE, *Oct.* 1, 1847.

MY DEAREST ROBERT—Many thanks for your kind words. A sharp illness drove me home. I was not fit to go on, and came home by steamer, to be revised by my Doctors. Thank God, I am better, and am under sentence for Nice within a fortnight; Colonel Austen and my sister going with me. I trust I am stronger than when we parted, but I must wait still before I can lay aside some anxieties. How good it is to have them. I trust your wife is really recovering. Give her my kindest

[1] What a sensation would not a book under the title "*Contrast between Catholic and Protestant Worship.* By an Anglican Archdeacon," had it been published by Manning, have created in that time of controversial strife in England!

[2] In an autobiographical Note, Cardinal Manning, relating to this journey, says, "I was so ill on board the steamer on the Rhine that passengers made signs to each other as if they thought I was dying."

regards and say I hope she will not follow my bad example—unless it will bring you both to Nice with me. Send me your sermons to this place, and at the same time let me have the two references you promised—one in St. Optatus, and one of some Pope writing to the Patriarch of Antioch. I would like to note them in my MS. book, though I am doing no work, but grazing like a Siberian lamb.

Nothing, I fear, will bring you to London within fourteen days. I wish something may.—Ever yours very affectionately,

H. E. MANNING.

Accompanied by his sister Caroline, and her husband Colonel Austen, Archdeacon Manning left London, 15th October, on his way to Nice. They reached Nice on the 3rd of November. Archdeacon Manning's journey is recorded in his Diary as follows :—

4th November.—Feast of St. Charles Borromeo.[1]

6th.—Went early to the church of St. Agostino, saw a *compagnia* of penitents in white, about twenty, two and two, followed by a priest, all chanting. Their office is to defray the cost of burying the poor, and to attend their funeral; they pay for the lights and all.

The Father Superior spoke of the ever-changing, never-satisfying life of the world.

I asked if strifes did not sometimes arise among the brothers; he said very seldom, and they soon pass. He took me to the library where we looked at *Rom. viii. in Corn. a Lap.* I quoted St. Augustine, *Mutabimur in immutabilitatem.* He said he had been here twenty-five years and they seemed like one. He quoted St. Augustine as saying at his death—"Now, that I begin to know a little, I die."

We then went to the refectory; he gave me some Spanish wine and water, dried figs and small cakes. Fra Felice, who was with us last time, came and joined us. They told me their names, and I gave my baptismal name, and told them my birthday was 15th July, St. Henry; said that family names perish but Christian names will, perhaps, be laid up in heaven, and asked their prayers. (F. Fidele took me to his cell); they then took me to the Padre Guardiano, who told me that they say matins at midnight till 1.30, then rest till five, then the offices with intervals till morning. Dine at eleven, vespers at two, compline and angelus, then supper at seven; then half an hour

[1] Oblates of St. Charles founded in London by Mgr. Manning nine years later.

recreation; then they are free to read, write, and go to rest at about 8.30. Five hours in the offices; half an hour mental prayer, morning and evening, in the choir. Silence always except two hours, one in the morning and one in the evening. They work in the garden and in outbuildings. There are six here. The *Misericorda* for the rich wear black, red, white, blue, and one I cannot remember.

7*th.*—Went to Notre Dame church, benediction of SS. It was full; and round the door a crowd bareheaded and kneeling on the stones which were *pitching* not paving.

Church of Visitation, full, with good plaintive chanting.

Church of Holy Cross. Benediction of SS. Full, and a crowd on the plateau outside and below in the street; and all down the street, people kneeling on their thresholds.

There was something very beautiful and awful in the lighted altar, with the incense seen from without through the open door.

A sad contrast to our Evensong, where every one, so far as I saw, sat through their prayers.

8*th.*—Walked with Church to the Cimella, a Franciscan convent. The path beautiful, an ascent through gardens and olive woods, saw the church, refectory cloister, gardens, cells, library, and parochial burial-ground. The Father guardian, Francesco, showed us over; and F. Egidio, the *Lettore Teologo*, showed me the library.

11*th.*—Went with the Colonel and Caroline to the Cimella, saw P. Francesco, and Egidio; was not so well pleased. There was too much effort to please in the former, and the latter looked consciously upon it. But a third whose name I did not hear seemed to me grave. He told me that there is a brother of eighty-five who has been in the convent since he was eighteen; that he is troubled by scruples, and is heard in his cell lamenting; that he says mass every day, sometimes in twenty-five minutes, sometimes in an hour and a half; that when he comes to the words of consecration he is afraid of going on.

The Cimella is a convent of Recollects of the strict observance.

The convent and garden not well kept, but the church good.

36 brothers, 14 priests, 1 lay brother.

12*th.*—Went to St. Bartholemy, a Franciscan convent of Capuchins, a reform stricter than the other. It contained 15 brothers, 11 priests, 1 lay brother.

My impression is that the Cimella suffers from visitors more than St. Bartholemy. But it must be bad for both to be near such a place as Nice.

16*th.*—I have just been again to the Capuchin convent. I got there at three, but being hot I walked in the garden with Fra Fidele till I got cool. Round the cloister are prints of saints and martyrs of the order. He told me they had missionaries in India, Syria, China, and Greece; that meat is allowed by the Rule, except in the three Lents and on Friday and special fasts; on Wednesday also some abstain, but it is not ordered. We walked down and looked at the gold fish, talked of the necessity of a vocation in the monastic life; of the mysterious law of the lower animals preying on each other; the penalty of death and the sufferings of the poor of the parish. He gave me a rosary made in the convent. When I came down F. Fidele and F. Felice met me and commended themselves to my recollection (in prayer), and I asked theirs. I then bade farewell to the F. guardian, and F. Felice. F. Fidele took me into the garden and gave me some odoriferous herbs; and as we parted, I said, it was an instruction and a prayer to live and die *in odore sanctitatis.*

My chief regret is that I remember more what I said than what they said; and that my small command of language prevented my inquiring of them, as I would fain have done, of many things. On the whole my impression is that they are sincere, simple, religious men. There was the gentleness and refinement of religion about them, with the intelligence and command of manner and speech which belongs to men who have made their choice and lived it.

F. Fidele told me that their bread is not given by weight, but the meat is. He did not know what measure. They eat what is put before them, and may ask no more, except of bread, water, and salt.

Monday, 22*nd November.*—Left Nice 7 A.M. by post, went by Corniche Road to Oneglia. At S. Stefano was sunset: glowing, golden, soft-blue sea; church solitary by the shore, a chime of five bells ringing with clear musical peal in a light, quick time. In a garden by the sea a little girl of eight dancing to the chimes all alone. Oneglia got about six. St. Cecilia's Day. Benediction with singing at the church; great chorus of voices.

23*rd November.*—Got up at 4. Bright moonlight and streets silent and still. Went out on the seashore, and into the church. Priest at the high altar saying mass; 2 lights, the church all dark.

Passed Voragine, where Giacomo de L. was born. A beautiful maritime town lying along the shore, overhung by mountains, and in the depth of a bay passed also the birthplace of Columbus and of Julius II. The lights on the sea were beautiful; the

setting sun making the surf crimson and purple. Above Genoa the blue loam of the snow mountains, and above the rose colour and then the silver of the moon chafing upon the water. Then the harbour-lamp of Genoa revolving, intense brightness and perfect darkness, and the tiny light of a little boat in mid-sea.

24*th.*—Genoa is the most interesting of all maritime towns. The most commercial in Italy; it is also the most devout. Its churches overawe its palaces. Its priests, monks, and religious are as busy and abroad as its soldiers and merchants; and its bells, as at this moment of Ave Maria, drown the din of the streets and of the world. In parts, as in the Strada Nuova, it is a double line of palaces, in size and splendour beyond any except a few in Italy. The sun, which was shining down full into the port blazing upon everything, has just gone down; and between me and the horizon there is a black forest of masts and rigging of every nation under heaven.

The cardinal archbishop died yesterday morning at the age of 85.

25*th.*—The cardinal, after lying in state for three days in his palace, was carried to the cathedral. The bands of five regiments with officers and some companies of the men, went before a long procession of penitents in black, the *Misericordia*,[1] and priests bearing each a light. The bier and pall was of cloth of gold with the mitre at one end. It was carried into the cathedral and raised upon a high catafalco.

The Lancers had on the front of their helmets a cross which looked like the champions of Christendom. (Here follows a pencil sketch of helmet and cross.)

At 5 P.M. went on board Verglio, and at 7 started; night beautiful, calm as a lake; wind low and soft, and all the stars out. Moon rose waning but cloudless.

An Italian told me that he believed infidelity and immorality to exist widely in Rome, adding the old accusation against the cardinals, and said, there was a proverb in Italy, *Roma santa popolo cornuto.*

26*th.*—At Leghorn. At night again and softer than before, tranquil, still and beautiful.

27*th.*—A Capuchin told me that he was on his way to the Propaganda, being one of their missionaries, and that he was ordered to China. Jesuit missionaries were going, but the Pope had changed them for Capuchins.

Beautiful passage; reached Cività Vecchia at ½ past 7; at ¼ to 12 started for Rome; and got in at ½ past 7.

[1] A confraternity whose office it is to attend the dying, prepare the funerals of the poor, and follow the dead to the grave.

CHAPTER XIX

ARCHDEACON MANNING IN ROME

28th November 1847 *to* 11*th May* 1848.

On reaching Rome, Archdeacon Manning met the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert and his wife, recently married; and renewed intimacy with him which was soon extended to Mrs. Herbert. They both placed themselves under Archdeacon Manning's spiritual direction. He was, also, on friendly terms with Miss Florence Nightingale and the Trenches. In company with Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, Manning attended, but very occasionally, the English Protestant Church outside the walls.

Archdeacon Manning's Diary gives a graphic account of what was passing in Rome in the eventful year of 1848, and, what is still more interesting, recounts his personal impressions, not only of the revolutionary movement, but of the worship, devotions, and the spiritual life and teaching of the Church in the city of the Popes. The first entry on the Diary records his arrival in Rome, and then goes on as follows :—

First Sunday in Advent, 28*th November*.—Rome. Scirocco and rain, thermometer in east room, 58°.

29*th*.—Scirocco and rain, but not kept at home either day. Close and warm. Th. 58°.

On Monday night S. Broechi told me that the Pope, when young, intended to go into the Austrian army. Then became a cadet under Napoleon. Then was made one of the Guardia

Nobile by Pius VII. But having vertigo could not ride. Pius VII. said, "*Mio caro Mastai*, you have not a soldier's face but a priest's." Mastai said he would do whatever the Pope advised. He studied and was ordained. He then became head of a school for 70 poor boys, who in the day went out to their trades and at night came home and were instructed. Then he went as missionary to Chili. War breaking out, the missionaries came home. He then became head of San Michele, an institution for orphans and education. Then he became canon and monsignore, then bishop. After he left Rome he was forgotten except by a few. He lived in his bishopric taking no part in politics, living a pastoral life.

S. Broechi said he was rather good, benevolent, and sincere, than intellectual and learned. Said Chigi was nothing great and inclined to the Opposition. Cardinal Feretti good and religious, impulsive rather than statesmanlike. When Bishop of Forli in 1831, during the jubilee disturbances, he took his pastoral staff and went amongst the people.

3rd December.—Went over the Propaganda with St. John.[1] It is governed by five superiors:—(1) Father rector; (2) Father minister; (3 and 4) Two spiritual Fathers; (5) A procurator.

The spiritual Fathers are exclusively spiritual directors and have no part in managing the college.

The students are divided into eight camerate. The 1st, 2nd, 3rd (highest), are of theology; the rest philosophy, languages, etc. The age is not fixed; in the 8th are boys of 8-9 or 11-12. The three first camerate have separate rooms; the 5 lower cameroni or dormitories. There are about 110 of 32 different nations.

The professors who teach are chiefly *ab extra* and have no government. In the museum are some pieces of glass said to be parts of burial urns of the 2nd and 3rd century; they are enamelled with gold. One of the emblems was the B. V. with SS. Peter and Paul on each side. Her hands lifted in prayer to show, as one of the bishops said to the heathen, that she is a creature.

Went with St. John to Santa Croce. A fine spacious convent, very clean and well kept, with beautiful views upon the Alban Hills from Albano to Tivoli, Frascati Fell in the middle; the Campagna stretching right and left, and the Aqueduct running from the S.E. side of the convent as far as the eye can reach. Saw Newman in his chamber, which looks on this

[1] Afterwards Father Ambrose St. John of the Oratory, Birmingham, a most intimate friend of Father, afterwards Cardinal, Newman.

view. St. John's looked on St. John Lateran. It is Cistercian, and there are about 15 brethren.

St. John told me that the students of the bishopric have a privilege to pass one examination only for the three major orders instead of three; one at each.

One treatise is required for subdeacon; two for deacon; three for priest. A treatise is a subject, not a special book. The examination is in Latin and lasted about ¾ of an hour.

N. and St. J. were about 7 months at the Propaganda; and since they have been reading alone.

N. told me coming home[1] that there is a priest in Rome named Paleotti, known for his sanctity, confessor to many of the chief people, cardinals, etc., and that he had a sort of community which attends S. Spirito.

5th December.—Scirocco. Mild, very warm, rain at night. Sidney Herbert told me on Sunday that he had met P. Carrino, Azeglio, and others. Azeglio was moderate, the others all looking onward to great changes. Azeglio said he had a brother a Jesuit, a devoted and devout one, who is now in a state of painful doubt as to the whole Jesuit politic. One said to Herbert their reform is all well, but there remains the great enemy. He asked what. He said, "the theology." Minghetti said that there is a tax of 300 crowns to collect, while 900 were spent in paper and pens, and 3000 in salaries.

Broechi told me that the Jesuits are able and excellent in their duties as priests, but that their politics are most mischievous; that if a collision should come with the people the effect would be terrible; that they stick to the aristocracy, *e.g.* to the Dorias, the Princess being a Frenchwoman; that no day passes but they are there. The people[2] call them *Oscuri, Oscurantisti.*

He said that a reform of their rule was looked for. An inquiry being already issued; that the Orders are relaxed and idle; but as to morals, he thought there was not much to be charged upon them; that the eyes of the seculars are too vigilant; that if a Frate is seen to go to a private house it is a matter of observation.

Sidney Herbert also told me that Mr. Petre holds the Pope somewhat cheaply, as a good man, but with fancies, and fearful. He (Petre) thinks that the Pope had no policy: that his act of amnesty was his spontaneous goodness; that the Liberals of Italy, wanting a prince, jumped at him, and wrote him up; that

[1] Newman left Rome in December 1847.

[2] "The people" in Archdeacon Manning's mouth means the revolutionary party represented by his friends in the Circolo Romano.

they sketched an outline of himself which he has been straining to fill up. He also thinks the retrograde party very strong, the old clergy and their folks.

Lord Minto does not.

Mr. Petre, I think, is right.

8*th December*.—Went to Capella Papale in the Quirinal. Pope; 27 cardinals,—Lambruschini, Franzoni, Mai, Tosti, Feretti. Mass sung by cardinal priest. It was a splendid sight. The Pope in white and gold, and gold mitre, on a throne of white and gold. The cardinal priest a bishop in white and gold over red rochet, silver mitre; deacons in white and gold, singers in purple with lace and fur. Attendants in scarlet and fur. Cardinals in scarlet and white fur. One, the general of the Camaldolese, in white with red zucchetto; another in pale violet. Each one attired in deep violet robes. There were monks in all habits. One Oriental bishop, I think, in purple with gold clasp. Priests, officers, and guards. The antechamber full of cardinals' servants in state liveries; the courtyard of carriages with gold and scarlet.

In the afternoon procession from Ara Cœli by the Gesù and Piazza di Venezia, up the west side of the Capitol. Soldiers, then three acolytes, staves and lights; a picture of the B. V.; a cross; then a crucifix under a canopy; then singers and priests; then 200 or 300 monks; the image and canopy of the B. V.; then soldiers.

12*th December*.—Cold in night, but afterwards soft and warm. S. Broechi told me yesterday that Gragrozi was a man much beloved; had some office in the Propaganda, was professor of philosophy, and of theology at the Collegio Romano. The Pope Pius IX. was his pupil in theology; Broechi also and his confessor said that Gragrozi was greatly loved by young men, and confessor to multitudes; that once on the Saturday or Sunday in Holy Week, he was hearing confessions at night late, and he looked up and saw 50 or 60 waiting, was fairly alarmed, could not get done in time to save their Easter. Came out and asked: Are you penitent? They said, Yes. Are you resolved to confess? Yes. . . . He absolved them all at once, and was suspended from hearing confessions for a time. Said that Abbate Paleotti is a saint; a founder of regular clerks; that he spends his life serving the sick and in hearing confessions. Is the Pope's confessor. He also mentioned a F. Bernardo who came from Turin (and is much at the court there) with four of his religious, and brought to the Pope a present of chestnuts. The Pope smiled. He also mentioned Mamiani, who wrote a play against the Pope's temporal power, and was obliged to get out of the way.

He is come back, and was received by the Pope, who asked him whether, if Government were good, he should care whether the Government were ecclesiastical or lay. He said No.

Last week the people, about 2000 or 3000, went with a band and flags to congratulate the Swiss Ambassador on the expulsion of the Jesuits.

When a man printed a paper complaining that they were rejoicing over the fall of Fribourg, Lucerne, and the Catholics, they began to sack his house.

So much for Jesuits in Rome.

Sidney Herbert says that P. Carrino and others speak of P. Ventura as a man of their sense.

S. Francisco a Ripa.

The chamber of St. Francis, now a chapel. It is upstairs, about 10 feet by 14. There remains only a stone, which is said to have been his pillow. An altar has above it a picture of St. Francis, taken while he was in prayer, through a small sight. It is a standing figure. There remains also a part of his cord and hair shirt.

In a sacristy above are kept the vestments of all the *venerabili.*

There are 140 FF. in the convent. They make the stuff for the habits in the Roman province. Coming home, I stopped at the church of Abbate Paleotti. His congregation is called *Apostolatus Catholicus sub protectione Sanctae Mariae Reginae Apostolorum.* There are 17 or 18 members. A branch in London.

24*th December.*—Went to the Armenian Church, Strada Giulia. The altar was in an apse, and the apse raised. The front had two columns; before the altar was a curtain, about 12 to 15 lights, so that the curtain was nearly transparent; before the apse stood 6 or 7 priests on each side of the curtain. The chanting was going on within, a mournful tone, with a low note —diapason.

The curtain was then withdrawn, and the celebrant elevated the host and presented it to the people and to the two sides. The curtain was then drawn again, and a large curtain drawn before the whole apse.

25*th December.*—Morning fine. Went to St. Peter's to the Christmas mass. Stayed till after the elevation. Rain in afternoon.

Went to S. Gregorio; saw his chamber; now crusted with marbles. The place of his bed marked off with marbles. His chair of marble (white).

Names of English bishops on the pillar of the cloister. Refectory.

Broechi told me last night that the Sant' Uffizio seldom acts except to enforce the ecclesiastical law; as our consistories, *e.g.* criminal clerks; or irregular, as for saying two masses, or breaking fast. A physician was imprisoned some time ago for immorality and infidelity. By dying beds he used to deride religion and the crucifix.

Two admonitions are given before proceedings. No inquisition but on delation.

Broechi told me to-day that the Passionists fast two days a week and abstain one. They eat meat only Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, go barefoot, wear woollen, which is very hot in summer; get up at night to recite the Breviary. They were instituted by St. Paul of the Cross for the conversion of sinners in the Campagna, and are chiefly replenished from the lower orders, who are used to such austerities.

29*th.*—Went to the English college with Herbert. St. Thomas à Becket's Day.

Archdeacon Manning and Padre Ventura

11*th January.*—F. Marchette.

Went with him to Padre Ventura; a very frank, open, downright, masculine face and man.

He said that the Pope in one year had gained a position of extraordinary power and capacity for good. But that in the last two months he had lost $\frac{3}{5}$, and in another would lose the other $\frac{2}{5}$ of his popular power; that he had already lost the cardinals, princes, religious orders, and that there remain the clergy and the people; that the Oscurantisti are labouring to divide the people from the clergy, and both from the Pope.

I said the Oscurantisti make believe that the Progressisti are without religion, and contrary to it.

He said the other party are worse. There is irreligion on both sides everywhere, and especially among the Retrogradisti, of whom many believe nothing.

He said he had told the Pope that he must double the number of the Consulta, and give them a voice to enforce taxes; that he must make an Upper House of the Cardinals; and these points:—

1. Liberty of conscience.
2. Security of property and person.
3. Liberty of the press.

The first, by repealing the *Obligo della Pasqua.* 2. The second, by liberty of the press and publicity—*ultima arma dei miserabili il lamento.* 3. That the third secures the second.

He said the Pope was greatly alarmed, and said: "I have done enough. I will do no more."

Next day the Pope told Cardinal Antonelli: "Padre Ventura has been here, and drawn a terrible picture, and I have not slept all night."

Ventura told me he thought Christianity in a critical moment; that he feared the *Radicalismo Socialismo* of Switzerland more than anything; that they were ready to come over the Alps to excite revolution in Italy; that Naples was on the brink of revolution; that if successful it would go the length of Italy; and that the Pontifical Government would be surprised, and that by the beginning of next month we might have trouble.

He said that the chief hope was in uniting the clergy, *uno ed altro* (secular and regular) with each other, the people and the bishops; that this had restrained the Irish, and could alone restrain the Romans.

Padre Ventura said that Abbate Paleotti was an *Oscurantiste funesto*, and that he did the Pope great harm; that one day the Pope told Ventura that Paleotti had been telling him of the diminution of religion and of confessions, and alarmed him. Ventura said he would be alarmed if he did not know that it was not true; that now hypocrites declared themselves; and Ventura added, with great energy: This is the only safe state. Monchelli joined. A monsignore present said of Paleotti: *Santifica l' Oscurantismo.*

Ventura gave an account of the disturbance last July; the people went to burn a house near S. Andrea delli Fratte. Morandi, the general, sent a carriage and two guards to fetch Ventura; Ventura would not go unless ordered by the general. The general came and ordered him. He took his cloak and a crucifix and went; got among the people, and got them into the church, where he spoke for three hours, 9 P.M. to 12. He promised them to go next day to the Pope and make known their case; and told them to go home. They got torches, and conducted him home to S. Andrea delli Fratte in procession.[1]

15*th.*—Went with Bowles to the Chiesa Nuova; a fine house, well kept, with more appearance of comfort than usual.

Saw the remains of St. Philip Neri, which were transferred from S. Girolamo della Carità.

First, a room adorned with pictures, glass cases, gilt and carved. In the first St. Philip's bed, shoes, morocco slippers,

[1] The chief point in this story of Padre Ventura's seems to be his own glorification in the eyes of a distinguished stranger, an archdeacon of the Anglican Church.

cord of stairs to his chamber. Planks of his bed, mattress, and coverlet; two small cushions.

2nd case. An *armoire*, low.

3rd case. His confessional, rude deal planks.

4th case. His chair in which he preached in church.

5. Original picture of Guido, the copy of which is in mosaic in his chapel.

Next a chapel, 12 by 12, in which he used to say mass privately, and the door with a grating and shutter. When he came to the *Agnus Dei* the assistant went out, leaving him in prayer till he rang a small bell, still seen. The frame of the altar, the candlesticks, the crucifix, and a picture of the Madonna were his. The crucifix is of bronze; the figure contracted, and the head hanging down.

It is a fine work, one foot long, and the cross two and a half, about.

There is also his triptych in *campo d'oro*, which he carried to the sick.

Also fine pictures, which were his.

There was a mask taken after death.

(Pen-and-ink sketches.)

Then went to the convent of St. John and St. Paul. They were Roman citizens, martyred in their house, which was on the site of the church. The place of their martyrdom was in the church, and is surrounded by an iron rail. Their bodies are under the altar. We then went into the Passionist Convent; well kept, very clean. The direttore, P. Gasparo, showed us the library and the room and chapel of St. Paul of the Cross. It is about 16 by 12, looking S.E. by S. There remain his missionary crucifix, some books, clothes, staff, discipline of iron plates, with a handle of leathern thong, 20 or so of them; bedding. Also a little chapel, where mass was said when he was too ill to go into the church. He died at 75 or 76. There was a mask taken after his death.

I asked Bowles about Father Dominic. He was a shepherd's boy in the Alban hills, used to confess to the Passionists, had a desire to join them, became a novice, learned Latin, was ordained priest, had a belief (intense) that he was to labour in some country of the north, went to Belgium. Wiseman called on his way to England at the Passionist House; offered to take him. He and some others went. The Welds gave them a house near Stafford, at Aston. He received Newman. M^c^. told me this in substance, but said that his visitant expressed England. Bowles, that it was a vn. (vision ?) of the B. V., but that England was not named.

M^r^. said that F. Dominic was under promise of marriage, that he fell ill, and that his desire to be a Passionist returned. He broke off his marriage, and his betrothed went, also, into a religious house.

Marchetti preached at S. Claudio in continuation of his sermon on the Feast of Epiphany.

The subject, "The Kingdom of Faith."

He said: To a countryman the stars are lights, to a philosopher worlds; that an ignorant man taking science on trust is lifted into a higher sphere, so faith lifts us above the natural to the supernatural.

6*th*.—Beautiful, no wind.

Went with Sidney Herbert over the ferry to St. Peter's; then by Longara to S^ta^. Dorothea (Feast); saw the leaden coffin in which her body is said to be, at the back, under the high altar.

Enrolment of volunteers.

7*th*.—Beautiful spring day, no wind.

Went to Pamphili Doria. Coming home, went into St. Grisogon; first vespers of St. John of Matha, the founder of the Trinitarians, a bishop assisting; the others were in white, with white surplices short, and two boys, acolytes. Afterwards the benediction.

8*th*.—Went to S. Gregorio, saw the arm in a gold and silver case, and the head of his pastoral staff—ivory. Coming back, found the Benediction at S. Carlo. A Franciscan Church—the habits used, beautiful.

26*th*.—Went to Naples; got in at dark. Saw Vesuvius with blood-red shoulders. Crocelle, Herberts.

7*th*.—Cività Vecchia at half-past seven. Rome half-past five. Came into this, last evening of carnival. Felt as I used on getting home to Oxford.

8*th*.—Ash Wednesday. Raw, moist but still.

14*th*.—Went to the Gesù and Collegio Romano. On Sunday morning at the Gesù, the preacher (Rossi), by S. Broechi's account, said that there was a diminution of faith in all Europe, specially in Italy; that the Liberals were seeking to plant in the See of Peter the Church of Mahomet; and to open houses of Protestants; that it would be a favour of heaven to shed his blood; that he invoked martyrdom.

In the evening I went there. The sermon was all Evil Merodach and Jechonias. Nothing remarkable. The next day, at the eleven o'clock Lent sermon, which was to be on Tribulations, the church was crowded—not fifty women, many civic guards. The Superior de Rossi preached instead of Rossi—a

sermon on Faith. Nothing marked was done. But the students of the Sapienza went there threatening to throw the preacher out of the pulpit.

This morning I went again. The church was full, chiefly men. Many civic guards, evidently come to lie on the watch. The sermon was on the necessity and efficacy of prayer. When the preacher spoke of the battle of Lepanto and the answers to prayer in political affairs, the stillness was breathless.

In the afternoon I went to the Collegio Romano and saw F. O'Ferrall. He was alarmed, and thanked me for coming at such a time. He told me that they were all prepared to go; that all preparations were ready; that the Pope had advised, but would not order it, some days ago; that the General said that if the Pope would not order it, he would not take the responsibility; that they must stay at their post till ordered by the Pope, or forced by the people; that then they would go to prevent bloodshed. Then came Sunday, and after that the Pope received assurances of many, and of the Trasteverini, in favour of the Jesuits. He then published the decree of 14th March; then sent for the General,[1] and with tears said that he had been too credulous to alarm; that he would die if need be; but that he would have them for a time continue.

This news came to the Collegio Romano at about one o'clock. I was there at three.

F. O'Ferrall said that the Society perhaps used to be politically inclined, because they were confessors to kings; that now they were wholly estranged from politics; that they use no political influence, either directly or indirectly, in education or confession; that the charges are pure inventions; that as to education, if they are behindhand, so are the English Universities; that it is the character of all Government schools; that it is not creditable for an University to follow fast with modern opinions, which are fluctuating; that, nevertheless, they had some names among the first of modern science in chemistry, astronomical observation; that in rhetoric and sacred literature they supply the Universities of Italy; that they give the highest mathematical education in Italy; that, as to politics, they are spare in expressing private opinions; that, for the most part, they are favourable to modern progress; that the English and Irish Jesuits are so; that they (E. and I.) have no sympathy with the temporal Roman State, thinking it badly governed; that, perhaps (he would not say), the separation of spiritual and civil powers might be best, as in the beginning; that this

[1] General of the Jesuits—the Black Pope.

was not an unknown opinion among them; that Bellarmine's canonisation was thought to be retarded by his denying to the Pope a direct power in temporals; that the Jesuits of England were inclined to be Tories; that they take the colour of their countries; that the education of the Roman nobility is partly in their hands; that the young boys now have separate bedrooms, and are locked in at night; that the good and the bad are strongly marked; that, perhaps, the taking away the occasions of evil may hinder self-government; that liberty and responsibility are correlative.

Saw also P. Magalo, who said he had that morning said mass as if for the last time. Also, P. Passaglia, who said, pointing to a crucifix, *Adesso un de che il crucifisso.* We had been speaking of his lecture on "Development."

F. O'Ferrall showed me St. Aloysius Gonzaga's room. Nothing of his remains.

15*th.*—This morning went to the Gesù, heard sermon on "Penitence"; then went into the house to see P. Grassi; he repeated what F. O'Ferrall had said about the Pope.

To-day the Constitution was given; and at four I went up to the Quirinal; got under the balcony. The Corso thronged. The civic guards in great numbers all round—people in middle, P. Rospigli and Massimo in front. Flags and banners. A Roman eagle and two banners—one Parma, the other Alta Italia; both with crape flying from the head.

The Pope gave the benediction with a mixture of majesty, love, and supplication I never saw. It was a sight beyond words. A man near me said with emotion: "*Non é un uomo, é un angelo.*"

Then I went to the Church, and, as the *Tantum ergo* was sung, the band outside passed playing *Pio Nono.* A strange clash. The world "so musical and loud"—and the Lorelei of outside between the natural and supernatural.

I have heard it said that, when he was in Chili, the Pope wrote down heads of reforms to be made at Rome; and directed them to be given at his death to the reigning pope.

At night I went down the Corso, which was illuminated in every window and balcony with tapestry and hangings of all colours, crimson, gold, white, green, yellow. The street was full of the people, multitudes of women and children. Civic guards by hundreds, with their helmets and plumes, and hardly a carriage. The street as quiet as Lavington, except a few voices hawking the Constitution, and the hum and whisper of parties as they passed. I went by the Doria Palace, before which had been great bonfires, and on the dying embers I saw

a wretched, ragged, barefooted boy warming himself. Then to the Gesù which was illuminated, bright without beauty or joy.

As I came back a crowd met me crying in harsh notes and carrying a great torch. I saw they were going to the Gesù; they were men seldom seen by day, dirty, shaggy, squalid, with a sullen malicious gait. I turned down the side street and got to the Gesù, whither they never came, for the civic guards stopped them in the Corso, and after a long *blather* dispersed them.

16*th.*—Went to the Gesù and saw St. Ignatius's chambers. They are entered by a Loggia, painted in fresco, looking into the garden.

(Here follows, in pen and ink, ground-plan of the chambers of the famous founder of the Society of Jesus.)

The chambers were four. The first where he used to sleep, where he died, and the first four Generals were elected. The second, his study, now a chapel; a full life effigy with his stole. The third his private chapel. Letter of St. Vincent of Paul, St. Francis de Sales; St. Charles Borromeo. The fourth which his companion John Farel inhabited. There is a case of Cardinal Bellarmine's things: *Berrettino*, red robe, stole, hair shirt, missal, rosary, hat.

After this, went to Palazzo Massimo where there was a *festa* to commemorate S. Philip Neri's raising Paolo Massimi. It was in this room where the miracle was wrought; now a chapel at the top of the palace. All the way up, the stairs were strewed with box-leaves which showed the way. Under the altar, which stands, as I understood, where the bed was, are some remains.

After this to St. Peter's, where the people were invited by the Senate who came to give thanks for the Constitution. The Church and Piazza very full. The Senate came with the flags of Italy, knelt for five minutes at the Chapel of St. Peter, and went away. No office of any kind.

To-day news came of the Revolution at Vienna. I went into the Corso and found the hangings putting out. This was my first intelligence. The people to-day tore down the Austrian arms from the three gates of the Palazzo di Venezia, and put up in their place a Tricolor (Italian) and a banner with *Alta Italia* without crape. They took the arms from the Palazzo Chigi and from this church. They were dragged all along the Corso, beaten by the people and boys with sticks near the Piazza Navona, and burnt under the obelisk of the Piazza del Popolo, where I saw the embers at 7 o'clock. Alas for the Cæsars! The whole Corso was illumined; and then ran the suspended moccoletti; but the joy of the moccoletti was lost in the political excitement.

It was very beautiful. Looking down the Corso from the Palazzo del Popolo it looks like a vast altar lighted up for the *Quarant' Ore*. Many coloured lamps and a sea of lights, with here and there lights hanging from windows, gliding on strings, fishing in the air with tall canes, and long flappers bunting them. The Gesù was lighted with a dull flaming light, like a sadness and necessity.

Mr. Northcote told me to-day that Lord Clifford had offered asylum to twenty Jesuits at his place in England. Perone, Passaglia, Mazio, being among them, and their best men of science.

22*nd*. Changed from 78 Via della Croce to 133 Corso.

23*rd*. Beautiful, like summer.

I found the Corso full. News from Milan that it was in the hands of the people; then Padua, Mantua, Venice, Modena. Went up into a Loggia and saw a man run down, jump in the air, with arms up, shouting, then stooping and springing up. Then he ran on with two others. Heard that he was a Milanese duke who had been exiled. Went at two to Piazza del Popolo; a carriage with a flag came up, stood between the two churches, and a civic guard read a paper saying "The minister at war, with advice of Consulta and consent of the Pope, considering the urgent circumstances of Italy and the general state of the City, orders that a conscription of Volunteers be opened at 4 P.M. at the Campo.

Soon a great crowd came, and linked in files went down the Corso. Padre Gavazzi at the head next the standard. Lord Lindsay and I followed; we all went down the Corso into the Forum, down the old stairs, under the arch of Titus, into the Coliseum. They gathered round the Rostrum, and P. Gavazzi preached with a concentration of body and mind, and all powers, seldom exceeded; he said "The other day I declared words of peace; to-day of war. The revolutionists were in a hurry." He called on them to swear by the cross to devote themselves, and to submit their will to discipline from the moment of conscription to the day when they returned in victory.

He said "Italy was for the Italians. Every one to his own land. Christ died for us to redeem all, and none to be a slave."

The universal oath with lifted hands was terrific.

Then came an improvisatore, then a second, then a rough powerful face and head, a shepherd of the Campagna — a true poet born. Then one or two more. Then Colonel Ferrari, then Massi, who could not get heard; then a priest in his cassock who improvised slowly but effectively.

P. Gavazzi spoke again and said: "If any wife, mother, or woman hold back an arm she is not worthy to bear sons to Italy." He then ended with—"The conscription to-day, Pius to-morrow, the day after, Italy and victory." Then Sterbini spoke.

Then Ciceroaicchio had a contest with P. Gavazzi, whether he should be allowed to go as a volunteer. At last he put it to the people, who said he should not go.[1] He then called up his son Cigi, whom he gave in his stead. P. Gavazzi and the son kissed each other.

Then Massi got heard at great length and effect. Then a French minister who spoke effectively in Italian.

Then the conscription began.

The Coliseum was nearly full, at least two-thirds. I went up in a high part and looked down. It was a strange and wild sight, and one which will be written in history.[2]

The government called out two battalions of the Civic Guards; two new of mobili, and two of volunteers. It is said that the Pope will bless the standards.

And yet this is not a religious war, but purely national against the Catholic Emperor.[3]

25*th March.*—Went to the Gesù. High Mass; then sermon on the day.[4]

26*th.*—Very fine; went with Herbert to the castle.

28*th.*—Went to La Scaletta. *Il buon Pastore.*

Saw the mother superior (a German countess, once in the Court of Berlin). She said that they had about 30 in the house; that many are sent by the cardinal vicar; that the ages vary from 20 to 10; that parents are the cause, sometimes by living at Albughi leaving their children, sometimes by prostituting them; that there is one other asylum near St.

[1] In an autobiographical Note, dated 1886, Cardinal Manning described this sensational scene as a melodrama.

[2] Archdeacon Manning little thought when he wrote these words in his Diary, that his own name would be recorded in history, in intimate connection with Pius IX. and the Temporal Power of the Pope.

[3] That estimate of the movement of which he was an eye-witness is a curious illustration of Archdeacon Manning's political insight. He detected the irreligious and revolutionary character of the Italian movement, to which Pius IX. himself was blind at that supreme moment. Prince Doria, by siding with the revolutionary movement, did infinite mischief. Soon afterwards, however, the Pope recognised its real character, and broke with the Revolution.

I may add, that Cardinal Manning, speaking on this point in 1887, maintained that Pope Pius IX. did not, as was alleged at the time and since, bless the two standards. He gave his blessing to his own Roman standard, but not to the revolutionary standard of Italy.

[4] The Feast of the Annunciation, a day of obligation in Italy.

John Lateran, holding about 65; that there they enter at will; that the rest are neglected or imprisoned, and seldom converted; that they are frightfully ignorant, not knowing their Creator; that their religion is a true superstition, praying to the B.V. to fulfil some criminal end of love or hate, either some passion or escape, or marriage, or the death of an enemy; that they receive by way of precaution; but that some of them are fallen as young as 10; that the house is very poor; having a few small rents, a government grant, stopped yesterday because of the embarrassment of finance. She was most pleasing, gentle, calm, yet energetic.

In the following letter to Sidney Herbert, who, with Mrs. Herbert, had left Rome for Naples, Archdeacon Manning gives a graphic account of the state of things in Rome:—

ROME, 14*th February* 1848.

MY DEAR HERBERT—I have this moment received your letter, and commend you much for making good speed in letting me know of your journey and arrival. Before I go to anything else I will tell you how fares your pamphlet.[1] I went at it stoutly and made no little havoc, till I found it was like Swift's scheme for ploughing, by dibbling 13,000 potatoes; and I fairly gave up cutting and resigned myself to the 'presentation of roads' and the organisation of soup kitchens. The next day I put it into the hands of a translator who promises it this week. And I have pledged myself to go over it with him, being inquisitive to know how he will put Baronies and Poor-law Commissioners into Italian. It will cost about £10 in translating; which Her Majesty's Treasury will not think too much. By the way it is vilely written.

Since you went we have had a stir here, and we shall have more. The Constitutions of Naples and now of Tuscany and Piedmont make it impossible for this Government to stand still. There was a demonstration on Friday at the Quirinal. The people went up to thank the Pope for his Edict about the army and the lay ministers. The banners were borne by three priests, and the usual cries and *vivas* (which soon subsided into *cigari scelti*) went merrily enough about Jesuits and a *Constitution*. You will see that the Pope before giving the Benediction spoke strongly in condemnation of these noises. But next day there was a good deal of discontent expressed, the impression being that he had absolutely refused the idea of a Constitution. To-

[1] Trevelyan's pamphlet on Ireland.

day it is said that the Pope and the Council of State are sitting, and people expect, what from the first has been plainly inevitable, that the Pope, who began the movement, cannot end in the rear.

I do not see why a constitutional Government should not exist in Rome, penetrated by the idea of the Church of Christ, and spiritually faithful to the Pope. Unless they take to church-robbing as you do in England. Still if the Church be a divine polity, and if free institutions be divine blessings, I cannot see why they should not coexist. They would have to maintain themselves and their mutual relations against the stream and storm of this evil world—but that is only the common condition of all earthly things. It is plain that the civil institutions in Rome must be largely released from the ecclesiastical state, and equally so that in England the ecclesiastical must vindicate its divine liberty from the civil. *Deus faxit, etiam me superstite.*

Now I must send you some of our facts. Our letters set us at ease about Col. Henry Austen. They talk of going to-morrow week, so when you come I shall make you stay to keep me company. When I left you to go to Miss Trench, the first thing I heard was that the physician pronounced, after examination, that tubercles were decidedly formed, as he had feared. The case is only (in our sense) not impossible for recovery. But every day gives me less hope; I never saw any state in which I did so much desire to die.

I have now left little room in my letter to tell you, if I could, how much I miss you both. I am sure I cannot tell why you should say so: except that old boyish kindnesses have a freshness which in after-life comes out again, and is more grateful by contrast with present and more anxious realities, like old memories of happier days. And yet I will not say happier, for it is most true though at first sight a contradiction that the highest happiness is in the trials of life: as Jeremy Taylor says of the state you two have entered, "they have greater joys, and greater sorrows." Our walks were not only a great delight to me, but very good for me, and I have very much to thank you for. It would be hard to tell you what it has been to me to see you two, and to know that your supreme desire is to live "as heirs together of the grace of life." If you have any cause to remember this Christmas in Rome, I have twofold, both for your sake and for her sake. As you force Graziosis to talk of himself, I may say that, by God's goodness, I do not know what depression means. And yet it has been a fresh joy added to the many he has given me to be made known to such an one as she is, whom I may love, bless, and pray for. These are among

the brightest and most soothing thoughts in the wear and weariness, which can never be separated from the life God has given me; I owe to you also my thanks for giving me both your affection and hers. All blessings be with you.—Ever yours affectionately, H. E. MANNING.

Mrs. Mills is still much in the same state.

Mr. Bracebridge has been somewhat unwell, but is better.

Your green sulky and gray horses go about, with an old dowager Consultore inside, and no Red Ferret upon the box.

In answer to Mrs. Herbert's suggestion that he should come to Naples, Archdeacon Manning wrote as follows:—

78 VIA DELLA CROCE,
ROME, 19*th February* 1848.

MY DEAR MRS. HERBERT—Your letter of the 16th has just come with *Incognita persona in Posta* written upon it; which lifts me into the order of the Great Unknown, to the great peril of my humility. I suppose the elevation at which we dwell above common men accounts for the three days' travel, and the ignorance of sublunary posts.

When I wrote to Sidney on Tuesday I directed to the Posta Restante, and, without wishing to mortify his vanity, I hope he has been discovered. Now what shall I say about Naples? Your accounts sorely tempt me, and on Wednesday, the Austens are coming your way. But I am croaking with a cold in my throat. What my throat and I may think of it by next Wednesday I do not know, but that will be the 23rd, and three days will make 26th, and then, Leap year or no, little remains. I almost fear we shall not meet before your return to Rome. I have not been out since Wednesday, but I will not give up all thoughts of it till they are fairly gone.

I trust you have enjoyed yourselves to the fullest of your anticipation. I hardly wish to see you back again, for then all this sun and joy will be ended, and I shall only see you as you pass through and away. Otherwise I should say that I long to have you both in Rome again. All good be with you.—Ever yours, H. E. MANNING.

After a visit of some weeks to the Herberts at Naples, on his way back to Rome Archdeacon Manning wrote about the French Revolution as follows:—

CAPRI, *at Sea, as the Admiral would say,*
6th March 1848.

MY DEAR HERBERT—I was half sorry to go to-day, for the interest of this terrible news made me wish to hear more, and Naples is just now a surer place for intelligence than Rome. But I had made up my mind, and it is always best, if possible, to go on. So here I am, and am beginning to believe what we heard, for there is on board a Frenchman returning on account of this intelligence, which he says was confirmed in Naples by private letters from Paris. I should have liked to stay and talk with you about it, for the first thing which comes into my thoughts is a war, and you will have to do with the making it, which is no light matter to think of.

I suppose we shall make no great difficulty of recognising the French Republic. It was one thing when Louis XVI. was guillotined and the legitimate line of some thirty kings cut off, and another now that the King of the French, after seventeen years, is put in commission. There seems to be no principle broken except one of their own making; and they that make may break so far as we are to answer. I do not see, therefore, that we need do anything but recognise anything, so soon as they have made it recognisable: that is, real enough to represent the nation and to treat with. So far there seems no *casus belli.*

But will they be contented without making one? With an army of 500,000 men, and 800,000 National Guard, an endless population scantily employed, a small commerce, and no war in Africa, it seems almost too much to hope, that they will not find or make a quarrel: to which result old sores and new jealousies will readily contribute. Can it be hoped that the Government, be it what it may, will have moral hold enough upon the country, to keep down the desire and movement towards aggression? By the way Lamartine fell foul of Guizot for not openly declaring in favour of somebody near here. How will he like the help and sympathy of a Republic? I am afraid that Constitutions are now lame devices. And there is every element to provoke a strong reaction, as in England when Lord Keepers were ecclesiastics.

Of course you remember Burke's *Thoughts on a Regicide Peace.* Besides all other reasons against it, he said that France had outlawed itself from European society, jurisprudence, diplomacy, civilisation: that it had made itself the enemy of the law of nature and nations; and, as a sort of *Caput trepinum* in Europe, must be put down by force. This view was of course based on the principle of legitimacy as well as on the aggressive character of the French Directory. The first reason

is as much past now as that mediæval diplomacy in which popes deposed princes, and supposing the last not to arise it would seem that the internal changes in France need not break its outward relations to the rest of Europe. If this is so, we need fear no war but a war of defence, which is the most righteous form of the greatest of human evils.

But all this is beyond me. I cannot tell you how all these "wars and rumours of wars, kingdom against kingdom," make me draw closer to the kingdom which cannot be moved. "I don't mean that there are not very difficult questions, and hard to decide, in this matter; but there is also a certainty about its great laws which can be found nowhere else. And they are not disputable because disputed; nor inexpedient though the whole world be against them.

The bay of Naples as we came out was beautiful. The lights on Vesuvius and along the shore from Sorrento to Portici, and then on St. Elmo, and on the west of the Castel del Ovo, were soft and warm like yesterday evening. And as the sun went down behind Ischia, Procida stood out gray and green, and between the islands the sunlight poured like a stream of visible rays against the mountain, which was of the deepest purple. Messina and the coast was hollow and sea-worn, bellowing like the sea calves at Amalfi. I half repented not going to Salerno and the like, but am quite sure that it is too soon in the year for me. The reason why I could neither ride in your coach nor row in your boat to-day was that the wind had a little caught my throat Saturday and Sunday. It seems very selfish, or fanciful, to be such a dog to one's friends.

Having got nearly to the end of this papyrus I remember that if you go to Palermo you will not get it, and if you come to Rome you will not get it, and that I am probably preparing a pottle for pepper or macaroni at some Neapolitan dead-letter office. Nevertheless, I will finish and send it: after compliments, *Graziosis greets Miladi.*—Ever yours affectionately, H. E. M.

Rome, 7.—At Cività Vecchia we met a steamer from Marseilles which told us that Louis P. and the Dukes Nemours and Montpensier were alive and in England. I find here that the news came on Friday by land from Genoa. It has been printed in Rome these three days, and now they say there is a revolution in Hungary, a constitution at Vienna, an invasion of 25,000 Piemontesi in Lombardy, of which I believe nothing. Among the French Republicans the first name I see is Lamennais, a deposed priest, and soon after, Michelet, who, I take it, is less than half a believer. Things look very black. My French friend tells

me that the provinces and the army have fully accepted the Republic. At Cività Vecchia a French steamer by our side changed her tricolor and saluted the port, which returned it. The last monarchy attached the *blue* to the staff—the Republic the *red*. I came in the midst of the tomfoolery here, but the *moccoletti* were given up out of sympathy with the Milanese. They say here that things are going on ill and bloodily in the heart of Italy; at Cività Vecchia the *Capo della Sanità* came on board swinging his arms like a windmill, shouting *La republica cammina divinamente:* a tendency I doubt. Farewell to you both. All good keep you till we meet.

Before leaving Naples, Archdeacon Manning gave to Mrs. Herbert, as promised, a rule for her spiritual direction during Lent, together with the following note:—

NAPLES, *Quinq. Sunday*, 1848.

Through my idleness and forgetfulness I should have gone away without fulfilling my promise, and thank you and the hindrance which has set me right; not that I can hope to offer anything worth your having. But such as I can I have written down. It looks, I am afraid, rather severe and wearisome; but it is intended for Lent, and I know so many who have found great good in such a rule that I do not fear to give it to you.

I have not said anything about other rules, such as prayer or fasting, because it is hard to keep them in travelling, and in the latter you must attempt next to nothing except in things which are mere indulgence of taste or delicacy. Some such little and secret rule for this Lent will be good. Moreover the enclosed is the first step of all; and the great work is to mortify the *tre dita*, intellect and will.

May He who alone knows us give you this Lent as deep an insight into yourself as your faith can endure. And may He give you perfect humility and every blessing of His Kingdom. Ever yours for His sake. Pray for me. H. E. M.

But politics, and visiting churches, and monks, and monasteries, and the Circolo Romano of an evening, and correspondence with the Herberts, did not make Archdeacon Manning forget his friends and relations at home, as the following letters to Mrs. Laprimaudaye, to his sister Mrs. John Anderdon, and to Robert Wilberforce show:—

ROME, 31*st March* 1848.

MY DEAR FRIEND—When I got back from Naples, about three weeks ago, I found your kind and acceptable note lying on my table.

It gave me great pleasure to have a few words from you direct, for messages are too short, to make one realise the fact, that we speak to our friends mind to mind, though not face to face. Since I got it the universal confusion of Italy, and the opening of war in Lombardy, has stopped all the posts, and made me delay to write.

I do not know whether to say that I am sorry you have been visited with mourning, for I have always found it so very blessed, so full of soothing and I trust healthful thoughts, that I feel surer and happier for my friends when they are in sorrow.

The loss of father and mother has I hope, made Heaven more like home to me; and I do not know whether I can say just what I mean, when I add, that the relation of father and mother seems to be exalted and transfigured, so as to be hid with them in God, and to make me see that, through Him, they are still to me all more than ever, and that He is what they were and are in a diviner and deeper sense. I have sometimes felt (I would to God it were not so seldom) that this helps me to realise the idea of my adoption and filial relation, and the duties of love and obedience which flow from it. I have spoken of both father and mother because your letter, and Mr. Laprimaudaye's of to-day, lead one to think that like myself both of your parents may by this time have gone onward, and met again, after a little parting.

I hope I have no discontent or impatient feelings about my life and state. Indeed, I think not, for I fear I sometimes enjoy it too much, and shrink from the thought of leaving it. But for this fear, I cannot help thinking that it is very blessed to see them we loved, gathered in one by one, beyond the reach of sin and death, above all infirmity and all change.

If we were allowed to ask some one great gift for them, surely it would be a holy death, and, which is the same, the Presence of our Lord, forever. I wish I felt all this more in my heart and will, for it is painfully and perilously easy to fancy it in the imagination, or to conceive it by the intellect. And I sometimes fear this is all I do. I have been allowed a great help and blessing since I have been here, and that is to see daily a very blessed death-bed. It is a sister of Mrs. Robert Wilson, a Miss Trench. Her mind seems to have been moulded upon the *Christian Year*, with its gentleness and cheerful trust in the love of God. And I have found this a great help in recalling my mind from the idle, empty, unfeeling state into which my life abroad has led me. I hope it is not so bad as it was the last time I was here, but it is bad enough, and shows me how much I depend on outward helps. When I think of fourteen

years spent at Lavington, I feel amazed at the time and blessings I have lost. You ask my prayers, but I have much more need of yours, though you may not believe me: and I know that I have them. I wish I dare call the slight commemorations which I try to make day by day of them dear to me, by the name of prayers; but if He who searcheth the hearts accepts sincere love and fervent desires for their welfare as intercessions, then I may say that no day passes without my interceding for you. May He who is our sure and patient Guide keep you in all things.—Believe me, my dear friend, yours affectionately for His sake, H. E. M.

My love to all your children one by one.

The following is a letter to his sister, Mrs. John Anderdon:—

Rome, *2nd Sunday after Christmas*, 1848.

My dearest Maria— . . . Here we are in a new year. May all blessings be with you, my dear sister. The last was a marked one to you and to me. To you, from the great loss in my mother's death which fell on none more heavily, or any so directly, as yourself; and to me, because besides this, eleven of the twelve months were spent in illness and its consequences; such as inaction, and wandering abroad far off from everything for which I live. But the last was a blessed year to us both, and we have learned to think more of the world unseen and to live in it, believing and feeling the fellowship of those who are out of sight not less real, and even more intimate, than of those we see and hear. What is there worth living for but to be more and more prepared for the day when "we shall see Him as He is," and all we love with Him? I earnestly hope that this may be the only object before me for the rest of life, so long as He may be pleased to give me. And I trust that with health He will also give me grace to have no more to do with the things of this world than if it were dead. And for you what can I wish more? You have never wanted for necessary things for your children and yourself, nor ever will. They are largely blessed, and you in them; and now what more can you desire? I know of no people who live so simply and happily, and desire so few things as you do; and that is a pledge to you for the time to come. Only let us more and more find our happiness in the love and presence of God; and in everything which brings Him and His kingdom nearer to us all day long. How blessed we are as a family—dearest Frederick and Edmunda alone excepted for awhile—where can we find four brothers and three sisters more perfectly united? I am sure I have great reason to say so, for

nothing can exceed the affection and happiness in which we have lived without a moment's shade since we left England. When I said three sisters, I did not forget dear Mary, but strangely enough she seems to belong to me on the other side equally closely, but mixed up with another world of thoughts and persons and memories.

Give my love to John, and to your children. Let me hear from you. And may all blessings be with you.—Ever your most affectionate brother, H. E. M.

The following was the first letter from Rome to Robert Wilberforce :—

ROME, *2nd Sunday after Christmas.*

MY DEAR ROBERT— . . . What shall I send you from this place? it is in a state intensely interesting, intensely critical; the Pope is wonderfully loved and revered. His goodness and pure benevolence are so transparent and so unshaded by self or the shadow of it that he seems to sway men both good and bad. But it is a transition of the greatest peril. To graft a constitution upon the mediæval absolute sovereignty of any country is life or death, but when that sovereignty is also spiritual and the government sacerdotal, the risks are at their highest. If only this people will be patient and cheerful it may be done to their great good; if not, there is nothing of secular confusion which may not happen. I hope to get some more insight into the state of things, but it is slow work, and I have thorough mistrust of information except from really accredited people, who are of course difficult to get at.

Meanwhile you in England are making nearly as much noise as the Romans. I read with great interest the report of your York Convocation. There is nothing to be done but what you did, and to wait till ideas shall once more shine out in the ecclesiastical heavens; anything more dreary and dismal than things have looked of late among us it would be hard to find out of Erebus.

What good genius could have prompted Lord John Russell once more to unite us? Nothing less than this would have done it. Nothing under a prime minister and Hampden. And yet I fear that this, after a splutter, will soak up again into our old state, with the mischief of additional compromises and a lower tone of Anglicanism. Let me hear from you about it and about yourself. . . .—Yours affectionately, H. E. M.

The following letter was written to Mrs. Herbert at the time of the Revolution in Rome :—

ROME, *8th April* 1848.

I have this moment got your letter of April 3rd, with great joy, and have been hoping that you would drop me some parachutes as you went up. But I am sorry to see your account of Sidney, and wish I could have helped to nurse him. When he gets home into our home air and work, I have no doubt he will be well and strong. It is a comfort to think that you are safe and meet no molestation. How long this may last seems every day less certain; for I am afraid that Paris will go to war, whatever the Provisional Government may do.

Need I say how doleful the Piazza del Popolo looks; or how nearly I told your servant to sew up the Red Ferret's mouth when he came to me to aid him to find him a place? I am obliged to solace myself, as best I can, at the Circolo Romano, where, like a sound Radical, I have taken to spend my evenings. Last night I met Orioli and talked with him on the lecture Sidney mentioned respecting the Creation, and St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Augustine. He was very kind, affable, and intelligent. I also got hold of a very able young priest, one of the editors of the *Laboro* (a sort of Roman *Guardian*), and had a conversation of which Sidney shall hear the notes. He and I agreed like doves, or rooks rather, about *Civiltà Cristiana* and the like. We made vows of eternal friendship, and I mean to make him digest and publish Sidney's pamphlet on Ireland in his newspaper. But I found him already fully aware of the untrusty nature of all Irish news coming through the Propaganda.

To describe the excitement of Rome since you went would be impossible. A strong feeling is growing against England, under a fear that we may help the retrograde movement or hinder the Independence of Italy. God avert any collision between England and Italy, for the sake of the world and the Church; for between the two races we have all the elements of order and progress. Now you know I am not writing all this stuff to you, but to Sidney, having long ago forgotten all about you, and thinking only of the Privy Councillor and his wisdom.

I have had good letters from my sister. They are now about starting from Leghorn to Genoa by sea. For myself I shall stay on awhile. But my poor charge,[1] a child, as I thank you for calling her, cannot last long. This warm weather has withered her up with a strange speed. She will, I fear, hardly see her father, and I should be very loth to go before the end. Her

[1] Miss Trench died in Rome. Her father was R. Chenevix Trench, afterwards Protestant Archbishop of Dublin.

poor mother is very sad; but bears up well. She was much pleased with your kind gifts. I hope you can read this, for I am writing against time. It will be to me a great delight if we can have our walk some day at Wilton, or in my home; and I shall hope to keep without diminution the happiness of exchanging with Sidney both our thoughts and our affections. In this you have become a pledge and safeguard; so that we shall not let each other slip again—if at least I may speak for myself.

You are both always in my prayers day by day. With my love to Sidney.—Ever yours, H. E. MANNING.

In the following extracts from his Diary, Archdeacon Manning records the expulsion of the Jesuits from Rome, and accounts for the reasons of the opposition raised against them :—

29*th March*.—Beautiful. Jesuits expelled. Went to Collegio Romano; saw P. Grassi; F. O'Farrell had gone away, but was still in Rome. Went into the Gesù. A stream of people wandering through it; many passing through the house and sacristy and into the church, taking leave; many kneeling. A sad, empty, desolate look in the church, as if all was over; perfect stillness.

The opposition to the Jesuits seems to me to arise from the facts :—

1. That they incorporate the doctrine of the Canonists upon the Pope's absolute sovereignty, opposing constitutional liberty.
2. That they are the aristocratic and conservative clergy (as with us).
3. That the other Regulars and the Seculars are jealous of them, as our clergy are of active and successful men.
4. That they are now allied with the old *régime*.
5. That they labour under suspicion, reasonable, historical, and preternatural.

[Some time ago S. Broechi, speaking of the Curati, said :—

1. That they are despotic, having too much power, *e.g.* of imprisonment, and are corrupted by it.
2. That he believed they were open to the charge of incontinence; that some treated it very lightly.
3. That the Regulars, especially the Dominicans, are open to the same charge.[1]

[1] Pope Pius IX. made many attempts to reform the monastic orders in Italy, but they were always frustrated by the obstinate resistance of the great religious houses, especially by the Dominicans. At the time of the suppression of the religious orders by the revolutionary government of Italy, Pius IX. is

4. That no one ever charges this on the Jesuits.]

Two nights ago he said that people are very much discontented with the Constitution:—

1. Because of the mixed questions.

2. Because of the admission of canon law.

3. Because of the exemption of ecclesiastics, but that it concedes the principle.

5th April.—Procession to St. Peter's, the religious orders, the relic, the Pope. High altar covered with golden candlesticks and tapers. The Pope gave the benediction with the relic.

Went to Circolo Romano with Signor Neri. Found a strong feeling against England for the sake of Ireland; strong jealousy of our interfering with Italy. The presence of our fleet at Palermo. Avvocato Placidi called Neri, *dogmatico;* Neri called Placidi, *Liberale.* Placidi admitted what I said about persuasion being the only arm of truth; said the *Obbligo Pasqua* still existed. Neri said no one wished it away; Placidi said it made hypocrites, that anybody could get one for a *mezzo scudo;* Neri, that, imperfect, it was better than indifferentism, because the sentiment is good but the object false. In indifferentism there is neither sentiment nor object.

I said I hoped for unity in religion. Placidi said, it was *ideale* and Utopian. I said that we were drawing near, first in politics and I hoped we should in religion. He said he was content to have diversities.

He struck me as a keen Machiavellista.

6th.—S. M. Tras. Ambrosoli preached.

The Abbate told me—1. That there was much immorality, even among women, before and after marriage. . . . (3) That discipline is very lax. (4) Even some priests very lax. A priest last week or so appeared with a flag of three colours. He was ordered by the cardinal vicar to spiritual exercises. His new friends said he and we will come with banners, and did.

7th.—Circolo Romano.

Orioli said he had tried to reconcile Genesis with geology on

said to have declared that, though he was bound publicly to condemn the suppression of the monasteries, in his heart he could not but rejoice, as it was a blessing in disguise. On inquiring in 1887 of Cardinal Manning whether this reported declaration of Pius IX. were true, His Eminence replied that whether such an expression of opinion had been actually delivered or not it truly represented the views of the Pope. The Cardinal added, that the success of the Revolution in Italy was in no small degree due to laxity of morals in the clergy, Seculars and Regulars, and to defective education and religious training in the schools.

the principle of St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas, *i.e.* that the creation being before time had no succession; that the days are periods of disposition.

Orioli was ten years in Corfu; had a chair in the University.

A body of Poles came in, and a colonel, as spokesman, said in French that they were going to Lombardy to collect, he hoped, 30,000 for a war of independence. They would not receive a flag from Prussia, Austria, or Russia, but have one Polish and Catholic, and asked influence to get the Pope to bless it. He addressed the whole room, but chiefly Colonel Armandi, an old artillery officer of Napoleon, who commanded forty years ago at Wagram.

He ended by saying—"We speak ill of all nations but England, because England has spoken well of us."

Milanesi, one of the members of the Circolo Romano, spoke likewise.

I asked him why Acatholic countries were in advance and Catholic in the rear of civilisation.

He admitted the fact; said that the time had come to speak *lealmente;* that both sides had put off traditionary prejudice; that Leo X. had done great evil to Rome and the Church.

I gave up our Tudors; said they were tyrants, and that the English Church considered them her oppressors.

He said that for three centuries the Popes had fraternised with princes, and used religion against the people; that the Jesuits had desired to maintain a dominion by a low or no education.

I said that some thought religion apart from the Church was the future of civilisation; but that I thought the organised body of the Church was; but that I found countries without this organisation in advance of those with it.

He said England is full of contradictions, *un paese misterioso.*

Asked about Scotland and Ireland, and said that England had hindered the commerce of Ireland. I said rather it had made it (but now I remember that agriculture and industry have suffered by English laws).

I said the state of Ireland is not known in Rome. He said, No; our intelligence comes through the Propaganda and a puritan party, for we have our puritans, and all is seen with a jaundiced eye.

He said that the poor in England were well paid and lived well.

(I have rarely seen a more keen eye. He had all the marks of real healthy ability.)

This set me thinking till I went almost into a *trance.*

He said that the riches of the English Church did evil in a moral and social sense.

Went to the Passionist Convent with Bowles. Bowles told me that the Passionist's diet is as follows:—

1. Not fasting days. Breakfast at 7-8. Coffee and half a panetto. Dinner 11.30. (1) Soup. (2) —— (3) Meat, veal, and vegetables. (4) Vegetables. (5) Cheese. (6) An orange. (7) 2 panetti. (8) Wine. Supper 7.30. Soup, meat, vegetables. 1 panetto, an apple, wine.

On fasting days. Breakfast (permitted, but not used much), coffee and a finger of bread. Dinner as on other days, only fish for meat. Supper as before, without meat. Sleep 7 hours; 9.30 to 1: 2.30 to about 5.

9*th April.*—Was presented with Lady N. and G. N. to the Pope.[1]

S. Martino Alessandri said, "*Quanti Quanti vanno a communicarsi senza confessione.*"

10*th.*—Went to Circolo Romano; met Milanesi. I said, with liberty of the Press will come discussion even on religious opinions. *Obbligo della Pasqua* being gone, individuals withdrawing.

He said he wished the *Obbligo* abolished; that it was in fact. I quoted S. Agostino where I saw list, last Christmas.

He said it made hypocrites; that in Rome there were fanatics and formalists—those who had energy were fanatical, and those who had none, formal. Often the latter of bad morals. I quoting St. Thomas Aquinas that religion must be free and spiritual—by persuasion—or else sacrilege; that religion coupled with politics always produced despotism. He said you have had it. I said yes, in times past—but all gone now. I said in France and America no *Obbligo*, but sects, and sects are better than indifferentism for Placidi's reason.

I said that in the Middle Ages the Church did right to take and use civil power. He said Yes, but the epoch is past. Then the laity were warriors or merchants only—now they are developed.

He seemed to approve securing the bank-notes on ecclesiastical goods.

(S. Ercoli told me to-night that the ecclesiastical lands, etc., amounted in capital to £5,000,000.) Talked with Signor Pengi about geological formation of Italy. He said that all the Apennine is full of

(Blank space left, obviously for future filling up.)

Marchese Boffendi read a paper about Finance. A state bank securing its notes on the goods of the Jesuits.

[1] In the Diary, so copious in its notes and comments on men and things, not an allusion, strange to say, is made by the Archdeacon to his first presentation to the Pope.

Avvocato Petroni was for *all* ecclesiastical goods.[1]

16*th*, *Palm Sunday*.—The chanting of the Gospel sublime, pathetic, articulate, calm, serene.

18*th*.—Beautiful. Went at night (8 o'clock) with the Abbate, his brother, and a friend, a medical and a law student, to Trinità dei Pellegrini. Saw the two refectories, lavanda, and kitchen. First saw the washing the feet; about thirty men and boys. They sat round the room on a raised stone bench against the wall, a tub to each. There was water laid on all along the wall. This part was railed off. They were served by an equal number of brothers, priests, and laymen, in red cassocks with sashes, and the laymen a band. Before they began a Monsignore stood with three attendants and read a prayer. The pilgrims responded, and said a pater, ave, three glorias, a credo. Then the washing, which was thoroughly done, then a prayer. Then they all went into the *refettorio* and sat against the wall. Then grace; and each had his attendant, wearing a white apron with three pockets, standing opposite. They had soup, a dish of hash, vegetables, salad, oranges, wine. A reader read something; then grace. Then I went up with them to the dormitory. In this procession a brother came first with a light, supporting one who seemed palsied; they followed. He chanting the Litany of the B. V. They kissed the foot of a crucifix on a landing. When we got up, at the door stood a brother with a brush and holy water. When all were in, a priest preached a few words on perseverance; then all knelt and said an act of contrition; then he sprinkled the holy water in the name of the Holy Trinity. Then they repeated a thanksgiving to the Holy Trinity; and as we went a voice began the litany of the B. V. again.

In the woman's part are 47; in both 77. The number is small.

[1] The system of raising money on other people's goods is a common device of the Revolution in every country. In the Revolutionary war in Spain against the first Don Carlos, the Christinos borrowed enormous sums of money from great bankers and financiers of Paris, Vienna, and London, on the security of Church property and lands in Spain. The Revolution would have been soon put down by Don Carlos had not foreign money-lenders and Jews had such a huge stake in its success. For if the Revolutionary party had been defeated the Church of Spain would not have been despoiled of its property. Hence foreign money, foreign armies, foreign legions, were year after year poured into unhappy Spain, until, at the end of seven years' warfare, the Revolution triumphed. The vast Church property of Spain was confiscated and the great financiers of Europe repaid their loans. In like manner the Revolution in Italy was, as is seen in the Diary, speculating on the confiscation of Church property.

Cap. Sis. Mass and procession. Washing of feet in St. Peter's; Gospel side transept. The assistants sat dressed in white on a high bench against what should be the east wall. The Pope had a throne at the south. After a short office he went, girded with an apron, down the aisles to the pilgrims washing and wiping their feet.

Went to Cap. Sis. The Gospel, Reproaches, *Vexilla Regis.*

Matins at Chapel of St. Peter's. Lamentations of Jeremiah.

Afterwards the exposition of relics from the balcony over S. Veronica; the chapel almost dark; ten tall candles.

A pyramidical cross with the spear. A cross with relic of the true cross. A frame of silver and gold with the *Sudarium*, which had a dark centre.

Sistine Chapel. The Prophecies, the first in bass, very fine. The Litany beautiful and most moving. The Mass. *Gloria in Excelsis.* The Vespers. *Alleluia* and *Magnificat.* Beautiful.

In the Litany vestments changed. When they all knelt they were mourning—when they rose up festal. The change very striking. The curtain before the picture also fell. Lights for Pascal candle.

23*rd.*—Fine. Pontifical Mass at St. Peter's. The Elevation towards four quarters of the world.

The Exposition of the 3 relics—the Pope at a faldstool.

The Benediction. The piazza full.

Evening. Vespers: music modern, unmeaning and noisy.

The Chancel open and lighted. Gorgeously wrought and gilded doors; and within a sarcophagus tomb apparently of chased gold. Tall candelabra around upon the marble balustrade. The illuminations highly beautiful and graceful. From the Pincio before the gate of the French Academy, the ilexes making an arch, under it the fountain, two basins—the upper round, the lower octagon, a small column of water. Beyond St. Peter's, welded out of flame against a deep blue sky with stars. The light reflected on the fountain; the stars coming through the trees.

26*th.*—Went with the Abbate and W. H.[1] to the Padre Parroco of S. Lorenzo in Latere. We went through the House of the Chierici Minori in the sacristy. The P. P., a very frank, open, gentle man, told us—

1. That the parish is about 5000.
2. That the parish priests are 3; he, a vicar, and an assistant.
3. That they are paid from public funds as indemnity, the

[1] W. Harrison, an invalid, was the younger brother of Manning's great friend, Archdeacon Harrison.

French having seized all ecclesiastical property. The Parroco, 25 scudi a month. Vicar, 20 do. Sub, 15 do. Sacristan, 7 do.

4. That they have 25 masses a day from 5 A.M. to noon. The overplus being said by other priests either as alms or for alms. Bequests existing.

5. That there is a sermon every Sunday at mass; and Christian doctrine at 3. At 6 an Exposition and Benediction.

6. That about 3500 ought to confess; and not more than 20 fail, at least externally.

7. That the *biglietti di Pasqua* are given after communion at Easter, at the side of the altar, and are collected on the fortnight following at their homes.

8. That as many communions as confessions.

9. That of the 3500, 60 per cent communicate at the solemnities; 40 per cent monthly; 10 per cent weekly; 4 per cent daily.

10. That all are obliged to *communicate* in the parish church at Easter; but that they may *confess* and frequent elsewhere as they please. *Obbligo* for Mass on *Sundays only*—not for Vespers or Benediction.

[From the manner in which this last sentence is interpolated in the Diary it is evidently a commentary of the Archdeacon's own, surprised, perhaps, at learning for the first time that the observance of Sunday is fulfilled as a matter of obligation by the hearing of mass.]

11. That they may choose and change their confessor freely, and without assigning reasons, going or coming.

12. That those who fail to communicate at Easter are not proceeded against, at least in S. Lorenzo in Latere.

13. That women of bad life or others, after three admonitions, are sent into some convent for exercises.[1]

14. That every *rione*[2] has a school supported by public funds; the Princess Borghese brought 6 French sisters, one of whom has a school in S. Lorenzo in Latere of 400; the management being in the hands of a *deputazione* of ecclesiastics named by the cardinal vicar.

15. That about 600 children are under instruction in the parish schools (4); besides many who go to higher seminaries out of it.

16. That the children in Rome are maintained by a fund of 5000 scudi in the hands of the cardinal vicar. Some years all expended on one or two.

[1] Spiritual exercises or retreats.

[2] District or parish.

17. That alms are given for the remaining expenses of worship, etc.

18. That their time is much taken up by giving to the government certificates of character for people wishing for employment; or for leave to go away—a sort of *minor* passport police.

19. That there are no parishes in the Campagna.

20. That what he said of confession is true, also of *paesi*, when there is means of daily confession.

30*th.*—Fine. Report to-day that the people of Rome addressed the Pope yesterday to declare war against Austria. The Pope would not. The people again replied that in that case, if their troops were taken prisoners they would be treated as marauders; that the Pope must declare war. The talk is that the Pope should go to St. John Lateran as his episcopal see, and leave the government to the Romans.

8 o'clock.—Fidele tells me that two cardinals and Principe Chigi have escaped from Rome; that P. —— had been to the Pope; that the Pope had said he would take the night to consider; that the people say No, because many things may happen in a night; that Prince Doria ordered the gates to be closed; that an *estafette* going out was stopped; and that the people have entered the Castle of Saint Angelo. No doubt, much of this untrue.

The Pope is said not to have slept all the night; one of the Guardia Nobile saw him this morning saying Mass, and said his face was so changed that he hardly knew him. He has appointed Princes Rospigliosi and Doria and Mamiani a deputation to decide on the course. Four ways are open. (1) A league offensive and defensive with Sardinia. (2) A direct declaration of war by the Pope. (3) A cession of this part of sovereignty to the lay government. (4) An abdication of temporal sovereignty.

The third seems the course between; but, if on the principle of incapacity as a spiritual person, it is equivalent to the fourth, for then he so far ceases to be sovereign, and it is a question only of degree.

This is evidently the sense of the people, who, with one exception, S. Mercuri, are all, so far as I have heard, of one mind.[1] One said, all foreigners thought the offices incompatible long ago; now the Italians and the whole world are agreed

The Pope also accepted the resignation of ministers, but re-

[1] "The people," that is the anti-Papal party, as represented in the Circolo Romano.

ferred them to the deputation. They continue putting Mamiani for Antonelli.[1]

It is said that they have seized all the letters of the cardinals and purpose to read them at the Capitol at two o'clock.

[Here follows an interlineation in the Diary: The letters were restored unopened; the people took them.]

I saw the house of Cardinal della Genga, who tried to escape, guarded this morning.

6 o'clock.—The Pope sent carriages for Cardinal della Genga and Cardinal Bernetti, also under guard.

The letters at the post-office opened, and the courier went under the window with civil guards at a foot's pace.

It is said that £2,000,000 of Church property is to be applied to the war out of £30,000,000. The conventual is put at £5,000,000.

9 o'clock.—Under the windows of the ministry Dr. Sterbini tried to get heard. A mass of people shouting and hissing. He trying to persuade them to have patience and wait for the ministry to act: and said that we are in a state of Revolution. They cried War, secular ministry, and would not hear him. He and his two lights went in. Then Ciceroaicchio and a lamp came out. He said, "I am for the war; my son is gone, and I would have. So far we agree. I am for a ministry all secular." Then he went on about patience, and they would not hear a word. And he went in with his lamp.

Then I went to the Circolo Romano, and I saw Conte Mamiani and Antonio de ——. They were amusing themselves at the expense of Sterbini and Ciceroaicchio.

The Pope sent over his carriages to bring Cardinal Bernetti and another to the Quirinal; but the people would not let them go. Cighi is there and della Genga. Ima went off three days ago to visit his diocese. Every one I meet,[2] with hardly an exception, seems agreed that the Temporal Power of the Popes has been abused in times past: Those who are for the separation, on the ground of incompatibility; those who are for retaining it, on the ground that they ought not to make war. Signor Toni to-night avowed that Julius II. was wrong, and assented when I said that the temporal policy of the Pope, and not spiritual questions, divided England and Italy.

Fideli is just come (10 o'clock) to tell me that after I left the Corso, P. —— came. The people would not go till he

[1] This is the first and almost only occasion of the name of Antonelli being mentioned in the Diary.

[2] Archdeacon Manning obtained his political information chiefly at the Circolo Romano, a club frequented by the Revolutionary party in Rome.

had promised to meet them at 9 in the Piazza del Popolo to-morrow. They said, We will have war or revolution. They would not hear of Ciceroaicchio.

2*nd*.—This morning as I got up (7 o'clock) I saw on the door of S. Carlo a proclamation of the Pope explaining to the people his Allocution of Saturday. When I went out at 9 I found it torn down.

S. Mercuri tells me that the edict was a reproof of the people for their molesting the cardinals yesterday, and threatening spiritual censures. He also says that Mamiani has been sent for and has received full power to form a ministry. He added that ¾ths of the civil guards are Oscurantisti; I suppose he means Bottigari of the slower school. He said that among them are partisans of Austria, and paid.

Ab. M. talked much of the English Church; asked many questions about royal supremacy, appeal, definition of doctrine, clergy, confession; then we talked of celibacy. He said it is not for us to speak a word when the Church has ruled; but my own opinion (and that of many more) is otherwise, on grounds—

1. Of personal purity, (1) contradiction of instinct (said that it was *very* common), (2) proximate occasions.

2. Of social example. Husband, wife, household, children.

Thought the ideal view of the priesthood abstract and mythical; and practically

(Here apparently a page has been cut out of the Diary.)

and that he thought the episcopate to be divine and integral. I said that this would have averted the division with England.

He said that a Pope of great genius and wide view is needed to adjust the Church to existing facts.

Said that the episcopate in France is too despotic, and that many priests have and are withdrawing themselves.

3*rd*.—Went to Count Ambrosoli with Ab. Ceciolini. By the way Ceciolini said that they wished for the separation of spiritual and temporal powers, and that the Pope should have two ministries at home, and two representatives abroad, expressing his twofold office and character, ecclesiastical and civil; that in this way the twofold relations abroad might be preserved, and the Pope be at peace with the Church, *e.g.* in Austria, while he was at war with the empire.

Theoretically this seems to me more easy than sound.

Ambrosoli, a plain, frank man, with heavy Italian features, not like, but of the texture of W. F. Hook, very simple manner. Said that Abbate Ceciolini ought to apologise for hinting a separation of the Austrian Bishops; that they were too true,

but that certainly discipline was much relaxed since the Tempi Giuseppine.[1]

Broechi tells me that Mamiani was exiled for a book against the temporal power of the Pope; that he was not included in the amnesty, but that his family prayed his return to Rome. He came by sufferance; had an interview with Pius IX.; became intimate; is now prime minister. Gatoki, minister of Police under late ministry, was condemned to death.

Mamiani has formed a ministry with Prince Doria, D. Bignano, De Rossi, Marchetti.

Dr. Pantaleoni says for one month.

Mr. Trench said he saw a young priest of about 30 reading the Pope's address of yesterday morning against the Quirinal with great intentness. When he had done, he looked around, and seeing no one he took his hat off and kissed the signature.

Went to-day to Santa Croce in evening. The church was so cold and I so hot, I dared not stay for the Exposition of the Relic. Yesterday I went to S. P. alle Tre Fontane. Saw 1*st*, the Church of S. Anastasio, an old Lombard church; nave, something of the air of Horsham; aisles, round windows, wheel in east; south transept, relics of St. Paul and Zeno Anast., kept above in the choir of the old monastery Benedict, then Cistercian cloister, where St. Bernard is said to have held a Chapter.

2*nd*.—S. P. alle Tre Fontane, the column and the three fountains, *on an inclined plane*.

The 3*rd*.—Sta. Maria Ara Coeli, on the spot where St. Zeno and 12,000 Christians who had built the Baths of Diocletian were martyred; under it a prison, in which St. Paul, it is said, was confined.

Broechi tells me that Mamiani proposes to offer to Austria the alternative (1) to withdraw from Italy; or (2) a war.

Went to Circolo Romano. Saw Orioli. He said we have had no government for a year and a half, *i.e.* no executive.

Went to Padre Ventura; gave him Trevelyan's pamphlet.[2] He said—(1) That palliatives would not do for Ireland. (2) That all short of Repeal was only palliative. (3) That Ireland could never be fused as Scotland, because of the religious difference. (4) That it was the bigotry of Anglicanism which kept Ireland down. (5) That, like Sicily, Ireland must have its own parliament.

I, to turn the subject, said: I am inclined to believe Padre

[1] The Emperor Joseph II. of Austria was an avowed enemy of the doctrine and discipline of the Church.

[2] Trevelyan's pamphlet on Ireland, which, at Sidney Herbert's request, Archdeacon Manning presented to the Pope. See Manning's letter to Herbert, dated Rome, 14th February 1848, p. 376.

Ventura, because he seems to me *mezzo propheta*, for in the beginning of January he foretold the changes in Italy from Naples to the Alps, and the surprise of the Roman Government.

About this time in came Ambrosoli.

They deplored the Allocution and Brief, said it cancelled Pius IX. Perhaps we in Italy had made too much of a man and looked too little to God; ascribed it to the Nemesis at Vienna and the Austrian Ambassador in Rome, and to the Oscurantisti round the Pope, *e.g.* Borromeo; Ventura then went over what passed on Wednesday last on his visit to the Pope. The Pope said not a word of his Allocution. The Ministry knew nothing of it. It was *printed* before delivered. On Sunday Ventura went to the Pope and remonstrated. The Pope firm. Ventura told him that he had renounced Italy, and the alliance of liberty and religion.

The French Ambassador went to the Pope, who asked what effect will this Allocution have on religion in France. He said, very serious. This the Ambassador told Ventura yesterday. Ventura's advice was that the Pope should call the Italian Diet of all Deputies now in Rome, with four Romans, and refer to them the question of war.

Ambrosoli said that P. —— was to go to the Pope with a schedule of propositions:—

1. That the Pope should offer mediation.
2. That the mediation should be assured.
3. That all forces should be under Carlo Alberto.
4. That the Austrians should leave Italy.
5. That certain public debts should be paid by Lombardy.
6. Or that, as an Italian prince, he should declare war.

Then we got back to Ventura's visit of December 16th to the Pope, which he narrated to Ambrosoli, saying that "Feretti was the *Gomarro chi a guastato la vigna.*" Next he called him *diavolo* and Ambrosoli *matto.*

He then told us that he had been with the Pope at the time the King of Naples promised his Constitution and urged the Pope to promise, and which he ought to have done before, so as to be the first, both first in grace and second as a model. By not doing this first, the model taken is French, and second, the Roman Constitution is not a gift, but a concession.

Ventura then read a paper he wrote and put in type, in the sense he would have had the Pope speak. It amounted to saying:—

1. That at his election he found the temporal power needing adjustment, (1) to the facts; (2) to the age.
2. That he was prepared to do so.

Ventura went a week afterwards, and the Pope said that, being one of many Italian princes, he could not do this alone. Ventura said, "May God make you know your power." The Pope said "How?" Ventura said, "You are not a sovereign, but a Pope, and if you do not see this you will lose your temporal power." The Pope said, "That does not inspirit me." Ventura said, "Not as G. Mastai; but as Pope, answerable to God and to the Church, it does greatly. You have a princedom for the sake of the independence of the Church. All history shows that Ghibellini Popes have been infamous, and Guelph Popes beloved."

Ventura said, "Let not your Holiness look to the sovereigns of Europe, who are shadows which may vanish within the year, but to the peoples, who are realities and last for ever." We then talked of the Roman journals, which, except the *Laboro*, are all Radical—all without ideas or principles. The *Censure* and the Cardinal Vicar press heavily on the *Laboro* because the editors are ecclesiastics; but the laics have free field.

Ventura urged the Pope to make an ecclesiastical paper on these considerations :—

1. That it should be free.
2. That it should treat of the *civil* state of the Church in all nations, the heresy of the day being oppression of the Church by the civil power.
3. That it should set a tone to the episcopate.
4. That it showed the Romans that there is something beyond the SS. Giovanni and the Piazza del Popolo.

The Pope would not. Ventura will not write, and the Radicals have it their own way.

They talked of England, and said that Lord Aberdeen had protested that the British fleet were in the Adriatic, and that an attack was to be feared on Venice in alliance with Austria. Ambrosoli said that the Pope's master mistake was confirming the old household. Ventura said that he had told him that he could not live in the Pontine marshes without catching the fever.

He said the Pope's popularity was gone; that it had perished even with the *camera*, the lackeys; that nothing can regain it. The Progressists will never trust him; the Oscurantisti never forgive; that to have given the first impulse is a sin that not even baptism can cancel.

I walked away with Ambrosoli; asked him how it was that Acatholic countries outstrip Catholic in political advance. He said that in Catholic nations there is a principle of authority.

I said of absolutism, which it is hard to keep from spreading beyond its bounds, *e.g.* dogma.

I asked if the doctrine of the Canonists as to the temporal power of the popes is still held. He said No; the divine right is entirely given up.

This afternoon I saw Miss Plummer, who told me Miss Giberne talked about the Freemasons, and quoted the Jesuits as authority. They seem to have been saying that there is no real popular movement; but the work of secret societies Freemasons, etc., exciting the people.

Yet she admitted that all she met were in favour of the war.

The Padre P. said—That he had an ecclesiastic as penitent, who in six years had given him no matter of absolution; and also some women.

5*th.*—Saw Abbé Gerbet;[1] found it was he who spoke to me at the foot of the stairs and asked for a French family; was pleased with him then. He recognised me, and asked if it was so. He was most kind and obliging. Told me that Lamennais is still out of Italy; that Ravignan is gone home to Paris; that religious orders in France are remaining or tolerated; that the *principe d'association, i.e.* the popular, is consecrated, that they will get liberty of education and do something for the poor; that the bishops will meet in provincial councils; that he thinks they have not acted in common.

Went to the Catacombs of S. Agnese. The entrance is a vineyard, ¼ mile east of church, down flight of brick steps; low and narrow, with oblong cavities all open, and cleaned marks where the ampolle stood.

Saw—1. A chapel with frescoes, Moses and rock; Daniel and lions; three children; Good Shepherd; B. V. standing with uplifted hands; an altar with round arch over it; ceiling a vault of two arches, square.

2. A chapel for catechumens.

For women, with two seats:

One for priest, one deacon; sedile all round.

3. Another for men with only *one* priest's seat, and no running sedile.

4. Another with two seats, perhaps for families; a seat or *confessional.*

5. Another with two seats.

6. A chapel of B. V.

7. A church of two.

(The catacombs are illustrated by pen-and-ink sketches.)

All along occurred chapels two and two facing.

[1] Abbé Gerbet, afterwards Bishop of Perpignan, was a friend and pupil of Abbé Lamennais before his fall.

In the chapel of the B.V., met a French priest who seemed to feel bound to deliver his soul.

He said that Abbé Gerbet and others thought the fresco to be of the second century. He thought it to be of the fifth, of the date of the Council of Ephesus, and brought it in proof of the *cultus* of B.M.V. at that date.

Of this it is no proof; but it does show—

1. That the B.V. was held in special veneration by being on the altar.

2. That her intercession though the same *in genere* with that of all saints was a *pre-eminence specific.*

Of course it implies neither invocation nor office. Still it was a very high sentiment—the germ of all the rest.

Signor Pulcinelli (of the Pope's household) told me that the Pope had received a letter from the Emperor of Austria, with the signature of twenty-five bishops, threatening subtraction of obedience.

5*th May.*—This is the Pope's Saints' day.

Last year there was a great illumination; this, not a light.

News of a victory at Busselengi and shouts of *lumi* for Carlo Alberto!

6*th May.*—Went to St. Sebastian. Behind the south window, a kind of apsidal aisle. An under chapel, which is the catacomb of St. Stephen, opened and built over a century ago by a Bishop of Risi, Cardinal. In it was St. Stephen's arms. He was "offering sacrifice," and was martyred in the act and buried, with his arms covered with his blood. All round are arched tombs; thirteen said to be of popes.

The body of St. Fabian is in the church above. The bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul are said to have been brought to this catacomb for safety, and to have been there 100 years.

The body of St. Sebastian is under his altar, where is the recumbent figure with arms.

The descent to the catacombs under his chapel, an under chapel where his body once was; now Sta. Lucina there. Over the altar nearly opposite St. Sebastian are the relics.

The stone with impression.

An arm of St. Stephen.

The column to which he was bound.

Then we went to the catacombs where is a sepulchre, in which the body of St. Cecilia was said to have been found. Then to a chapel where lay the body of St. Maximin. Then to a chapel where St. Philip Neri used to go to pray; where also he received the impress on his heart. A square chamber with arched recess for altar, and a square credence.

The Appian Way on either side.

Went to St. John ante P. Lat. A curious old church with a cortile and gateway. Ionic columns, apses, basilica form. Chapter of St. John Lateran, to whom it belongs, are bound to say the offices there on this day. They were sitting in a capella with five priests in crimson copes; a cross facing the altar.

We came in for the Magnificat and procession to B.S. The chapel plain and very simple, crimson fronted with gold lace.

Out of the cortile and towards the wall, a small octagon chapel with marble altar, and under it a deep hole where it was said the cauldron was placed.

Going out we passed the church.

A small church on the left. The ancient pavement runs across the pavement in the church; and in the centre is another, the facsimile of that at St. Sebastian; at each end in the wall a painting of our Lord, two of St. Peter.

9*th.*—Walked with Abbé Gerbet to Villa Wolgerski near St. John Lateran. Talked of his *Principe de certitude.* He said it needed revision.

The Villa Wolgerski is supposed to be the land given by the Empress Helena. Marbles and inscriptions have been found.

The aqueduct of Nero runs across the garden, which is beautiful, and the view of Rome from the roof is a panorama, having the seven churches in sight.

Coming away he (Abbé Gerbet) told me of the relic of the Cross, the *title*, which he said he had examined; that it is on wood; one half only existing; and that a glass is needed to read it; that all the three lines are written from right to left; that in the Greek there are lunar (ϵ) letters, which were thought to be an objection; but that they are found in the MSS. at Pompeii, which are of the first century.

11*th May.*—Fine. At eleven had audience at the Vatican;[1] at two went and saw the wall at the Capitol, at six started with the courier for Foligno. Left Rome in a warm sunset; and the evening came on soft and the moon clear; caught one sight of St. Peter's from about the Ponte Molle.

The graphic accounts, full of interesting details and comments, which Archdeacon Manning recorded in his Diary, of Perugia, Pisa, Assisi, and other cities through which he

[1] On the day he left Rome, Archdeacon Manning had a private audience of Pope Pius IX. The interview lasted more than half an hour. In the Diary, otherwise so copious in notes and in detailed descriptions, the conversation between the Pope and Archdeacon Manning is dismissed with the mere words, "Audience at the Vatican."

passed on his way home, are too copious and too detailed for quotation: I cannot, however, refrain from giving in full, accounts of Archdeacon Manning's friendly visits to Father Luigi at the Convent of Gli Angeli, Assisi, and frequent controversies with him and the other monks, as follows:—

13*th May*.—Started for Assisi, saw S. Pietro of the Benedictines, a fine church and convent out of the town on high ground. St. Catherine of Siena, in the south arch of choir, beautiful.

View from Loggia, at back of Tribune (as in the church I visited, near Homburg), wonderfully fine. (Blessing and bowing.)

Then to Gli Angeli. Fra Luigi received me.

He said, "*Mi pare sacerdote*"; I said, "*della Chiesa Anglicana.*"

We then went to church where compline was just beginning.

Under the dome is the Porziuncula, a rude stone chapel 45 by 21, about 30 feet to gable. At the gable two niches with figures, four angels at the corners. The chapel has a west door, round-headed, with one round moulding. At the south side another large round-headed door; on the north side two windows, one square-headed, the other lancet, near the altar—deep, broad.

Over west door is Overbeck's picture in fresco. The whole end frescoed and diapered. On each side of church (inside) kneeling desks for one each. Floor marble composition, steps of altar marble. Screen of iron rails about 9 feet high, wrought and gilded; two or three rows of large lamps at intervals; sides of roof panelled off, and carved with *ex votos*. Altar small, and covered with gold, reredos all gold or gilt.

F. Luigi led me in and told me to sit; but I went up two steps of high altar till after compline. Then to the Porziuncula; then outside the door. After awhile the Host came under a canopy with about five attendants, one a priest, who knelt at altar. Then the friars, about 60, came in procession through the transept and aisle, chanting.

They knelt in two lines down the church. Then followed paters and aves and glorias; then the tune of *Jesu dulcis memoria*, and I think the hymn. Then some prayers. Then I think was sung *Veni Creator* (a triduo for the Roman State at this time), with some of the collects. Then *Tantum Ergo* and the Benediction.

The whole was solemn and beautiful.

Then went into the sacristy and was introduced to the Father guardian.

The Porziuncula has an apse which seems modern, and is cut off at the back of the altar and railed in.

Then I saw the chapel where St. Francis died. His chamber, and a door said to be the original.

(Here follows pen-and-ink sketch of chapel.)

7 *o'clock.*—Walked up towards Assisi. The moon broke out and reminded me of Harrow and Oxford, under a cloudless sky and yellow moon. The whole country green with fresh verdure and foliage; and the frogs croaking in the water by the roadside; as the evening fell I got into Catonia.

9 *o'clock.* — Went and talked with F. Luigi and the Infirmarian. F. Luigi spoke well of the English; of their good writers.

He then said he hoped for union.

I said "It was my daily prayer."

He said "You are a young man and will see it, I am 80."

I said "I hope you will see the church finished." He begged 3½ years.

He said "The last and the present Pope both looked for it."

I said "People here do not know us. We believe that we are baptized and believe the Faith."

He said "I know there are only a few points of difference."

Then he asked the number of our churches; and whether we had the Succession; about Absolution; services.

The Infirmarian got uneasy.

F. Luigi asked whether we held Purgatory.

I said "We held a third state, in which all are; not mixed, but waiting; the bad for torment, the good purifying."

The Infirmarian said, "The bad go to hell," which is the counter-proposition to Protestants sending all to heaven; yet he admitted that the Resurrection would unite their bodies in torment. At last he got more uneasy and said, "One point is enough," as against F. Luigi's few points. I said "You mean the *separation.*" I quoted invincible ignorance; he would not admit it, and I said, because of separation; then quoted *Multi Oves.* I said it was better to be less than more, and that he as an Infirmarian would admit the analogy, which he did unwillingly. I argued there is only one Church; I quoted St. Augustine, *Multi Oves.* He, St. Paul. I, St. Thomas; he, the Church. At last he got up and went, as if to testify.

Spiritual light, which is love, overflows intellect like water in the basin of a fount; intellect, which is light without love, dwells in its own margin. F. Luigi said, "We in Italy are on the eve of times worse than the Reformation; *Io dico con lagrime agli occhi.*'

The things F. Luigi could least get over were the putting the

bread into the hand of the communicant; the thought of breaking it with teeth; and the rejection of the Extreme Unction. He asked about confession and absolution, especially for the sick; about ordination, ritual, *accipe Spiritum Sanctum; absolvo te.* (The Infirmarian said, "That without penances, absolutions avail nothing.") About one baptism in and out of the Church; mitre; priests' vestments; feasts; F. Luigi did not seem to hold to the objection of our not having them in offices for saints. But pressed the absence of saints and miracles, said that it left the people *in crassa ignoranza* (invincible); claimed both as frequent in the Roman Church.

After this (10 *o'clock*) went to supper, *wine and tea*, eggs and omelette. Two of the lay brothers waiting.

F. Luigi was like St. Francis, and the Infirmarian seemed to me to be a Catholic High Churchman of the Roman Church. F. Luigi was as full and firm in dogmatic belief, but the sharp lines were melted off by a fervent charity. He seemed a loving old man, ripe in years, and loving knowledge of God and man; gentle, hopeful, and just. The Infirmarian seemed zealous, eager for truth, unyielding, urging literal formulas to consequences contrary to axioms of natural religion, and of the revealed character of God. Withal by overstraining the *doctrine* of the Church he lost hold of it.

Sunday, 14*th May*.—Went to the church at half-past eight; started and walked up towards Assisi; fell in with three women, one of the third order of St. Francis; the other two of the confraternity of St. Stephen. They are bound by rule to go 6, 7, and 8 Sundays (as certain years run) to Gli Angeli. In bad weather the women may go to S. Francesco. One, Sœur Cardelli, told me that there was a monastery of Bavarian Franciscan Sisters near her house, of saintly life; one was made Abbess of Novara. As Cardinal Mastai passed to the Conclave in 1846, she told him he was going to take up a great and bloody cross upon his shoulders. She explained that he was to be elected. After this event Pope Pius IX. sent for her to Rome; and she had revelations of attempts on his life. So they believe; and much more, as of the appearance of Satan in token of the trials coming on Italy, and of one of the sisters carrying the child Jesus through their garden. When we got to Assisi I went first to S. Francesco. I shall never forget the first entrance into the church. The sunlight outside was white with brightness; the door, a pointed narrow door, with red marble shafts, twofold and a centre, looked black; when I got in I saw little but the windows of chapels and transept. After awhile I began to see the frescoes looming through the darkness.

Then the high altar, with the wrought-iron screen and gilding. The pitch of the roof and the pillars gave it a most impressive look; like the under church of York, pointed. Also it is so irregular as to entangle one's eye. It had a solemn imposing effect, beyond almost any church I can remember.

(Here follows a pen-and-ink ground-plan.)

The form of the church is a Latin Cross with an end like the seven chapels at Durham. Windows like the style of Westminster Abbey. Over this, going up by the sacristy, is the upper church, a Latin cross of a style we should call Early English; groined chief door opening upon a piazza higher than the roof of the second church. The windows, lancet lights, pointed and fourfoil, with apertures.

The under church and sanctuary white marble, and of a modern French look, not pleasing. Mass at the altar of St. Francis in the second church; then through the cloister to the ambulatory round west and south sides of the convent.

View wonderful.

About 50 brothers, of whom 20 priests. At Gli Angeli 150 brothers; at S. Damiano about 12; at S. Chiava about 20 sisters. S. Apoll. Benedictine nuns, four veiled this morning.

From this I went to the Piazza, up a street with many marks of Lombard architecture, with chapels frescoed, one open, one shut. Fountains and a Monte di Pieta of Lombard architecture. In the Piazza a temple of Minerva, now a church. Fluted columns, and before it the old Roman altar with curious incisions. The old level about 10 feet below the modern. Then to the Cathedral, a fine Lombard face, door, and wheel windows, but much ruined by modernism. Then Chiesa Nuova, where is the old street door of St. Francis's house, and the place where they say he was crucified. They are now in the angles of an octagon church. Then to S. Chiava. Lombard; groined; wheel window; apse.

Going out of the gate to S. Damiano saw a cross into which was let another, being the same that St. Catherine of Siena carried in a mission at Assisi. After dinner to S. Damiano, lying under the brow of the hill S.S.E. of the city; reminded me of Herne Bay and the moat.

A courtyard. Church with ambulatory.

(Here follows ground-plan, with minute description.)

Including the window through which St. Francis threw the money, and the choir of St. Clare and window of Saracens. Above was the dormitory reaching over the whole nave; and at end the window which is painted outside with the Saracens falling, and St. Clare within carrying the ciborium, followed by her nuns.

An oratory of St. Clare, and her chamber, with steps out of the dormitory, also by the stairs up to the oratory. A small loggia with a place for flowers looking south over the plain.

Hardly anything has more interested me. The church is like one of our rude Early English, with an apse; much ruder than Upwaltham. The refectory reminded me of the groined roof at *Old* Waltham and Hardham. Altogether I felt it the most English sight I have seen, and it gave me a home feeling. Among the relics are the alabaster ciborium St. Clare is said to have carried against the Saracens. Her breviary, and the bell of her convent which rings with a soft tone, a portion of linen with which she staunched St. Francis's wounds. A chalice to purify hands, as I understood, perhaps before carrying Host. The choir is most rude. The seats are as it were one bench divided into 12 or 13 squares.

There is an excommunication against innovation. In the refectory there is a cross let into the table where St. Clare sat. (Now the P. guardian.) St. Clare's chamber now the curia of the Provincial.

In the marble choir round the upper moulding of the canopy of stalls: *Non Vox sed Votum. Non clamor sed Amor. Non cordula sed Cor.*

Coming back, went again to St. Clare, to which after the attack of the Saracens St. Clare migrated. Her body lies under the high altar; a door lamp is always burning under the grating; so dark and hidden that the first time I did not see it. The exact site of the body is not known, only that it is there; which also I find said of St. Peter. This seems to me to be honest and religious.

Saw also the crucifix placed in Campo Doro which is said to have spoken to St. Francis, and the aperture through which St. Clare communicated.

Then came down to Gli Angeli.

Bid farewell to F. Luigi. He bade me consider and take counsel of some competent Catholic in England; said that God loves England, and that many are coming to the true Church, as many have already. *Chiesa dell' Inghilterra, Chiesa Inglese, Chiesa di Londra.*

I asked his prayers; said we may never meet again; then I said, "My one only aim in life is to unite my soul with God. If an unworthy sinner dare say this, I will dare."

He said *Ah!* and kissed my right cheek, much moved. We gave the kiss of peace and I went away.[1]

[1] Cardinal Manning in 1887 said he could not recollect F. Luigi's parting words, which he had forgotten to put down at the time in the Diary.

The walls of Ravenna low, of red brick, with a kind of moat. Fertile and cultivated, but still desolate, with a look and a feeling of a fallen city.

Dante's tomb adjoining S. Francesco. An unworthy building, with poor sculptures.

W. H. and I wrote our names in a book kept there. I hardly sufficiently collected consciousness enough to be interested as I expected.

Certainly no poem has ever impressed me and lived in me as the *Divina Commedia.*

At 12.30 started for Forli; got in at 5.

Neapolitan cavalry on their way to Lombardy.

At midnight was woke by their bugles.

Started in a carriage for Florence. For the last 15 miles the fireflies hovered in clouds on the sides of the road; in the gardens, on the fountains, over flocks of sheep; in high garden gates; down in the beds of rushes by the river-side; sometimes upon the horse and close over our heads. It seemed as if the air was alive and on fire, emitting drops of light.

27*th.*—Mass at St. Philip Neri's altar. Head of silver, with relic. Mass at S. M.

Responses of nuns (out of sight), very soft, tender, distant, plaintive.

Oratory of St. Philip[s]. Compline sung by one priest and a great number of men and boys, lay, in common dress. Unison very good.

Then a panegyric by a Dominican.

He said Rome had been twice converted; once from idolatry, again from corruption. The first by Apostles, the second by Philip Neri. The first from Paganism; Babylon fell, and holy Rome arose *edificata da Filippo.*

Then a hymn before the altar, and a relic carried round, kissed and laid on the forehead.[1]

31*st.*—Went to Lucca by train.

Cathedral built by Anselm, Bishop of Lucca, afterwards Alexander II., who blessed William the Conqueror's banners against England.

The following extracts from the Diary are interesting

[1] In his Diary Archdeacon Manning nowhere says in so many words, that he took a personal part in the veneration of relics which he so often witnessed and described with touching fidelity. Yet from the tone and spirit of his testimony I have no doubt that at St. Philip Neri's Oratory at Florence, for instance, the relics of the saint were laid on the forehead and pressed to the lips of the Archdeacon of Chichester.

as pointing once more the contrast between nature and man :—

Got into Perugia about six. Stopped by the way for the benediction at a little church just outside. At eight o'clock, as I sat in my room, heard the litany.

15*th May.*—Beautiful. Started (post 2 hours) at quarter to nine. Passed Lake of Thrasymene. The site of the battle plain.

1. The open hill laid waste to draw Flaminius.
2. The woods where the C. horse lay hid.
3. The road by which the Romans followed from Arezzo.
4. The bottom surrounded by mountains, and lake in which they were surrounded.
5. Road to Perugia from Arezzo.
7. The Sanguinelto.

It must have been a day of slaughter, and the streams ran red into the lake. A more complete shambles for the slaughter of an army cannot be conceived. The mountain, now Mount Gualandro, shoulders off towards the lake doing two things—drawing the road into a funnel, so as to force the Roman army to enter; and hiding the ambush till they were entered. On the outside there is not a sign of the amphitheatre inside. So at the other end, at Passignano, there is only the breadth of the road between the mountain and the water. To scale the mountain was impossible in the face of armed men. I could not help thinking what agony must have been then, when the reality burst on them; and for three hours they fought to desperation. What miseries of Rome, and all sacred homes, and loved faces, when their hearts were breaking.

And what a witness to the eternity of nature! To-day it was as still and bright and calm as if no storm and bloodshed had ever been there. The lake as smooth as a glass; beds of rushes running out; boats with high prows lying half hid and waterlogged; here and there a bark steering to the islands and the convent; along the shore hung fishing nets strained in the sun. Trees thick set, festooned with flowers; wheat and beans growing beneath. Oxen tied to the olive-trees, and peasants at their noonday meal under the shade. Nature the same as ever. Not a footprint, not a shield, not a corse, not a drop of blood, but earthy, green, and fruitful.

Piers square; triforium very rich, pierced and open; transepts divided into two; chapels of Voto Santo (Zurich).

Carpet of iron, hanging from ceiling, in which flax is burnt before the archbishop when he celebrates. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* Done before Pope at his coronation only.

Archbishop wears the purple; canons white.

S. Giovanni; Lombard, basilica style, square. Baptistery against north wall of apse. Fresco of Madonna, St. Catherine, St. Lucy, and S. Tridiano, with mosaic fine and rich. Beautiful picture by F. Francisco. The B. V. an ideal, fair and very bright, kneeling, at the right side angels and cherubim. Below, St. Anselm, St. Augustine, David and Solomon. Fine round sculptured font. S. Tridianus was son of an Irish king, 550;[1] went to Rome, returned to Ireland, founded monastery, came back to Lucca. See vacant, elected bishop, died 578, *i.e.* 17 years before the mission of St. Augustine, when England was Saxon and heathen again.

The church has an outline of a Norman church. A high clerestory. Three marks, nave, sacrarium and apse, five round pillars, lamb, Corinthian heads. Then a square pillar, then two round and a square pillar; then the apse; then windows long and round-headed. Nine in the aisles; five in the clerestory, with two inserted, having lancets. The style is very simple and severe. The west front has a baluster window and a dome.

Fireflies in the dark streets flying along before or round one's feet.

2nd June.—Fine. Left Leghorn. Genoa at 11.

The revolving light like a great eye issuing forth. When it turned its dark side looked like a great bat on two white wings.

4th.—Saw a body of Croat prisoners brought in. Rumour that Pius IX. has promised to crown Carlo Alberto with the iron crown at Milan. This is virtually to depose the Emperor and to invest the King of Sardinia. Yet it may be treated only as an act of recognition, *e.g.* we recognised Louis Philippe and the French Republic; and the Pope's act is *ex post facto.*

On the 7th of June, Archdeacon Manning arrived at Milan, and in his Diary is the following account of St. Charles and his shrine and city:—

7th June.—Milan. Duomo. I find it please me more than last time, for I am less critical and observe details less.

A verger came and offered to show me St. Charles. Called a priest custode; we went down, very dark. The priest showed me the outside. I asked to see the saint. He put me off; said it was exposed 8 days in the year; that three families had been that day and gone without seeing more. I asked if permission was needed; he said, No. Then asked whether I wished

[1] Obit A.D. 588.

to see it. I said, Yes. He was only trying me. Then lighted the tapers and let down the front and drew the crimson curtains. A crystal and gold sarcophagus, hung with rings and offerings. Within lay St. Charles in episcopal vestments of gold cloth and the gold mitre, a pastoral staff of gold and precious stones, gloves and shoes.

His height not great, rather inclining to size. The face a darkened colour (having been 40 years in the earth before his canonisation, in a damp place), the nose sunk, but the profile like the portraits, *i.e.* the upper lip, mouth, chin, receding as in faces with prominent nose; the mouth rather long. The chapel plated with metals, silver and silver gilt, approached by ante-chapels, as St. Francis at Assisi; open to the nave by an oblong octagon, with eight lights not worthy for magnitude. Bought two medals blessed by the Pope; a portrait in embroidery done after his death, like all the portraits of him, but giving colour and softness.

Frederigo Borromeo lies buried in the middle of the pavement at the step of the altar of B. S., N. transept.

In Milan every second house has the Italian tricolor, and the churches in Fiola.

8*th*.—Church of S. Ambrogio. The shrine of St. Ambrose with SS. Gervasius and Protasius, silver gilt, gold enamel, precious stones wrought into panel with *alto relievo*, life of our Lord in front; St. Ambrose at the back. Silver doors at the back; within only a porphyry slab.

Chief west door bronze, said to have belonged to the doors closed by St. Ambrose against Theodosius. Then to Duomo. Saw the shrine of St. Charles from above, opened and lighted for some party below.

Then to Archbishop's palace. South transept door leads down under the piazza and street, and comes up into the second quadrangle.

In the clerestory 2 statues, St. Charles and St. Ambrose.

At the Duomo, Milan, high mass. Chapter wear—1 scarlet, 2 green, 3 black with white. Four women in black and white came and stood at the confessional of St. Charles. Then went up with a procession to the front of the altar, and came back and stood as before. One carried a small glass cruet. Query, the order of widows? The gospel chanted from the circular ambo round the pillar.

Archdeacon Manning left Milan on the 9th of June. The following are the concluding passages of his Diary:—

12*th*.—The view I knew of Lucerne I could not find. It was

dissolved by change of position. I saw Mount Pilat, but could not find the Righi nor the site of Lucerne until we stood into a bay, and the Righi ran behind, and the long shore of green with white houses; and the bay with the town and bridge like a sickle; and the church with its two spires and Mount Pilat, and the deep woodland and pasture below. The whole view of my room window came together in form. The changes on the lake, with many horizon lights, colours, shadows, from burning sunlight to pale dove-coloured gray and faint rose tinting; then icy white, with an opaque clearness as if of driven snow, with the sharp white jagged points lighting the sky.

17*th*.—Fine, but cloudy. Rain at 4 to 9, evening. Started from Cologne 6.30. Ostend, 9 P.M.

18*th*.—Fine; high wind. Ostend, started ¼ to 10. Tarland. Dover, 3.15. Christ Church; Hymn after 2nd Coll.; Train 6.15. London, 10.30; Cadogan Place, 14 past 11.

Τῷ Θεῷ Δόξα.

On the perusal of his Diary, so specially interesting as showing the state of his mind in regard to the Church of Rome, the first thought, almost, which would arise in the mind of most readers is, How came it to pass that the writer—setting such store, as he evidently did, on the objective character of Catholic worship, showing such sympathy with its dogmatic teaching—did not forthwith join the Catholic Church?

It is not easy for any one, but to a man of Archdeacon Manning's character and cast of mind it was almost a superhuman task to admit, at all events in public, that he was in error; to throw over the convictions of a lifetime, which had seemed based on an immovable rock; to unclothe his mind of its ancient vesture — its old habits and associations and modes of thought; to stand bare and barren of authority before his own people, whom he loved so well, and in his own Church, where he was held in such reverence.

Others, again, might raise the objection that an Anglican divine of high standing and authority in his own Church had no right to take such constant part in Catholic worship; more especially in that peculiar and distinctive Catholic devotion for which, as his Diary shows, he felt such

an attraction—the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. It must not, however, be forgotten that High Church Anglicans like Archdeacon Manning, more perhaps in that day than in ours, looked upon the Roman Church as the elder sister of the Anglican. In Catholic countries they regarded it as a primary duty not to act as if they were schismatics by attending Anglican chapels abroad. By hearing mass in Catholic churches on Sundays and saints' days, Archdeacon Manning only discharged his duty and his obligation as an Anglo-Catholic.

What, however, is most curious and worthy of note is Archdeacon Manning's familiarity with priests and monks and nuns, so long before his conversion. He was at home in Catholic churches, a devout and edified listener to the preaching friars, a reverent worshipper at mass and benediction, as his Diary bears ample witness. His was an almost exceptional case; except Frederick Faber and Mr. Allies,[1] none of the numerous converts who preceded or followed John Henry Newman in the memorable exodus of 1845 drew their inspiration from a like source. Newman himself, as he tells us, never saw a Catholic priest before Father Dominic received him into the Church at Littlemore, save two: one, an Italian priest who kindly visited him when he lay ill at Palermo in 1833; and Father Damien, the priest at Oxford whom Newman, when he was appointed Vicar of St. Mary's, called upon and

[1] Frederick Faber, on his visit to Rome in 1843, was in constant communication with Dr. Grant, then chaplain to Cardinal Acton, afterwards Bishop of Southwark, as well as with devout priests and learned theologians. Faber had a private audience of Pope Gregory XVI. Dr. Baggs, Rector of the English College, acted as interpreter. In a letter to Rev. J. B. Morris, Faber gave the following account of Pope Gregory. . . "We had a long conversation; he spoke of Dr. Pusey's suspension for defending the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist with amazement and disgust. He said to me 'You must not mislead yourself in wishing for unity, yet waiting for your *Church* to move. Think of the salvation of your own soul.' He then laid his hands on my shoulders, and I immediately knelt down; upon which he laid them on my head and said, 'May the grace of God correspond to your good wishes, and deliver you from the nets (*insidie*) of Anglicanism, and bring you to the true Holy Church'" (*Life of F. W. Faber*, by John E. Bowden, 1869, p. 196). In like manner, Mr. Allies, the eminent writer, was deeply attracted in his visits to Catholic countries by the beauty, solemnity, and devotion of Catholic worship.

claimed as his parishioner. Oakeley told me he never saw, or spoke with, a Catholic priest until he was received into the Church by the Rev. Father Newsham, at the church of St. Clement's, Oxford. Mozley relates that Oakeley once went by accident into a Catholic chapel, and rushed out in a panic on discovering where he was.[1]

In this free and frequent commerce with Catholic ecclesiastics — not indeed in England, where he regarded the Catholic Church as an intrusive and schismatic body— Manning seems to have followed, as in almost everything else, a course of his own. Unlike Newman and Dalgairns and Ward and Oakeley, and so many others, who went over to Rome six years before he ventured to take that step, the Archdeacon of Chichester had an intimate and practical knowledge, as we have seen, of the working of the Catholic system, such as no man—with two notable exceptions—outside the Church of Rome, at any rate at that date, was possessed of.

In speaking of his Roman Diary, Cardinal Manning, with the quiet smile which was characteristic of him when he was criticising himself, said: "It will be as hard to get interest out of my Roman Diary as to get sunshine out of a cucumber."

This criticism of his own is true in the sense at least that there is a singular lack of the sunshine and glow of enthusiasm in his reminiscences and records of Rome— the city alike of the Cæsars and the Popes. In truth, he seemed to be just as indifferent to the glories of Papal as of Pagan Rome. In an Oxford scholar, now walking along the Appian Way, now passing under the Triumphal Arch of Titus, or standing at the foot of the Capitol, or gazing on the vast ivy-clad (as they then were) ruins of the Colosseum, one might reasonably have expected some hint at least, or intimation, that he was conscious or mindful of the glories and triumphs of Pagan Rome; of a past civilisation, to which those ruins are still a living witness. No

[1] In *Historical Notes of the Tractarian Movement*, p. 112, Canon Oakeley said, "I myself was never in a Catholic Church in these islands but once, when I made a speedy retreat under a panic of conscience."

one, indeed, should expect in such a Diary, not written for publication, elaborate descriptions or profound reflections; but what we miss, in its still living presence as it were, is the almost involuntary recognition of the mighty Past which would naturally arise, it should seem, in the heart, and find at least a passing expression in a tribute to fallen greatness.

Again, to the lover of the unique beauties of Rome, of its artistic glories, of the picturesque splendours of its surrounding scenery, it is more than disappointing to find in Archdeacon Manning's Diary little or no allusion made—as if his mind were unconscious of what his eye saw—of the unrivalled glories of nature or of the manifold wonders of men's handiwork. But Archdeacon Manning was not gifted with the poet's imagination. The beauties and the splendours of Rome, natural and artistic, its historic and papal grandeur and greatness, described with such touching tenderness, in such vivid colours, and with such eloquent enthusiasm, by Father Faber in his *Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches*, were invisible to the eye, or perhaps beyond the reach of Manning's imagination. A sunset on the Roman Campagna—and sunsets in Rome differ in glory from sunsets elsewhere—purple and crimson and golden, imparting a glow and a glory all its own to the vast, open, almost immeasurable expanse, which stretches before the eye, undulating like the sea, and almost as mysterious, excited, as far as the records of his Diary attest, in Manning's mind no other sensation or interest than a yearning desire after the spiritual welfare of the scattered and isolated inhabitants of the vast Campagna Romana. The explanation of this apathy, real or apparent, to all that in Rome most delights the hearts of others, or attracts their eye, is to be found in the declaration which Cardinal Manning had more than once made to me: "From the beginning I was a priest and a priest only." Not things pagan, nor artistic, nor of the natural order, but spiritual things alone touched his heart or interested his observant eye.

More difficult, however, of interpretation is the strange silence observed in the Diary in regard to two events of

singular interest and importance, namely, Archdeacon Manning's meeting with John Henry Newman at Rome, in 1847, and his audience with the Pope. Newman had but recently abandoned the Church of England. His conversion had caused a singular sensation, a commotion without precedent in England. Lord John Russell spoke of it as "an unaccountable event"; Mr. Disraeli described it, many years afterwards, as "a shock from which England still reels." A meeting, under such circumstances, of two such men—Newman preparing for the priesthood under the shadow of St. Peter's, and Manning an Anglican clergyman, high in office and in dignity, holding back with might and main, and with all his persuasive influence, multitudes of men and women—the outstanding remnant of Newman's following—from entering the wide-open portals of the Catholic Church — should have inspired, one would have thought, something more than a curt entry, with one or two dry details, in the Diary. In fact, little or no more space was given to this meeting with Newman than was allotted on the self-same day to the record of the weather. No intimate conversation took place between these two men, standing face to face, as it were, at the shrine of the Apostles; no allusions were made by either as to the past and its struggles, the present with its doubts and trials, or to the hopes and fears of the future. The Archdeacon of Chichester was at the time in such a state of mind as to be unable to define clearly his own position, far less to formulate a judgment on what he dared not now call, even in his own mind, Newman's "fall," as he had done in his correspondence with Mr. Gladstone three years before. Hence, naturally, he would not trust himself to the expression of an opinion on that memorable meeting, in the private pages even of his own Diary. Henceforth, save with one passing allusion, the name of Newman is not again mentioned.

Still more unaccountable is the utter absence of any record in his Diary of its writer's private audience with Pope Pius IX. Not a line, not a word, not a syllable, beyond the mere record of the fact, and that in the baldest

form: "Audience to-day at the Vatican." The Pope's name even is not mentioned; Newman's name was not indicated in the Diary further than by its initial letter. Even such scant recognition was denied to Pius IX.—Pius IX. with whom, and only a few years later, he was on terms of such close and intimate friendship. To a man of Archdeacon Manning's antecedents, not to speak of his position in the "sister Church," a private meeting, still more a long conversation with the Pope of Rome, could not but be an occasion or an occurrence of exceptional interest. Was the wise and cautious archdeacon afraid that, if once committed to paper, an account of his conversation with the Pope might somehow or other reach suspicious ears, and arouse perchance against him the clamours of a too susceptible Protestantism at home? On the other hand, it is just possible that the grave and reverend Archdeacon of Chichester was disappointed with the Pope's reception, and preferred to pass over in silence what perhaps appeared to him the flippant or ignorant allusions of Pius IX. to the Anglican Church. The Pope, it seems, knew a great deal about Mrs. Fry and the Quakers, but little or nothing about Archdeacon Manning's own creed, and even less about Anglican worship. His Holiness expressed his surprise on learning from the archdeacon that the chalice was used in the Anglican Church in the administration of Communion. "What!" exclaimed Pius IX., "is the same chalice made use of by every one?"

Such an amazed expression of surprise; such ignorance of Anglican ritual and belief on the part of the Pope, unwitting of offence, may have well fallen like a douche of cold water on the susceptible temper of a high Anglican dignitary. Little wonder then, if such really were the case, that Pius IX.'s name is omitted from the Diary, and the archdeacon's audience with the Pope reduced to a form so bald as almost to be obscure.[1]

[1] In his "Journal," dated 1878-82—which I had not seen at the time, as the above account was based only on his contemporary Diary—Cardinal Manning explains the reticence about his interview with Pope Pius IX. in 1848 as follows:—"I remember the pain I felt at seeing how unknown we were to the Vicar of Jesus Christ. It made me feel our isolation."

Happily Cardinal Manning made amends for the Archdeacon of Chichester's omissions, for he supplied me from memory with the following brief account of his interview with Pius IX. in 1848, with which I may fittingly bring to a close these remarks on Archdeacon Manning's Diary :—

On May 8, 1848, was the first audience with Pius IX. Sidney Herbert (Lord Herbert) had commissioned me to have translated into Italian Mr. (Sir Charles) Trevelyan's pamphlet, showing what the Government had done during the famine in Ireland, and to present it to the Pope. I did so, having marked the chief passages, which Pius IX. read.

He then said "There was a good lady who did much to reform the prisons." I said Mrs. Fry, a Quaker. He then asked about their tenets. Then he asked about the Anglican Church, and the observance of the Sunday and the feasts. Then about the communion, and how often administered. Then about "both kinds," and whether it was the same chalice that was shared by all. Then he spoke of the many good works done in England, and added, "When men do good works God gives grace," and he looked upwards and said, "My poor prayers are offered every day for England."

This conversation lasted a long time, but I did not write it down, and I cannot now remember more. But these points I have never forgotten.

CHAPTER XX

THE COMMITTEE OF PRIVY COUNCIL ON EDUCATION AND THE NATIONAL SOCIETY—RULES FOR SPIRITUAL LIFE IN ARCHDEACON MANNING'S SERMONS

1849

THE National Society, established for the purpose of defending the Church of England's schools from an attempt on the part of the State to introduce a system of secular education, had long been the battle-field of rival parties in the Church. After the attempts made in 1838 and 1839, first, to separate secular from religious instruction; and next, to separate education from the Church, had been defeated by the strenuous exertions of the clergy and laity, the Committee of Council on Education entered into a concordat, which was embodied in Minutes and published by order of Council. This agreement, concluded in 1840, established a *modus vivendi* on the subject of education between the Civil Power and the Established Church.

Under this system, it was provided that the schools, aided by grants of public money, should be visited by inspectors appointed by the Crown with the concurrence of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York. The management of the schools, however, was exempted from all interference on the part of the inspectors. This concordat worked fairly well for a time; but like all concordats or compromises it left a side-gate open, or a weak point liable to be seized upon by the enemy. The Whigs, or the irreligious party in the State, on their return to Office, soon renewed their attempt to tamper with the religious education of the

country. It was the seed-time for the enemies of Christian education, which in due course has produced the full-blown Secularist party of to-day.

In the year 1846 the new attack was opened. The Committee of Council on Education, under Kaye-Shuttleworth —the Mr. Acland of that day—was a watchful enemy and sly. In the trust-deeds of newly-founded schools Clauses of Management were inserted by the Committee, which virtually destroyed the freedom of the School by making it dependent on the State as joint-founder. The National Society opposed this insidious encroachment on the part of the civil power. For three years the contest continued. In the National Society—though all its members were pledged to resist to the utmost every attempt on the part of the State to interfere with the freedom of the schools—there were three parties. One party was composed of those who, on principle and policy alike, offered an uncompromising resistance to State interference in school management. The second party consisted for the most part of what were called in that day "practical men," careless of principle and of future consequences, but keenly alive to the advantages of State aid. Its members, if not approving, were ready for peace sake to assent to the Government scheme. The third party, either from character or out of policy, maintained on every occasion a neutral attitude, and were always more or less favourable to compromise rather than run the risk of breaking with Government.

In a letter to Sidney Herbert, dated Lavington, 8th October 1848, Archdeacon Manning avowed his conviction, that the Church should take no share in Government education, in the following terms:—

MY DEAR HERBERT—. . . What a mess Kaye-Shuttleworth is making. You see that the Committee of the Privy Council have refused the terms of the National Society, and I must declare my hope that the Church will set to work again as in 1839 to do its own duty, and refuse with an absolute firmness all share and entanglement in Government education. This has been my one unchanging conviction for ten years. I am con-

vinced that the peace of the Church and the good of the people are alike in risk if their schemes are suffered to establish themselves. Look at France.[1]

The "management clauses" introduced by the Committee of Council on Education provoked a renewed contest. In 1848, Mr. Denison, at the Annual Meeting of the National Society, moved a resolution, supported by a large majority, condemning in explicit terms the Government scheme. The neutral party obtained an adjournment in the view of bringing about a modification of the more objectionable parts of the management clauses. Some slight modifications were granted. Negotiations were then entered into with the Government, and, in view of a compromise, concessions were offered by the moderate or "practical" men, as they styled themselves, of the National Society. After three or four months' consideration the Privy Council rejected the proposed compromise. On the breaking down of the negotiations, Mr. Denison, as leader of the uncompromising party in the National Society, and in the Church, opened a vigorous campaign against the "management clauses."

Archdeacon Manning, likewise, took a prominent part in defending the Church schools and in upholding the principle that the exclusive right of educating their children belonged to the parents—to the Church and not to the State. In this sense he made an able and vigorous speech at a meeting of the clergy at Chichester in December 1848. Divisions broke out in the National Society. There was talk of making a serious compromise with the Government; but Mr. Denison urged, and with success, at least for a time, that there was no room for a compromise on a matter of principle.

In a desponding frame of mind in regard to the divisions in the Church and its helpless state, powerless to protect the cause of religious education, Manning wrote to Sidney Herbert as follows:—

[1] In the above letter Archdeacon Manning referred to Pope Pius IX. and his fortunes as follows:—"Do you see that the Hungarians are beaten; that Austria has rejected the Anglo-French mediation, and that Mamiani is gone to the wall? Alas for our Father Pius! When I go into winter quarters—where I cannot yet say—I will fulfil my word about cathedrals."

LAVINGTON, 24*th Nov.* 1848.

MY DEAR HERBERT— . . . On the subject of cathedrals I have no soul to write at this moment. Our Dean and Chapter have elected the unfittest man in the world as Canon, belying all that I have ever hoped or said in their defence. And that at a moment when the education of the Church is falling under the power of the State by force of petty bribes and a low cunning.

I am, as you might divine without any gifts of exorcism, in a profane state of mind.

When I look for a remedy I see the Church divided and powerless. Heaven help us, for there is no help in man.—Yours most affectionately, H. E. MANNING.

In another letter to Sidney Herbert, Archdeacon Manning made an able and uncompromising defence of right principles in regard to the inherent duty of parents and pastors to secure the essentially religious education of children. He further in the most absolute terms condemned the Government for making itself by means of the "management clause" a joint-founder of schools.

An interesting explanation of his scheme about making cathedrals centres of education is likewise given in the following letter:—

LAVINGTON, 4*th January* 1849.

MY DEAR HERBERT— . . . I saw Colquhoun's proposals but did not pay much attention to them, and cannot now find them again. But before we come to cathedrals, I should like to say a word about education.

I think the subject in a very mischievous position.

The Committee of Council and the National Society have suspended their correspondence on account of disagreement.

The National Society has already gone beyond the sense of the Church at large, and is in a middle position which the Government will not accept nor the Church ratify.

I am afraid we shall have mischief either way.

A break with Government would be most mischievous; only less so than a giving in to them.

My belief is that the minutes of Council at this moment, if accepted by the Church, will in due time transfer the whole "material" of the Church education to the control of the Government of the day.

This we can never yield. Unhappily, "practical men" will look at nothing but money, efficiency, and the facts of to-day.

They will not examine principles, tendencies, and future consequences. Therefore some of our best men are, if not approving, at least assenting parties to the Government schemes.

Now, for my own part, I am where I was ten years ago. I believe the education of children to be a duty inherent in parents and pastors; to be essentially religious, indivisible in its elements; incapable of a concurrent control by two heterogeneous powers. The education of the people can never be in the hands of one power, and the pastoral ministry of another. The State refuses to build churches, found bishoprics, support missions. I am more than content at its refusal. I would rather it were consistent and would refuse to give money for Church schools except upon the laws and principles of the Church.

What Government is now doing is "to make itself a *joint-founder* of schools on terms which the Church cannot accept without ultimate injury."

The theory of "joint-foundation" will, I believe, bring us into future entanglements, out of which the Church or a portion of it will escape with the fortunes and portion of the weaker party; and the remainder will be secularised. Is not France and Prussia warning enough?

Now you remember our conversation in Rome about making the Irish cathedrals centres of education. This is my notion for the English cathedrals.

My idea is—

1. That the dean and canons should hold no other benefice.
2. That they should reside nine months in every year.
3. That each canonry have a special office attached to it: Being four in number—

The 1st, Principal of a diocesan college for clergy;

The 2nd, Principal of training school;

The 3rd, Secretary to the office of diocesan education;

The 4th, Union secretary and inspector of schools.

Now by this means a vast force not only of funds, but of *men*, living active force, would be given to education, and the work would be done because it would be the sole charge of each canon.

I have given this as the full idea which perhaps may be modified because probably a diocesan college and a training school may not be needed in every diocese. But in that case the canon might be charged with another office, such as principal of a hall for general education, the students of which might graduate, on the testimonial of the principal, at Oxford or Cambridge.

Our system has almost unbounded expansiveness if we had only heart and life for it.

As to the patronage of such chapters, I think it ought to be as follows:—That the canons should recommend three names to the bishop, and he choose one. The reasons for this are, I think, sufficient and obvious.

It was a sense of all this that made me turn sick at the late election here; together with the fact that two old friends, both very fit, one eminently, had been set aside for a man who literally forsook his living for years to reside in France, and was forced home by the bishop (I helping) to heal the scandal.[1] . . . Farewell to you and a happy year.—Ever yours affectionately,

H. E. MANNING.

Such a declaration by Archdeacon Manning in the above letter as to the duty of the Church, and his own readiness, to renew the battle of 1837 and 1838 in defence of the absolute freedom of the School against the renewed attack of the Government, would, by its outspokenness, have satisfied even so uncompromising a champion of the Church of England Schools as Mr. Denison. Prospects, however, were not reassuring. There was disunion and mutual mistrust in the National Society. The bishops were moving, not to say manœuvring, to prevent an open rupture with the Government. Peace, even purchased by compromise, was dear to the Episcopal heart in those days, as was shown in the attitude taken up by the bishops shortly afterwards in regard to the Gorham Judgment. Archdeacon Manning's heart was heavy, as appears in the following passage of a letter to Robert Wilberforce:—

44 CADOGAN PLACE, 17*th January* 1849.

MY DEAR ROBERT— . . . I expect to be here till about February; and wish you would come (as you will be invited to

[1] In a passage of the above letter Archdeacon Manning wrote as follows:—"As you say, there are uneasy tokens abroad. People are for a while frightened into Conservatism; but this will not last when the effect of the foreign disorders comes to be felt in our trade, etc. I suppose this must come. But I know nothing of statecraft. All that I see and hear is that everybody is poor and pinched, that work is less, wages lower, and farmers going to the wall.

As I am at the end of my fourth sheet I will not begin my sermon on the commercial greatness of England, from the text "The prosperity of fools shall destroy them."

We have never condoled about the Pope, and such a flight, so ignoble, and so hasty. I doubt if he had time to take even Trevelyan's pamphlet."

do) to hold a conference about the Privy Council. At the National Society *all is given up.* And they who ought to protect us are against us. I confess my heart is lower than ever before.—Ever yours most affectionately, H. E. M.

If the Government was hostile, and the bishops withheld their protection and support, where was help to come from? Though he repudiated with scorn the view expressed by Goulburn, the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, as to the Episcopal character and position, Archdeacon Manning had no high opinion of his bishops.[1]

The final battle between the rival parties in the National Society took place at the Annual Meeting held in June 1849. The Committee was divided and lukewarm. Only a few of its members were resolute in their opposition to the Government scheme. An uncompromising resolution, proposed by the Rev. G. A. Denison against the "Management clauses" introduced by the Committee of Privy Council on Education, if not in the National Society itself, at the Annual Meeting, and among the High Church party, out of doors, held the field. The bishops mustered in strong force. Sumner, the Archbishop of Canterbury, presided over the meeting. Among the twelve other bishops present were Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, and Edward Denison, Bishop of Salisbury. Bishop Wilberforce, addicted alike by character and policy to compromise, was beyond measure alarmed by the danger of a rupture with the Government. He knew that there was not the remotest chance of inducing Mr. Denison to abate his opposition to the "Management clauses," or to adopt a conciliatory attitude towards the Government. His impassioned and powerful speech in support of his Resolution seemed to carry with him the support of the majority of the meeting. Were the Resolution carried, the inevitable result

[1] In a letter about that date to Sidney Herbert, Manning wrote as follows: — I had a strange conversation about a month ago with Goulburn about Church matters. He contended that money and a peerage are the chief social importance of a bishop: that it is his social not his spiritual character which impresses the people and serves the Church. I had thought the last specimen of this race had been some time in the British Museum. For some years I have never seen a live one.

would be a breach with the Government and a schism in the National Society. How were these two evils, considered so disastrous by the compromising party, to be averted? The first point dictated by policy was to take the guidance of the meeting, even at the eleventh hour, out of Mr. Denison's hands. Unconciliatory in his methods, and uncompromising in his line of argument, he seemed to Bishop Wilberforce to court rather than shun a rupture with Government on the education question.

Bishop Wilberforce knew that were he himself to propose an amendment, whatever the terms might be, to Mr. Denison's resolution, it would at once, from the nature of the case, be regarded as a hostile move. After consultation with Edward Denison, Bishop of Salisbury, and others of a like mind, it was agreed that the wisest policy would be to induce Archdeacon Manning to propose a friendly Amendment. His known zeal for the freedom of religious education, his open and avowed opposition to the Government control of schools, would disarm the opposition—allay the fears or suspicions of the uncompromising party. Bishop Wilberforce knew, likewise, that his dread of a rupture with Government was shared by Manning, for he had admitted, as he had done to Sidney Herbert, in a letter quoted above, that "a breach with Government would be most mischievous; only less so than a giving in to them."

Acting under the advice or at the suggestion of Bishops Wilberforce and Denison, Archdeacon Manning, shortly before the close of the prolonged and heated meeting, proposed an Amendment, which finally took the form of a substantive Resolution.

In the *Notes of my Life*, Archdeacon Denison says that his heart foreboded mischief, when he saw Archdeacon Manning in concert with Bishop Wilberforce and Bishop Denison, busy in drawing up an Amendment.

In a speech of no little skill and adroitness, full of hope and confidence, and expressing an absolute assurance that, come what might, the Church of England, united in purpose and of one mind in its determination to uphold the independance of the schools, would be as prosperous in the future

as in the past in extending, with or without the assistance and co-operation of the State, the work of religious education, Archdeacon Manning proposed a friendly Amendment to the original Resolution. His speech, with its conciliatory overtures and hopeful assurances, and its triumphant record of what the Church of England had done in the cause of religious education, was warmly applauded by the majority of the crowded meeting.

After considerable delay caused by the discussions which were going on between the different sections and parties in the National Society as to the line to be taken, Mr. Denison proposed certain modifications to Archdeacon Manning's amendment. Bishop Wilberforce and Bishop Denison objected to the modifications proposed by Mr. Denison. They were, however, finally accepted by Archdeacon Manning and passed by the meeting.

The following are:—first, The original resolution, moved by the Rev. G. A. Denison; secondly, Archdeacon Manning's amendment; and, thirdly, the modification to the amendment moved by Mr. Denison.

The Rev. G. A. Denison's Resolution was as follows:—

That it is the opinion of this Meeting that there be introduced in the Report now presented to the Meeting the distinct expression of their deliberate judgment, that no arrangement which shall involve the imposition of any Management Clause whatsoever as a condition of State assistance—or any other condition whatsoever (except the legal tenure of the site, and the right of inspection, as defined and ascertained in 1840) can be satisfactory to, or ought to be accepted by, the Church.

The following is Archdeacon Manning's Amendment:—

That this Meeting acknowledges the care and attention of the Committee in conducting the correspondence pending with the Committee of the Privy Council on Education, and regrets to find that a satisfactory conclusion has not yet been attained. Secondly, That while this Meeting desires fully to co-operate with the State in promoting the education of the people, it is under the necessity of declaring that no terms of co-operation can be satisfactory which shall not allow to the Clergy and Laity full freedom to constitute upon such principles and

models as are both sanctioned and recommended by the order and the practice of the Church of England.

Mr. Denison's modification of Archdeacon Manning's Amendment was expressed in the following words:—

And in particular, when they should desire to put the management of their schools solely in the hands of the Clergy and Bishops of the Diocese.

The Annual General Meeting of the National Society, held on the 6th of June 1849 at the Central Schoolrooms of the Society, Westminster, was densely crowded; the discussion, which was of a vigorous and excited character, was prolonged from twelve o'clock to eight P.M. The Archbishop of Canterbury was in the chair. There were present twelve Bishops, conspicuous among whom were the Bishops of Oxford and Salisbury; among the Church dignitaries were Archdeacons Manning, Harrison, and Allen. The attendance of the clergy was very large; among them were the Rev. G. A. Denison, Rev. Dr. Wordsworth, Rev. W. Dodsworth, Rev. H. Wilberforce, Rev. W. Maskell. Besides a large number of Peers, among other distinguished laity were Mr. Gladstone, Sir Thomas Acland, and Mr. Beresford Hope. On Archdeacon Allen's rising to address the meeting, the cries for Mr. Denison were so loud and prolonged that the Archbishop of Canterbury called upon Mr. Denison to address the meeting. Speaking in support of his Resolution, the Rev. G. A. Denison carried the whole meeting with him; he was supported by Dr. Christopher Wordsworth and the Rev. Henry Wilberforce, who declared that the Management Clauses brought in by the Government were an attempt to introduce the principle of mixed education.

Archdeacon Manning, rising towards the end of the meeting, said,

It is with feelings of great reluctance and duty, under a sense of imperative necessity, that I venture to rise at this late hour to take part in this discussion. I find myself in the same difficulty as the noble lord (the Earl of Harrowby) who spoke last,—not that of being satisfied with the conclusion of the correspondence, but that of being unable to support the Resolu-

tion which has been proposed by the Rev. G. A. Denison. And, my Lord Archbishop, before I conclude, I shall venture to trespass upon your attention not only with a statement of my reasons, but also by moving an Amendment. The difficulty of my position is this, that while I concur in the arguments advanced by my reverend friend in his speech, I cannot concur in the terms of his Resolution.

After some discussion with Mr. Denison, Archdeacon Manning accepted the proposed modification. To secure unanimity, Mr. Denison withdrew his Resolution, declaring that the principles he had advocated for two years were virtually embodied in Archdeacon Manning's Amendment. Bishop Wilberforce, gesticulating vehemently, called out that "Mr. Denison's Resolution was defeated, not withdrawn." He was overruled, and then declared that, if Mr. Denison's principles were embodied in the Amendment, he would vote against it. He said, "My venerable relative, I fear, is making a hollow truce, introducing a unanimity in words which does not in reality exist." Bishop Denison made like objection to Mr. Denison's statement, that his principles on Church Schools were covered by the Amendment. If that were the case, Bishop Denison declared, he could not vote for it. The meeting was impatient, the hour was late, and Archdeacon Manning's Amendment now put, with Mr. Denison's consent, as a substantive Resolution, was carried, almost unanimously.[1]

It was not so much in the principles which he enunciated in addressing the meeting, that Archdeacon Manning differed from Mr. Denison, as in his treatment of the Committee of the National Society. Mr. Denison had denounced the Committee for the betrayal of its trust, for its violation of Church principles by the temporising way in which it had treated the attempt on the part of the Committee of Privy Council to destroy the independence of Church schools. Instead of resolutely resisting the Government scheme, the Committee of the National Society had deliberately entered into a disastrous compromise with the Privy Council.

Archdeacon Manning, on the contrary, perhaps in the

[1] See Report of the Meeting in the *Guardian*, June 6, 1849.

hope of soothing the ruffled feelings of his friends on the Committee, among them Bishops Denison and Wilberforce, proposed in his Resolution what, under the circumstances, virtually amounted to a vote of confidence in the Committee of the National Society.

As a natural result, the Committee pursued in the future its temporising policy; and its love or habit of compromise ended, eventually, in the surrender of the Church of England School to the Civil Power.

The London Church Union, of which Denison and Manning were both members, had taken an active part in opposing the "Management Clauses" introduced by the Government. Frequent consultations were held by the Council. The majority of its members warmly approved of the Resolution which the Rev. G. A. Denison had determined to move at the Annual Meeting of the National Society.

The Council of the London Church Union was very indignant that, in contravention of the rules of the Union, and without the knowledge or consent of its members, Archdeacon Manning had moved at the Annual Meeting of the National Society an Amendment to a Resolution which had the sanction and approval of the Church Union. This conduct was called in question at a meeting of the Council; but at the intervention of Manning's friends, especially of the Rev. W. Dodsworth, the discussion was adjourned in order to afford time and opportunity for explanation. The secretary was directed to forward a copy of the rules of the Church Union to Archdeacon Manning, and to request his attendance at the adjourned Council meeting.

Regarding the letter and the request for explanation in the light of a censure, Archdeacon Manning, in spite of the importunities of W. Dodsworth, sent in his resignation.

Fearing the effect on Manning of the action of the Church Union, Dodsworth wrote the following letter:—

Saturday, 8th June.

My dearest Friend—I have made an ineffectual effort to see you to-day, being anxious to speak to you of the feelings

which are entertained in many quarters of the part which you took at the National Society. Among other things it was proposed at the Church Union yesterday (*not* to *censure* you as I believe you had been inadvertently told), but to *express regret* that you had not communicated your intention to those whom you knew to be working hard in the same cause, and to whom you had joined yourself in this Church Union. The view taken, I think, was substantially this: That the Union had been formed on a basis analogous to that of political parties, who are wont to meet together to consider what plan had best be adopted to effect their object, and that you, *avowing yourself to be one of this party*, had, without any previous communication with it, brought forward at the eleventh hour an amendment which placed our whole object in very great peril. I confess for myself that I feel compelled to take this view of the matter. Had Denison been obstinate, as we had too much reason to fear he might have been, either his motion or your amendment might have been carried by a bare majority, and we might have had the *substantial* consequences of a defeat. I think this was the substance of the objections urged against you. The matter was postponed until Friday next, as you will know, and I do hope you will come and let us try by explanations and forbearance to make the matter up. You ought distinctly to understand—

1. That there was no thought of restraining your liberty to act as you pleased.

2. That no *abstract* objection was raised against your resolution, which I believe most of us thought to be better than Denison's.

3. That there is no thought of holding you responsible to the Union, except so far as we all seem to bind ourselves to "unity of action," and to whatever extent by mutual communication it can be reached. The *simple* complaint alleged against you is, that you did not communicate with us, and certainly unless we *attempt* unity of action our Unions are a farce.

I have written this rigmarole, because we learned from a letter which Dickenson rather imprudently read, that you contemplate severing yourself from us. *I entreat you not to do so hastily.* Truly, in our present state, nothing is to be so greatly deprecated as disunion. Let us have time for consideration. We all mean well and surely may be brought to agreement. PRAY DO NOT TAKE ANY STEP UNTIL I CAN SEE YOU.—Ever yours most affectionately,

W. D.

If Mr. Denison and the uncompromising section of the National Society and the London Church Union regarded Manning's successful diplomacy in averting a breach with the Government and a schism in the Church party with no little resentment, so prominent a Broad Churchman, belonging to the compromising party in the National Society, as the Rev. F. D. Maurice, paid a high tribute to Archdeacon Manning in the following letter to Miss Hare :—

7th June 1849.

I wrote you a very sad letter yesterday under the influence of the National Society meeting.[1] I left it before the conclusion, which I believe was in some respects more melancholy than what had gone before; but gives some hope that the schism which was threatened may be averted. I said to Mr. Anderson and to Priscilla, when I returned home, there was one man in that room who can save the Church from its confusion if he has it in his mind to do so. This was Manning. Mr. Anderson agreed with me, but had some doubts about his will. However, he did move an amendment which, though much stronger against the State than I should have approved, did put an end to ——,[2] and was at last passed unanimously. His power with the clergy is very great, greater certainly than that of any man living.[3]

[1] The following is an extract from the letter to Miss Hare alluded to above :—

6th June 1849.

"I have been spending a most grievous five hours at the National Society public meeting, listening to speeches from clergymen that it almost broke one's heart to hear, and seeing demonstrations of a spirit which betokens schism and destruction."—*Frederick Denison Maurice's Life*, vol. i. p. 544, 1884.

[2] The Editor of *F. D. Maurice's Life*, in the letter to Miss Hare put a —— in place of a name, obviously that of Denison.

[3] Cardinal Manning preserved in one of his Journals a copy of part of the above letter, extracted from the *Life of Frederick Denison Maurice*, vol. i. p. 545: Macmillan and Co., 1884. The conclusion of Maurice's letter, addressed to Miss Hare, is as follows :—

. . . "I do hope he has a sense of the responsibility which belongs to the exercise of it. I am afraid he has plenty of flatterers, but God is able to make him stand. Yet I do not think he or any man can prevent an ecclesiastical revolution, or ought to prevent it, unless by being the instrument of a religious reformation. For that I am sure we should pray earnestly, and God, I believe, is leading us on by strange ways to it."

The Venerable Archdeacon Denison gives his own view of the cause in dispute between the Committee of Council on Education and the Church party; and in his uncompromising style and fashion passes judgment on Archdeacon Manning's conduct, and speech at the National Society in 1849, in the following letter:—

EAST BRENT, BRIDGWATER,
2nd February 1889.

DEAR MR. PURCELL— . . . The Cardinal, then Archdeacon Manning, and I met often in the Council of the London Church Union.

When I began my battle in public with Committee of Council on Education, he and I came into collision in 1849, for my first relations with, and my judgment upon, Committee of Council, never changed, only confirmed at every step. See *Notes of My Life*, pp. 92-93: Parker, Oxford and London, 3rd ed., 1838-1845.

In 1849, when the annual meeting of the National Society was, in its vast majority, ready to vote with me, my brother, the then Bishop of Salisbury, and S. Wilberforce, the Bishop of Oxford, put up Manning against me, and against the Church of England. I have never ceased to regard that day as the beginning of the surrender of the Church School into the hands of the Civil Power. It is impossible for me now so long afterwards to call it anything else, and the recollections cannot be otherwise than very painful to me. What the Cardinal may regard the cause I contended for now to be, I have no concern with, all I know is that it was *first* by his hand that the Church School in England was destroyed.

I am not, never was, or could be, a "voluntary school" man; I have never had, never can have, any connection, direct or indirect, with Committee of Council on Education since 1847. I can say nothing about the "Fifty Reasons" of the Cardinal, except that I could have wished they had been published in 1849, instead of his speech that year at the National Society.

A "voluntary school" admitting any child under "conscience clause," or any child except those baptized into the Church, or preparing to be baptized, is a place from which I shrink to enter or to have anything to do with. It is a building with the gurgoyles turned inside instead of out.—Yours very faithfully, GEORGE ANTHONY DENISON.

The tact and diplomatic skill exhibited by Archdeacon Manning in the contest at the National Society in averting

a schism in the Church party, and a rupture with the Government; the adroitness with which he eventually succeeded in taking the guidance of the meeting out of the resolute and uncompromising hands of the Rev. G. A. Denison; and the rare dexterity displayed in winning over the majority of the meeting to a more conciliatory policy, are not a bad illustration of the gifts of ecclesiastical statesmanship, possessed in a singular degree by the Archdeacon of Chichester. Manning knew better than most men—better than Mr. Denison—the dangers and difficulties which beset the Church of England. He knew the mind of the bishops; their weakness, and worse still, their unwillingness to give offence to the Government. In such a case, if matters were pushed to extremes what would the result be? There would be a schism even among those pledged to the defence of religious education, a split in the Church party. In such a conflict, the Church of England, in Archdeacon Manning's judgment, would lose not gain; and its worse loss, perhaps, would be a display of weakness before the enemy, and the sorry spectacle presented to the world of a disorganised party, and a Church divided against itself. To avert such a fatal issue would appear to an ecclesiastical statesman a paramount duty. We know from his letters to Sidney Herbert and Robert Wilberforce how he shared to the full the principle upheld by Mr. Denison, of the independence of Church schools from the control or interference of the State. Archdeacon Manning thus differed from Mr. Denison not in principle, but in policy. The ecclesiastical statesman—prone as such to compromise, and the uncompromising churchman, averse, on principle, to yielding an inch of ground to the enemy, did not see eye to eye.

Looking at the fateful issue of things: the birth of the School Board—the child of compromise—in 1871, and its portentous development of evil to-day, Archdeacon Denison may well pride himself on his resolute resistance to compromise on matters of religious education in every shape and form. On the other hand, we must all remember with pride and gratitude what fidelity to principle was shown by Archdeacon Manning in resigning in 1851 all that was

nearest and dearest to his heart, rather than admit the supremacy of the Crown in spiritual matters. Again Mr. Denison and Archdeacon Manning differed; they were both of one mind in regard to principle, as their joint signatures to the famous Protest against the Gorham Judgment testify, but differed in policy.[1]

Rules for Spiritual Life in Archdeacon Manning's Sermons

If, as an ecclesiastical statesman, Archdeacon Manning deemed it expedient, in order to secure the attainment of a greater good for the Church he served so well, to pursue in action a policy of compromise, or even to stretch a point in the way of concession, just the reverse was his action as a spiritual guide or teacher.

Having given a striking illustration of his policy and power as an ecclesiastical statesman, of his character as a peacemaker, ready, at a pinch, to sacrifice some of his interior convictions or inclinations in the cause of union and concord, it is not out of place, here and now, to note, by way of contrast, how the arts of compromise or conciliation never entered into his mind or influenced his conduct as preacher or spiritual guide. In laying down in his sermons the rules of spiritual life for Christian men, Archdeacon Manning was a rigorist. He made no allowances for special needs, for special circumstances. His rules for spiritual living, for devotions, public and private, were absolute. They were binding on every man who professed to lead a Christian life. There were no exceptions. No thought was taken or, at any rate, indicated, of the claims of other duties upon the time and attention of Christian and God-fearing men. Such rules of conduct, moreover, were not laid down for the guidance only of the clergy, or of religious communities, or of his own penitents, whose special needs or opportunities Archdeacon Manning was familiar with. But they were addressed in his published sermons to the world at large. Like every preacher, Archdeacon Manning, per-

[1] See in Note F, at the end of the Volume, Archdeacon Denison's Letter, dated 9th February 1895, on Manning and the Church of England Schools.

haps, knew that the hearers or readers of sermons don't take things too much in earnest. Men are apt, and women too, to apply what they hear or read not to their own souls, but to the lives or conduct of their neighbours. Again, as far as practical results are concerned, the words of a preacher are too often like water on a duck's back. If they do no good, they do no harm. On the other hand, the preacher himself, intent on the beauty or perfection of his discourse, too often does not clearly realise the practical effect of his teaching on the minds of earnest men. He does not consider that, if his teaching be exaggerated or rigoristic, he is laying a new burden upon men of sensitive soul or scrupulous conscience.

The effect produced by a sermon on men's minds is the only sure criterion of its value or virtue. Such a test applied to some of Archdeacon Manning's sermons, not on dogmatic but spiritual questions, reveals a spirit of austerity or rigorism akin in character to that of the teaching of the Jansenists in France. In the first half of the present century many men of earnest mind and religious feeling must have been brought under Manning's influence by reading his sermons; yet, as far as I know, none, not even among the converts who followed him into the Church, have left on record any reference to his spiritual rigorism. Fortunately, one living witness can throw light on this side of Manning's character as a religious teacher. Mr. Gladstone is the most competent of witnesses, for, among other necessary qualifications, he can bear contemporary evidence. He was a constant and critical reader of the sermons habitually presented to him by Manning. Mr. Gladstone looked into the mouth even of a gift horse, for he knew that if the giver did not seek criticism, he would not resent it. Regarding him in the light of an authorised teacher, whose rules for spiritual life he was bound as a Christian man to accept, Mr. Gladstone was so earnest and conscientious as to be prepared to sacrifice his political career rather than not fulfil the rule of life declared by Archdeacon Manning in his sermons to be the duty of every Christian man.

In the following letter Mr. Gladstone grapples character-

istically with the difficulty presented by Manning's teaching to a man engaged like himself in public life, apparently without a suspicion that his revered teacher was himself in error in his moral theology.

My dear Manning—I write respecting your sermons, and in their bearing on myself. I have read this morning with delight, and I hope not without profit, those numbered xvi.-xviii.: certainly with great sympathy and concurrence as to all principles and general positions, except that I do not *know* your justification for the passage in p. 347, beginning "it were rather true to say." I write however rather for confession than for criticism.

You teach that daily prayers, the observance of fast and festival, and considerable application of time to private devotion and to Scripture ought not to be omitted, *e.g.* by me; because, great as the difficulty, the need is enhanced in the same proportion, the balance is the same.

You think very charitably that ordinary persons, of such who have a right general intention in respect to religion, give an hour and a half (pp. 352-3) to its direct duties; and if they add attendance at both daily services, raising it to three, you consider that still a scanty allowance (p. 355), while some sixteen or seventeen are given to sleep, food, or recreation.

Now I cannot deny this position with respect to the increase of the need; that you cannot overstate; but I think there are two ways in which God is wont to provide a remedy for real and lawful need, one by augmenting supply, the other by intercepting the natural and ordinary consequences of the deficiency. I am desirous really to look the question full in the face; and then I come to the conclusion, that if I were to include the daily service now in my list of daily duties, my next step ought to be resignation. Let me describe to you what has been at former times, when in London and in office, the very narrow measure of my stated religious observances; on week days I cannot estimate our family prayer, together with morning and evening prayer, at more than three quarters of an hour, even if so much. Sunday is reserved with rare exceptions for religious employments; and it was my practice, in general, to receive the Holy Communion weekly. Of daily services, except a little before and after Easter, not one in a fortnight, perhaps one in a month. Different individuals have different degrees of facility in supplying the lack of regular devotion, by that which is occasional; but it is hard for one to measure the resource in his own case. I cannot well estimate, on the other hand,

the amount of relaxation which used then to occur to me. *Last* year I endeavoured in town to apply a rule to the distribution of my hours, and took ten for sleep, food and recreation, understanding this last word for *whatever* really refreshes mind or body, or has a fair chance of doing so. Now my needs for sleep are great: as long as I rise feeling like a stone, I do not think there is too much, and this is the general description of my waking sense, in office and during the session; but I consider seven and a half hours the least I ought then to have, and I should be better with eight. I know the old stories about retrenching sleep, and how people are deceived themselves: with me it may be so, but I think it is not.

I have never summed up my figures, but my impression is that last year, upon the average, I was under and not over the ten for the particulars named, I should say between nine and ten. But last year was a holiday year as to pressure upon mind and body, in comparison with those that preceded it. Further, people are very different as to the rate at which they expend their vigour during their work; my habit, perhaps my misfortune, is, and peculiarly with work that I dislike, to labour at the very top of my strength, so that after five or six hours of my office, I was frequently in a state of great exhaustion. How can you apply the duty of saving time for prayer out of sleep and recreation to a man in these circumstances? Again, take fasting. I had begun to form to myself some ideas upon this head; but I felt, though without a positive decision to that effect, that I could not, and must not, apply them if I should come again into political activity. I speak now of fasting in quantity, fasting in nutrition; as to fasting in quality, I see that the argument is even strengthened, subject only to the exception that in times of mental anxiety, it becomes impossible to receive much healthy food with which a sound appetite would have no difficulty. The fact is undoubted; it is extremely hard to keep the bodily frame *up* to its work, under the twofold condition of activity in office and in Parliament. I take it then, that to fast in the usual sense would generally be a sin, and not a duty—I make a little exception for the time immediately preceding Easter, as then there is a short remission of parliamentary duties. I need not perhaps say more now. You see my agreement with you, and that I differ, it may be, where the pinch comes upon myself. But I speak freely in order to give scope for opposite reasoning—in order that I may be convicted if possible, as then I hope also to be convinced.

There is the greatest difference, as I find, between simple

occupation, however intense, and occupation with anxiety as its perpetual accompaniment. Serious reading and hard writing, even for the same number of hours that my now imminent duties may absorb, I for one can bear without feeling that I am living too fast; but when that one element of habitual anxiety is added, nature is spurred on beyond her pace under an excessive burden, and vital forces waste rapidly away. I should be more suspicious of myself than I now am in the argument I have made, were it not that I have had experience of occupation in both forms, and know the gulf between them. I ought to have added the other sting of official situations combined with Parliament. It is the sad irregularity of one's life. The only fixed points are prayers and breakfast in the morning, and Sunday at the beginning of the week. It is Sunday, I am convinced, that has kept me alive and well, even to a marvel, in times of considerable labour, for I must not conceal from you, even though you may think it a sad *bathos*, that I have never at any time been prevented by illness from attending either Parliament or my office. The only experience I have had of the dangers from which I argue, in results, has been in weakness and exhaustion from the brain downwards. It is impossible for me to be thankful enough for the exemption I enjoy, especially when I see far stronger constitutions, constitutions truly Herculean, breaking down around me. I hope I may be preserved from the guilt and ingratitude of indulging sensual sloth, under the mask of wise and necessary precautions.

Do not trouble yourself to write at length, but revolve these matters in the casuistical chamber of the mind; and either before or when we meet, give me an opinion which, I trust, will be frank and fearless. There is one retrenchment I could make, it would be to take from activity outwards in matters of religion, in order to give it to prayer. But I have given it a misdescription. What I could economise is chiefly reading; but reading nowadays I almost always shall have to resort to, at least so it was before, by way of repose. Devotion is by far the best sedative to excitement; but then it requires great and sustained exertion (to speak humanly, and under the supposition of the Divine grace), or else powerful external helps, or both. Those mere dregs of the natural energies, which too often are all that occupation leaves, are fit for little beyond passivity; only fit when not severe.

Reading all this, you may the more easily understand my tone sometimes about public life as a whole.

Joy to you at this blessed time, and at all times. Your affectionate friend, W. E. GLADSTONE.

Ven. H. E. Manning.

Such a letter as the above illustrates in the most forcible manner the anomaly of giving minute spiritual directions from the pulpit. The preacher must needs be ignorant of the spiritual needs of the majority of his hearers or readers. It is not prudent, scarcely even safe, for a preacher to go beyond general rules. The moment he attempts to exercise the office of spiritual director in the dark, as it were, he resembles a physician who should attempt to prescribe for a patient without a diagnosis of the case.

Later in life, as a Catholic, Cardinal Manning recognised the danger of a preacher usurping the office of a spiritual director of souls. In one of his autobiographical Notes he confesses that as an Anglican he had treated subjects in the pulpit which properly belonged to the confessional.

In his Catholic life, as preacher, as director of souls, Manning was the reverse of a rigorist. He had studied in the school of S. Alfonso Liguori, and entertained a just abhorrence, on the one hand, of the exaggerated or false spirituality sometimes to be met with in French books of devotion; and on the other, of the rigorism of Jansenistic writers.

CHAPTER XXI

LIFE AND HOME AT LAVINGTON

1833-1851

Of Archdeacon Manning's mode and manner of life in his pleasant home at Lavington kindly reminiscences are still retained by the few surviving friends who knew and loved him in those far-off days. Of his early married life, beyond what I have already related, there is little or nothing to be told. It was a life of happy seclusion and of active work in the parish. Parish and home he left but on rare occasions. To his home few visitors were invited or admitted. Even such an intimate friend as S. F. Wood, who more than once intimated his desire of visiting Lavington, does not appear to have had his wish gratified. Mr. Gladstone never met the rector's wife; for in one of his letters to Manning, dated 20th February 1837, a few months before her death, Mr. Gladstone wrote: "I do not yet know your lady, but I am sure I may be excused for hoping she is as happy in her health as in her husband." Manning's letters to his wife's mother are preserved; they bear ample witness to the sorrows of his widowed heart and the loneliness of his after-life at Lavington.

Henry Wilberforce, vicar of East Farleigh, and his wife, Mrs. Manning's sister, and Mr. and Mrs. John Anderdon, were occasional visitors at Lavington; and so were Mr. Frederick Manning and Edmunda, his wife. But Mrs. Austen, the last survivor of the family of eight, who was absent, I think, from England at that time, never saw Mrs. Henry Manning. There was, however, a pleasant and all-sufficing home circle

in those days at Lavington. Mrs. Sargent, the mother of John Sargent, the late rector, the great lady of the parish, lived at the Manor House, and received frequent visitors. Samuel Wilberforce and his wife often came to Graffham Rectory on a visit to Mrs. John Sargent, his wife's mother. She was the life and soul of the place, beloved of all the family, which consisted in these early days of her four married daughters and their husbands, the two Wilberforces, Samuel and Henry, and Manning, and Rev. George Dudley Ryder. Mrs. Carey, Manning's half-sister, resided at that time at Lavington. Later on, after his wife's death, and after he became archdeacon, Manning took up his winter quarters at her house in London, 44 Cadogan Place, familiar to us as the address of so many of his letters.

On the death of Manning's wife, Mrs. John Sargent, as she had promised her daughter on her death-bed, "took care of Henry." She kept house for him, consoled and comforted him in every way. By her kindness of heart and cheerful disposition she made for Manning his widowed home less sombre and solitary. Attachment to places was a new feeling imparted to Manning's nature by affection for his wife's home. In one of his journals is the following entry under the date July 1838:—"Till the last six months I have never known what it is to have irresistible local affection. Once a little self-denial would make all places alike; for all that makes one place differ from another would have followed me like a shadow. Now, there is only one place unlike all others, and that is unchangeable."

Mrs. John Sargent lived at the Rectory of Lavington from 1837 to 1841, when, on the death in that year of her eldest daughter, the wife of Samuel Wilberforce, his sorrowing and affectionate mother-in-law discharged with touching sympathy the like kindly offices for him, as she had done for Manning, until death broke the bond.

Graffham Rectory was the home of Manning's curate. From 1847 till his conversion in 1851 it was occupied by Laprimaudaye, his wife, and family. The present rector of Lavington, the Rev. Rowley Lascelles, lives at Graffham

Rectory. Manning's old home at Lavington is now a private residence.

Mrs. Byles and her daughter were residents for a long period at Lavington, and were on friendly and intimate terms with the rector. They occupied the Manor House after the death of Mrs. Sargent in 1841. Miss Byles is described, by one who remembers her well at the time, as being very pretty and very busy, flitting about, after the fashion of pious young Anglican ladies, the church and rectory. On Manning's conversion, Miss Byles, like so many other of his friends, also became a Catholic. There was an active correspondence kept up—for Manning was the most interesting and copious of letter-writers—but these letters, after the death of Mrs. Coventry Patmore (for Miss Byles had been long married to the well-known poet), were returned by her husband to Cardinal Manning.

After his appointment as archdeacon, Manning was in the constant habit of visiting London. Indeed, owing to his state of health he was frequently unable during the cold or damp weather to live at Lavington, and took up his winter quarters at his sister's house in Cadogan Place. His curate was indefatigable in looking after the parish work during the archdeacon's absence. In the summer months Manning's friends from London were frequent visitors at Lavington. Passages like the following often occur in his letters: "I must break off abruptly, my dear archdeacon, for a carriageful of people from London has just arrived." This was in a letter to Archdeacon Hare. Again, in a letter to his mother, "Last week I had a houseful. Among others the present master of Trinity and Mrs. Whewell." A great divine like Keble found his way to Lavington, and so in later years did "Father" Carter of Clewer. F. D. Maurice in company with Trench, after a visit to Archdeacon Wilberforce at Alverstoke, spent a few days with Manning. In one of his letters, F. D. Maurice speaks with delight of the agreeable times he spent at Lavington. Dean Hook, before 1848, was also an occasional visitor. Bishop Phillpotts of Exeter, at the time of the Gorham Judgment, was about paying a visit, but was prevented.

Robert Wilberforce came sometimes for a quiet day, and Henry Wilberforce for a week or more. Mrs. Charles Manning and her young family, to whom the archdeacon was deeply attached, were constant guests in later years at the rectory. Mr. Gladstone, I believe, never visited Lavington.

Then, again, besides those who came to enjoy the social amenities of Lavington, men came down or were brought down to be rescued by the persuasive tongue or determined hand of the archdeacon from "going over to Rome" in those disturbed days, when so many were following the example of J. H. Newman. Mr. Richmond told me of a friend of his, a stockbroker and a man of high culture (who was in the habit of reading to him of a morning whilst at work at the easel), being very perplexed in mind about the doctrine of the Eucharist. He had also some eccentric notions about marriage, and the duty of men to cultivate love for their wives. "There are other men," exclaimed Mr. Richmond, laughing, "besides Mr. John Giles's sect who love their wives." At last, Mr. John Giles avowed his intention of seeking instruction in the Catholic Church. Alarmed, as they well might be, his friends took counsel together, and sent him down to Lavington. Manning, without a day's delay, carried poor John Giles off to the Bishop of London, who confirmed him and administered communion.

In after years, when Manning was a Catholic, "he was continually nibbling," as Mr. Richmond described it, "after John Giles; but the latter was too wise a man to come within Manning's reach." Cardinal Manning remembered the incident. He said, "Yes, I remember poor John Giles very well; he was a good man; he was afraid of me."

In 1844, Archdeacon Manning sat for his portrait to Mr. Richmond. Towards the close of his Anglican life, when he had his portrait reproduced in numerous engravings as parting gifts, the archdeacon called it a *post mortem* for the friends he was about to leave behind him in the Church of England.

"The sittings were most delightful," Mr. Richmond said, "for Manning was always full of charming talk, and had always ready

at hand an appropriate anecdote or legend. I remember once complaining of being much annoyed by a terrible hammering that was going on outside my studio. Manning thereupon related a charming legend about angels beating out gold for the purpose of making saddles of gold and golden stirrups. I think it was —but I really quite forget now, for it is nearly fifty years ago— yet I think it was for the horses which were to bear Elias in the chariot of fire to heaven. At any rate for years afterwards," he added, "whenever I was disturbed by the noise of hammering I always remembered Manning's legend, and my nerves were soothed."

Mr. Richmond, who well remembers Manning in his Lavington days, described him as looking very ascetic and austere. "Once," he added, "on going down to Lavington on a fine day in June, I found big fires in every room. He was very abstemious; ate and drank little, but fed on fire."

Mr. Gladstone once mentioned, in illustration of Manning's social successes, not in London only, but in such a prim and precise place as Chichester, that he was on friendly terms with his three bishops in succession, though men of such opposite views as Otter, Shuttleworth, and Gilbert; "his tact and conciliatory manners enabled him to overcome all obstacles or turn aside prejudices. In like manner," added Mr. Gladstone, "as archdeacon, Manning won the goodwill of the clergy, over the heads of many of whom, his seniors in years, he was promoted at so early an age." In a letter to Archdeacon Manning Mr. Gladstone in congratulation wrote:—

> I see you have been at your old tricks again; for from your bishop's letter to Wyndham I perceive you have succeeded in poisoning the mind of three Bishops of Chichester in succession.

His first bishop, Dr. Edward Maltby, however, did not "know Joseph"; in his day, the young rector of Lavington was too modest or prudent to put himself forward. Under the rule of three succeeding bishops, however, Manning was a welcome guest at Chichester Palace. His social success not only in the palace of bishops, but in the homes of the lower clergy, was due, in no small measure, to his invariable habit of seeking in conversation points of agreement,

carefully passing over points of difference. His quiet humour helped him over many a difficulty; and his kindly manner aided in creating or in confirming a pleasant impression. In society he was always cheerful and talked well, and his anecdotes, whether old or new, had the rare merit of being well told. If he made fewer friends than his effusive and fascinating brother-in-law, Bishop Wilberforce—whose heart, whether steeped in honey or gall, was ever in his mouth —Manning, with tongue well under control, made fewer enemies or none.

Building was one of Archdeacon Manning's pleasant occupations: he pulled down and rebuilt both Lavington and Graffham churches. He was an admirer of Gothic architecture, but an amateur architect runs grave risks from which Manning's pious intentions did not save him. To a critical friend of Gothic tastes, to whom he was showing Graffham church, Manning said "See how an Archdeacon with best intentions can spoil a church." The stained glass windows were so narrow and placed so high that the church was almost shrouded in darkness. On dull days it had in consequence to be artificially lighted. Lavington church survives — the sole memorial of Manning's architectural handiwork. Graffham church was pulled down and rebuilt in after years as a Memorial Church to Bishop Wilberforce. The church of West Lavington, in which Cobden and some other notabilities are buried, was built by the munificence of Laprimaudaye who, before the church was completed, became a Catholic, but he did not like to revoke his promised gift and made over the church to the Bishop of Chichester.

Manning was fond of horses, and no bad judge of horseflesh; he was always well mounted. He used frequently to ride from Lavington to Chichester in autumn or summer in discharge of his official or social duties; to visit his bishop's wife, or transact business with the bishop; or to take an early chop dinner with his old friend Dean Chandler, and chat over diocesan matters; or, in the event of an interregnum between the death of one bishop and the appointment of another, to learn the latest news, or to listen to the

gossiping hopes or fears which, in a cathedral town on such solemn occasions, are but too apt to disturb the otherwise placid souls of church dignitaries.

On the occasion of one of these visits to Chichester, putting up at a hotel, Manning overheard from his dressing-room window a dispute between two ostlers in the yard below as to the merits of a certain horse which was to run in the next Lewes races. At last one of the men cried out, "I have it; go up stairs and ask the archdeacon; he be the best judge of horseflesh in the county."

The handsome pair of horses in the hooded phaeton in which he used to drive to distant parts of the archdeaconry gave warrant of his sound judgment, as their well-groomed condition did of his love and care for horses. Manning was fond, too, of cats and dogs. The cats of Lavington were of special beauty. A year or two before his death, S. F. Wood wrote:—

> I want one of the Lavington cats, as a memorial of the place, for my chambers in the Temple; please, to use your own favourite expression, "*bear this in mind.*"

In a letter to his mother, to whom it would seem he was more in the habit of promising visits than of paying them, Manning wrote about a misfortune which had befallen "his larder," as follows:—

> I have been twice lately to Dale, and John Abel has presented me with two dogs, one the most beautiful Scotch terrier you can conceive, ragged to the last notion of raggedness. My larder was cleared out some weeks ago, and these he gave me to keep my wittles safe; Charles and Catherine have also given me a puppy; so that I can both understand what the saying means "it never rains but it pours," and also "it rains cats and dogs." . . . I must tell you that my poor little cat is dead. She wasted away; and then went somewhere to die, and has never been found.

There are, indeed, but few to-day who knew Manning's habits of life at Lavington, and survive to tell the tale; or who remember those minor details, those personal habits, which in the lives of its great men the world likes to hear of. The son of Manning's much-beloved friend and curate,

Captain Laprimaudaye, who at an earlier date had kindly sent me, for the purposes of a biography, six interesting letters addressed to his father by Manning—favoured me at my special request with the following recollections of the archdeacon at Lavington. It is a lively and graphic account of the impressions left on his mind, when, as a boy, Captain Laprimaudaye was in the habit either of staying at, or making frequent visits to, Lavington.

FOREST COTTAGE, THREE BRIDGES,
SUSSEX, 7*th April* 1892.

MY DEAR SIR—As for my own recollections of the Cardinal, they go back to my visits to the Archdeacon of Chichester, when my father was his curate from 1847 to 1851. He then resided at Lavington, which was called the rectory, and the curate at Graffham.

Now Graffham is the house of the rector, and the late archdeacon's house is a private residence.

I remember the introduction in the service of many customs then looked upon as decidedly High Church—intoning, Gregorian chants, flowers, etc. Especial attention and care were paid by the archdeacon to the village choir. The boys were admitted to this with a good deal of ceremony, and not without due probation and evidence of good character. In fact, it may be said that all these matters were looked into more closely by the archdeacon than was customary at that time. His plain country sermons were a marvel; and as one of my youthful exercises consisted in writing a synopsis of them from memory, their eloquent simplicity, so suited to rustic minds, made a great impression on me. During my school holidays later, I constantly saw him. He was an excellent rider, and frequently took me out with him for rides across the beautiful downs. His slim spare figure, in the breeches and gaiters of the Anglican dignitary, looked exceedingly well on horseback. He was also a good skater, as I well remember from his having given me many a helping hand in my early efforts on the ice. I do not ever remember seeing him drive, but he had a capital pair of gray horses driven in a hooded carriage of the old-fashioned type, the hood being closed if required with a glass shutter, something like the hansom cab of to-day. I was struck by his having a lamp in it for reading purposes, so as to waste no moments of his long winter drives,—at that time Godalming was our nearest railway station going North. I have no doubt whatever that many

other, and more interesting, reminiscences of those times have been supplied you, but I merely mention what at this long distance of time comes to my mind.

Generally, the trait in him which made, I think, most impression on me, was a sort of quiet merriment, as though he enjoyed and appreciated anything humorous or laughable, without the hearty and boisterous accompaniment seen in others, less reserved. But the merriment was there. He delighted in the quaint old Sussex expressions; and I used constantly to hear him quoting them with appreciation.—Believe me, very truly yours,

C. H. LAPRIMAUDAYE.

Troubles connected with the Church of Rome invaded the sacred precincts of Lavington, and by affecting his near relatives vexed the soul of the rector. The first of them to leave the English Church was Sophia, his late wife's youngest sister, and George Ryder. The Rev. George Dudley Ryder was a disciple of Newman's, and after many months of prayer and deliberation submitted to the Church. From the tone of the following entry in his Diary this conversion seems to have taken Manning by surprise.

May 1846.—To-day I heard that George and Sophia have joined the Roman Church. It seems incredible. There is no good in saying that it is a headlong affair. So it is, but that will not undo it.

Whether the Church of Rome be right or no, I feel that this way of joining it is wrong.

Now, how does it bear on us?

Her poor mother, with all the recollections of past years, and the separation hereafter—never again to pray together, or to kneel at the altar, the only communion being the Lord's Prayer.

It is more like death than anything else. What does He mean us to learn by it?

To be just, fair, and gentle towards the Church of Rome. I have often thought that it is in this way that He purposes to turn our hearts to each other.

Certainly the converts have a truer intellectual apprehension.

Another trouble of a like kind is recorded in the following passage under date 6th August 1846:—

I have to-day seen Mrs. Lockhart for the first time since she joined the Roman Church; a most painful interview.

I avoided all discussion, and said all I wished was to say

nothing inconsistent with sincerity and charity. She said of her daughter, "It is not you, but she will not live with me." What strikes me is—1. Her inability to realise the effect of what she has done on others—Keble, her father, Miss Lockhart. 2. Her want of consideration and tenderness for Miss Lockhart. 3. Her great want of gentleness and meekness. Surely the greater truth the greater charity. The true Church ought to teach the Sermon on the Mount. 4. Her reckless, cruel, assaulting way of speaking and acting.

In this entry in his Diary there are traces of one of those Berserker rages[1] which sometimes swept like a storm-wind over his soul; otherwise Archdeacon Manning would scarcely have accused Mrs. Lockhart of speaking and acting in a reckless, cruel, assaulting way. Had she, perhaps, again roused his ire by expressing a doubt of the validity of Anglican orders, as she had done a short time before whilst still an Anglican? On the occasion of the archdeacon's last visit to her at Chichester "Mrs. Lockhart had ventured to say, 'But, Mr. Archdeacon, are you quite sure of the validity of Anglican orders?' His answer was astonishingly curt and decided, 'Am I sure of the existence of God?' adding, 'You are a good deal too like your dear son.'"[2] Of this "dear son," when he was received into the Church, Manning had said to Mrs. Lockhart, "I would rather follow a friend to the grave than hear he had taken such a step."

So harsh a statement made to a mother only shows Manning's supreme dread or horror of his own friends or relations or penitents going over to Rome. He seemed to take such a step on their part almost as a personal affront; looked upon it as if it were a liberty "to go over to Rome" without his consent. It was not as if he himself felt no attractions to Rome, or had no doubts and difficulties about the Church of England.

On the reverse side of the page in his Diary containing

[1] Manning's last surviving sister, speaking of what was known in the family as "Berserker rages," said: "We were all quick, but I think dear Henry was the least quick of any of us."

[2] "Personal Reminiscences of Cardinal Manning." William Lockhart. *Dublin Review*, April 1892, p. 378.

the entry about Mrs. Lockhart is the following statement:—

> The Church of England, after 300 years, has failed—1, in the unity of doctrine; 2, in the enforcement of discipline; 3, in the training of the higher life.

The entry about Mrs. Lockhart was dated 6th August 1846; the one above, 4th August 1846.

Under date 5th July 1846, is a passage which I have quoted elsewhere about the drawing of Rome, and how it satisfied the whole of his intellect, sympathy, sentiment, and nature. Why then, under such circumstances, with such a drawing in his own soul to Rome, should he declare that he would rather follow a friend to the grave than hear that he had gone over to Rome?

Such harsh statements were not the deliberate and real expressions of Manning's heart and mind. They were thrown off in the heat of the moment. To the lonely man, thrown now and again by some untoward occurrence, by contradiction, or the balking of his will, into an excited state of feeling, or into downright anger, pacing to and fro in the long library at Lavington, his Diary was a safety-valve. Expression was a relief to his pent-up feelings. In his usual moods he was too kind and gentle by nature, and too loving of heart, deliberately to wound the feelings of others.

It is a real consolation to know that so sensitive a man, so quick of temper, was not often troubled at Lavington by visits or conversations which irritated his nerves sometimes to such a degree as to make him lose self-control.

A few days after Mrs. Lockhart's reproaches that Keble would not permit her daughter, who belonged to an Anglican sisterhood under his direction, to live at home, Keble himself came to Lavington to take counsel with Manning as to the retention, against her mother's wish, of Miss Lockhart in the sisterhood.

What course Manning advised Keble to pursue is not recorded.[1] The Diary only mentions the fact that "Keble

[1] Miss Lockhart remained in the Anglican Church for five years after her

was here last night and to-day. What strikes me most is his profound humility and real reverence."

Manning's life at Lavington was rewarded with spiritual consolations in the work which he achieved in his parish. In visiting the poor, the sick, and the dying, his kindness and constant attention to their temporal as well as spiritual wants won the hearts of men to God. And Manning had the consolation of believing that his prayers on their behalf on occasions received a direct answer. The following is an example:—

Palm Sunday, 28th March 1847.—On Friday evening John Ayling came to me. I could not see him.

That morning I had prayed *in sacro* for his conversion, and sent him my alms, and a warning.

I thought my curate must have been to him. This morning my curate told me he had not, and that the man had come to me of his own will. Now, the day before there had been a distribution, which may have wrought on him.

Otherwise, I see nothing but a divine cause in answer to prayer, as on that last Monday.

These things are wonderful!

Suppose the secondary cause I have suggested. Still why now, and not *before?* The same events have happened often in the last six months.

The *very day* of my prayer is not to be explained away.

In the following passage of his Diary, dated 16th August 1846, Manning recounts the passing of a vision, apparently —though he does not in so many words describe it as such —of our Lady, at the deathbed of one of his parishioners:—

This evening I went to see Mary Elcomb. She was drowsy, and after speaking to me dozed off. I had reminded her who used to read to her, and said I hoped that she remembered what had been taught to her. She then closed her eyes; then waking up looked eagerly over my shoulder, and her eyes traversed about, and she put up her hand and said with a kind of fear, "Who is she? Who is she?"[1] I felt a thrill, and expected

mother's conversion. On Manning's submitting to the Catholic Church in 1851, Miss Lockhart became a Catholic; and lived and died a nun in the Franciscan Convent at Bayswater, under the spiritual direction of Archbishop Manning.

[1] I think she said "all in white."

to see something break out on my sight. This eager looking about continued for some time, and did not terminate on me. It was above and beside me.

In his Anglican days at Lavington, though he defended in private, in his letters and Diary, "the doctrine of the invocation of saints, and especially of the Blessed Virgin," Manning appears to have had scruples, as Archdeacon of Chichester, about invoking her intercession. For it was only after executing the formal deed of resignation of his office and benefice that he said for the first time the *Ave Maria.*

The shadow of death again fell over Lavington. On 12th May 1847, the Eve of the Ascension, Manning's mother died. Her death made his life still more lonely. The event is recorded in his Diary as follows:—

My brother Charles came to-day at twenty minutes after twelve. As soon as I heard of his sudden coming I foreboded the truth. It pleased God to give my beloved mother rest last night at half-past ten.

At that hour they were at family prayers. I was in prayer; and from the time am sure that my commemoration and intercession for her was between twenty minutes after ten and the half-past. This morning I again commemorated her in spiritual communion. My beloved father fell asleep on Good Friday, my beloved mother on the Eve of the Ascension. I hear that she had been cheerful, free from fear and pain, had gone to bed; and the nurse (of Carter's Cloister), for the first time such a thing had happened, sat on the top step of the stairs, near the door, instead of going to family prayers. She heard two sighs at twenty minutes after ten, ran down, found them coming out. They came up, found her head fallen from the pillow, and oppressed breathing, no consciousness, raised her, and in ten minutes or quarter of an hour she was at rest.

Praise the Lord, O my soul. I have shrunk with anguish of heart from the thought and the image of my beloved mother's last illness and agony. Her face I have pictured; and the bitterness of my own soul at the thought of my loveless, thankless, and undutiful bearing to her. I trust to lay on myself a life-long penance for this. She has been spared both the fear and the pain of death, the wrench from the agony of life. I count this a token of fatherly indulgence. May this revive my sinking repentance and watchfulness. This morning I had a letter from her. My curate asked for a piece of paper to fold his alms

in for the altar. I tore the blank leaf, and then regretted it, thinking it might be her last. But now I see that it was consecrated, and that I need not be sorry. It went to the altar, to where she, too, is gone; under where she is resting and waiting.

The last time I saw her was in bed at Reigate. She was ill, and so was I. The beginning of my illness was on me. The remembrance of my week there is sharp and piercing. How estranged, distant, loveless, thankless, irritable, selfish. I did nothing to cheer her or make her happy. My whole conduct was hateful and guilty beyond words. I will, God being my helper, from this day both commend her in prayer and humble myself by some lifelong penance. But, blessed be God, I believe she is at rest—father and mother both in God. May this be my life.

Manning's bitter self-reproaches of undutifulness towards his mother were more the expressions of his poignant grief at her death than an accurate account of his behaviour towards his beloved mother. In a letter to Robert Wilberforce he explains that the "undutifulness" towards his mother of which he accuses himself was not undutifulness as understood by the world.

Although he was recovering from his long and severe attack of bronchitis, Manning was not allowed by his doctor to attend his mother's funeral. In the following affectionate letter he expresses his sorrow of heart to his brother Charles at not being able to be present at the last offices of reverence and love:—

LAVINGTON, 20*th May* 1847.

MY BELOVED BROTHER—My heart went with you yesterday, and I should have grieved deeply at not following my most tenderly loved mother—no, not her, but the dust which is also holy—to its rest, had not the will of God been so plain.

On Tuesday night, I came upon the enclosed paper which (if you can read it) may interest you. Let me have it again.

And now, dearest brother, our love has cast out all fear, and I will at once ask you to come to me a little later than next Sunday.

For a fortnight John has been under a promise to me to come; and I wrote on Sunday asking him to come now. I am also going to ask dearest Maria, whom I greatly desire to see, and that will be as much as I feel I could enjoy at present. You know that is no measure of my love to you, which cannot

well be greater; but I am not as yet as well able as I was to enjoy more at once.

The next time I shall hope to have you under my roof.

I thank God, I have been out into the sun and fresh air which is most blessed and soothing.

With my affectionate love to Catherine, believe me, my dearest brother, yours with great love, H. E. MANNING.

Manning also wrote to his brother-in-law Henry Wilberforce as follows:—

LAVINGTON, 20*th May* 1847.

MY DEAREST HENRY—I have begun two letters to you and torn them up. You know all I am feeling by your own fresh experience. God be praised my beloved mother was spared all the pains and fears of death; and I have been spared great trials. It is impossible for me to tell you what our love was, and has been from my childhood. It was on her part as fond, as I am on mine unworthy. Would to God I loved Him as she loved me, and I should be blessed indeed. And yet I seem to be unable to grieve. She is with my dearest Father, and they are both in His presence I believe from my heart. And the time seems infinitely short before we shall be together again; and in this world it seems as if happiness could only be seen in reflection. When we try to feel it we touch nothing. But it is a pledge of what is, and what shall be ours.

Thank God I am getting on comfortably, and have been out the last eight days with great joy and refreshment. I trust the children are going on well. Pray write to me. Give my tenderest love to dear Mary, and say that her last letter was very precious to me.—Ever your loving brother, H. E. M.

Mrs. Manning was buried at Sunbridge, Kent, in the same grave where her husband was buried in 1835.[1] Three years later the death of his sister-in-law, Sophia Ryder, brought fresh sorrow to Manning's heart. Only one of the four sisters, daughters of Mrs. John Sargent, survived—Mary, the wife of Henry Wilberforce.

[1] The following inscription was placed on the tombstone:—

ALSO OF
MARY MANNING,
Beloved Wife of William Manning, Esq.,
Born July 4, 1771,
Died May 13, 1847.
Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy.

The death of Sophia Ryder is spoken of in feeling terms in the following passage of a letter from Manning to Robert Wilberforce :—

This has been indeed a great sorrow to us. All I remember at Lavington are gone—but two. Dearest Sophia was a saintly mind. Since she left us, R.C.'s would say by larger grace; others by chastisement and sorrow. I believe by both. She had perceptibly grown in spiritual perfection. And now what loves are reunited!

For some years I have thought, and half believed, that "intercession within the veil" has been drawing me whither they now see the one Light to shine. But this is only a day-dream perhaps.

Bishop Wilberforce, in a letter on Mrs. Ryder's death, under date 26th March 1850, wrote as follows: "Mrs. Sargent has now only Mary left, of the lovely family of seven with whom God had enriched that happiest of parsonages—Graffham."

In a letter to Robert Wilberforce, dated 19th November 1850, his brother the Bishop of Oxford said :—

I go on to Sussex on Tuesday to preach. Wednesday at the consecration of West Lavington church. A sad time, for I dare hardly hope to have Manning again with us.[1]

From his home at Lavington, what letters of condolence or of congratulation were not sent in sympathy by Archdeacon Manning to his loving friends! The following letter of condolence was written to Mrs. Laprimaudaye on the death of a near relative :—

LAVINGTON, *2nd July* 1849.

MY DEAR FRIEND— . . . I hope your visit to Southend has not been too much for you.

It is a heavy share of sorrow which now falls to you on both sides. I suppose that one of the conditions on which we retain parents and friends until their old age is that they leave us in a company, and sorrows seem to come thick.

The aunt you speak of brought you up, I believe. Am I not right in thinking so?

It may sound strange, but I sometimes feel as if sorrow were

[1] *Life of Wilberforce*, first ed. vol. ii. p. 55.

necessary to keep us from hardness of heart; and I am sure nothing so teaches us to realise the communion of saints, and all the realities and laws of the world unseen.

Give my love to your husband. May God bless you.—Ever yours affectionately, H. E. MANNING.

In a letter to Mrs. Herbert, dated Kipperton, 9th September 1848, Archdeacon Manning alludes to his sister, Mrs. Austen, as follows:—"You see that I write from Kipperton, and send you the love of my sister, who says that she is daily reminded of you by the 'Pio Nono' she wears."

The letter of sympathy to Sidney Herbert and his wife on the birth of their son was the last of the kind that was sent from Lavington.

LAVINGTON, 8*th July* 1850.

MY DEAR SIDNEY—Your letter this morning gave me the most heartfelt joy. It brings back to me the Porta Pia, the Quattre Fontane and our long and confiding talk of things which touch the deepest in our thoughts. May God bless you both, and your boy—and make him all you can "ask or think." Give my love to your wife. She knows how I rejoice with you, and how all that gives her joy gladdens me.

I hope to be soon in London and to find you all well and thankful for your many gifts and mercies.—Ever, my dear Sidney, yours very affectionately, H. E. M.

On hearing of the sudden death of Sir Robert Peel, Archdeacon Manning paid a just tribute to the great statesman in the following letter to Sidney Herbert:—

LAVINGTON, 5*th July* 1850.

MY DEAR HERBERT—I had not heard the end when I wrote to you. It is a deep sorrow—public and private. I did not know him; but through you and Gladstone I have learned to feel for him more than the admiration which his public life commanded. And I have always believed him with a perfect reliance to be both a good and a great man. All that I have ever heard of his private life, and all that I have ever seen of his public life, alike convince me that he was among our best and greatest men.

The time and the kind of his end make it singularly tragic and impressive.

I can in some degree, and yet most imperfectly, conceive what his loss must be to you. When I first heard of the

accident I felt a foreboding how it would end, and since I heard of the end I have hardly thought of anything else.

But as yet it is a sorrow chiefly, if not only; every day will show that it is the greatest loss we could have sustained at this public crisis. And yet "the Lord sitteth above the water flood," and "the Lord remaineth a king for ever."

I have not thanked you for your letter which is most deeply and painfully interesting.

My love to you both. May God be with you. Believe me, my dear Sidney, always affectionately yours,

H. E. Manning.

The picture of Lavington as half-way house to Rome would not be complete without an illustration of those unique appeals addressed by his penitents to their spiritual director for guidance, and which were never allowed to pass without full and sympathetic consideration. The following letter shows that Evangelicals as well as Tractarians sought spiritual help from Manning:—

15*th October* 1850.

My dear Father in Christ—I am venturing to ask a great favour of you, it is that you will allow me to read and copy for my *own good, and quiet thought,* your answer to D. Dodsworth's attack on the Apocryphal books—and Rome as Babylon. Of course it is from May Blunt that I know anything about it, and she would not, if she knew, like my speaking of it again to you. I *think* you won't refuse me, and I am sure you would pity me, and like to help me, if you knew the unhappy, unsettled state my mind is in, and the misery of being *entirely, wherever I am,* with those who look upon joining the Church of Rome as the most awful "fall" conceivable to any one, and are devoid of the smallest *comprehension* of how any enlightened person can do it. I have had one kind short letter from Mr. Richards, but I feel as if he could do little good to me, so long as I am so completely alone and *forced* into thinking over things for myself, and the way in which the subject is brought before me.

My old Evangelical friends, with all my deep, deep love for them, do not succeed in shaking me in the least. I would add in asking you the favour to let me see what you sent May Blunt, that I am really cautious on one point, if on no other, *i.e.* about not saying to others (for one reason lest I should misstate it myself) what may be quoted or *garbled* and misstated *again at the cost of another.*

May says she will tell me all the heads of the argument when

we meet, but I can't help exceedingly shrinking from the whole subject with her, because she makes up her mind not to believe things, and outtalks things so provokingly that I entirely lose the whole sense.

My brother has just published a book called *Regeneration*, which all my friends are reading and highly extolling; it has a very contrary effect to what he would desire *on my mind*. I can read and understand it all in an altogether different sense, and the facts which he quotes about the articles as drawn up in 1536, and again in 1552, and of the Irish articles of 1615 and 1634, *startle* and *shake* me about the Reformed Church in England far more than anything else, and have done ever since I first saw them in Mr. Maskell's pamphlet (as quoted from Mr. Dodsworth's).

I do hope you have sometimes just time and thought to pray for me still. Mr. Galton's letters long ago grew into short, formal notes, which hurt me and annoyed me particularly, and I never answered his last, so, literally, I have no one to say things to and get help from, which in one sense is a comfort, when my convictions seem to be leading me *on* and *on* and gaining strength in spite of all the dreariness of my lot.

Do you know I can't help being very anxious and unhappy about poor Sister Harriet. I am afraid of her GOING OUT OF HER MIND. She comforts herself by an occasional outpour of everything to me, and I had a letter this morning.

This is what she says of herself in one part. "Oh how I wish I could run away from myself. Sometimes I am obliged to go out, and I walk and run till I feel I can go no farther, then I sit down and cry, then I set off again."

She longs for more "active work," but if she leaves St. Mary's Home she does not know where to go, she says; in short she describes herself as almost beside herself. She says Sister May has promised the Vicar never to talk to her or allow her to talk on the subject with her, and I doubt whether this can be good for her, because though she has lost her faith, she says, in the Church of England, yet she never thinks of what she could have faith in, and resolutely without inquiring into the question determines not to be a Roman Catholic, so that really you see she is allowing her mind to run adrift, and yet perfectly powerless. Forgive my troubling you with this letter, and believe me to be always your faithful, grateful, and affectionate daughter,

EMMA RYLE.

I wish I could see you once more so very much.

The last eight or nine months of his residence at Laving-

ton was for Manning a most distressing period. The battle over the Gorham case had been fought and lost. In the field of action Manning had never lost heart or hope. But the recoil made itself felt at Lavington. The shadow of coming events was cast over his heart and home.

Manning's life at Lavington, from his marriage in November 1833 to the leaving of his beloved home in December 1850, included in its seventeen years' duration most of the vicissitudes which fall to the lot of man on earth. Alternate joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, successes and disappointments, marked its course in the order of nature. In the supernatural order came the new birth of spiritual life; the growth of grace and of the knowledge of God; the wrestlings of the spirit with the flesh; of the love and fear of God with the love and fear of the world; of grace with nature. For a time, as the world judges of men and their actions, the issue of the struggle seemed uncertain. In Manning, nature was strong and subtle. Self-will and self-confidence, self-seeking even, took the form or came to him under the guise, at any rate for a time, of willing and seeking the things which God willed. In the recesses of his own mind, not out of pride of will but from unconscious self-deception, he believed that he singly and solely knew best how to extend and exalt the work and the Will of God on earth: knew what tended most to promote the designs of Providence in the government of the Church and the world. He persuaded himself at a critical moment that the designs of Providence in regard to the Church of England coincided with the desires of his own heart. For never, even under the sharp spur of ambition, did he knowingly or deliberately set himself against the Divine Will. In strong natures, carried away or consumed by their own desires or designs, self-deception is not unknown, even in our day, as the conduct of the greatest statesman of his generation bears ample witness. A great ecclesiastic of those days, the Archdeacon of Chichester, who in many points of his character bore a striking resemblance to the eminent statesman alluded to, had likewise for a time per-

suaded himself, against his own better judgment, that he was called by God not to submit to the Church of Rome, but to rehabilitate the Church of England in harmony with the designs of Providence. His self-delusion needed a rough awakening. In God's mercy, the awakening came. Manning recognised, and overcoming at last the "shrinkings of flesh and blood,"[1] obeyed the Voice and Will of God.

In leaving Lavington and all that such a self-sacrifice inflicted—severance from the work of a lifetime; from hopes and ambitions near and dear to his heart; from the esteem of great men; from public honour; from the prospect of more extended usefulness in a higher sphere, Manning manifested in a singular and special manner his higher, inner nature; his deep, fervent, and abiding belief in the supernatural. In spite of temporary tergiversations, blindnesses, and weaknesses of nature—human frailties from which few are exempt—he saw in the higher moods and movements of his soul the world "behind the veil"; felt the living presence of God; heard the Divine Voice speaking to his soul. This supernatural character God set as a sacramental seal and stamp upon Manning's brow.[2]

[1] See Manning's letters to Robert Wilberforce in Chapters xxiv. xxvi. xxvii. In these letters are disclosed the inner history of Archdeacon Manning's mind; the struggles which he went through for many years; the temptations he overcame—trials which lasted almost up to the period of his conversion in 1851.

[2] The late Father Lockhart, a few months before his death, described his seeing, on the first vacation from Oxford he spent at Chichester, "the Archdeacon for the first time, his grand head, bald even then, his dignified figure in his long white surplice, occupying the Archdeacon's stall in the cathedral." Recalling the impression produced on his mind by Manning more than fifty years ago, Father Lockhart made this remark:—"His face was to me some first dim revelation of the *supernatural in man.* I have never forgotten it. I see him as vividly now in my mind's eye as when I first beheld him. . . . I at once connected his face with those of the old churchmen of Catholic times that I had seen in stained glass windows, and in the portraits of the whole line of Catholic bishops painted in long order on the walls of the south transept of the cathedral. They began, I think, with St. Richard of Chichester, and ended with the last Catholic bishop in the reign of Mary Tudor."—"Personal Reminiscences of Cardinal Manning," by William Lockhart, *Dublin Review*, April 1892, p. 372.

CHAPTER XXII

CONFLICTING CLAIMS OF CONSCIENCE, OR THE OUTER AND INNER MAN

1846–1851

HITHERTO I have shown the Archdeacon of Chichester chiefly in his public capacity as teacher and preacher; as the friend and adviser of the clergy of his archdeaconry; as the counsellor of his bishop; as fellow-worker with his friends S. F. Wood, Thomas Acland, and Mr. Gladstone, in establishing diocesan boards and theological colleges; in resisting the supremacy of the civil power in matters ecclesiastical; and in defending the cause of national education on a Christian basis.

It was the outer man only that I have described, not the inner. The eloquent voice we have been listening to in sermons and charges, in pamphlets and tracts, was the voice of the public champion of the Church of England—an unhesitating and "infallible" witness to the soundness and completeness of her faith, to the purity of her doctrines, and to her glorious destiny as "the regenerator of a dissolving Christendom, the centre of a new Catholic world."

But there was another voice—not the voice of an infallible teacher, but the voice, now of a penitent, acknowledging "under the seal of confession," his doubts and difficulties on matters of faith, his profound misgivings as to the belief and teaching of the Church he loved so well; now of a friend telling to a friend in sorrow of heart, and often under the seal of confession, the secrets of his soul: the Church of England is to him no longer "a member of

the visible Church of Christ": no longer "a witness to the highest doctrines of the Divine Revelation": no longer a teacher "under the undoubted guidance of the Holy Spirit." It was the voice of a man wrestling with his own soul, and confessing to himself in humiliation and bitterness of heart — and recording his confessions in a Diary—that "the Church of England is diseased, organically and functionally"; that "the Church of Rome is the heir of infallibility"; and that "to maintain Rome's infallibility is to condemn us."

Without the revelations contained in his "general confession" to his beloved curate Laprimaudaye, whom Cardinal Manning styled in his "Journal" of a later period "my Father-confessor in the Church of England"; without the numerous letters extending over a period of more than ten years, and those towards the end often marked *Under the Seal*, written to the most intimate of his friends, Robert Wilberforce; and still more without the self-revelations in his Diary, I could only have given a very one-sided and incomplete account of the state of Manning's religious opinions from the year 1846 to his conversion in the year 1851. Without such evidence, invaluable beyond measure as revealing the inner workings of his mind, the spirituality of his nature, and the growing influence of supernatural motives guiding heart and soul, it would have been difficult if not altogether impossible to understand or judge aright Archdeacon Manning's real relations during these most critical years to the Church of Rome, on the one side, and on the other, to the Anglican Church. Had we to rely only on his public utterances, or on the statements which he felt it his duty to make, up to the last, to his penitents, the historian of his life would have been constrained to admit as the primary causes of his conversion, if not the Gorham Judgment in itself, the acceptance by the Church of England of the royal supremacy on matters of doctrine, on the one hand; and on the other, the anti-Papal agitation as manifesting the essential Protestantism of the Established Church. Whereas in truth these were but the secondary causes; the primary cause, as the documents which I now

produce prove beyond the shadow of doubt, was the gradual growth, under God's grace, of faith in the Catholic Church, and an absolute repudiation, long before the Gorham Judgment, of Anglicanism, high or low, as a Church. Had the Diary and the letters to Robert Wilberforce been destroyed or suppressed, a difficulty would indeed have been removed. But then the most striking testimony to the supernatural side of Manning's mind and character would have been for ever lost. It is better by far to front, than by suppression attempt to evade, a difficulty.

What, I grant, is a curious difficulty, almost startling at first, is to find Manning speaking concurrently for years with a double voice. One voice proclaims in public, in sermons, charges, and tracts, and, in a tone still more absolute, to those who sought his advice in confession, his profound and unwavering belief in the Church of England as the divine witness to the Truth, appointed by Christ and guided by the Holy Spirit. The other voice, as the following confessions and documents under his own handwriting bear ample witness, speaks in almost heartbroken accents of despair at being no longer able in conscience to defend the teaching and position of the Church of England; whilst acknowledging at the same time, if not in his confession to Laprimaudaye, at any rate in his letters to Robert Wilberforce, the drawing he felt towards the infallible teaching of the Church of Rome.

What adds to the difficulty of accounting for these contradictory statements in regard to his religious opinions is the strange fact, that in all his Journals, Reminiscences, and autobiographical Notes, Cardinal Manning has left no explanation of this apparent mystery. It was not out of obliviousness of these various documents with their conflicting testimonies, for in more than one Note he directs special attention to them as affording the best evidence as to the state of his religious opinions. Not a hint is given that the necessity of such an explanation ever occurred to his mind.

The simplest solution that can be offered to a difficulty is for the most part the truest. In the trying period between 1847-51 Manning's mind was in a state of trans-

ition in regard to his religious belief. The struggle was as prolonged as it was severe. Until his mind had grasped the reality of things; had probed his doubts to the bottom; had reached solid ground, consistency or coherency of statement was perhaps scarcely to be expected. To see things in one light to-day, in another to-morrow, is but natural in such a transition-state of mind. To make statements on grave matters of faith to one person or set of persons in contradiction of statements made to others, is only a still stronger proof of a sensitive mind, perplexed by doubt, losing for the time being its balance.

In Manning's mind there was a superadded difficulty: he was by nature, if not absolutely incapable, unwilling in the extreme to confess his inability to answer a question or solve a difficulty or doubt. As an accepted teacher in religion, the habit had grown upon him of speaking always on all points of faith with an absolute assurance of certitude. In a letter to Robert Wilberforce of this date, Manning confesses that "people are rising up all over the country and appealing to me to solve doubts and difficulties which, as you know, perplex my own mind. But if I leave their appeals unanswered, they will think that I am as they are." For him, a spiritual teacher, in whom his penitents put their trust, to whom they come for counsel and guidance, to confess to his doubts would give scandal and do grave harm. Hence it came to pass that he had to speak, considering it under the circumstances his duty to do so, with a double voice.

Written on a half-sheet of note-paper, among his contemporary memoranda, in the same year in which, in his letter to Robert Wilberforce, he repudiated the Church of England as a branch of the Church of Christ, Archdeacon Manning, moved by a new impulse of Faith, made the following profession of belief in the Church of England:—

I believe one holy Catholic Church, and I hold the Faith of that One Church, believing all it believes, anathematising all it anathematises.

I believe the Church in England, commonly called of England, to be a member of that One Church. As such I hold to it.

If I did not so believe it, I should at once submit myself to the Holy Roman Church. H. E. MANNING.

5th Sunday after Trinity, 1849.

Manning had, to put it broadly, two sets of people to deal with: the one set those who put their trust in him —the ecclesiastical authorities and his own penitents; the other set, those in whom he put his trust—his intimate friends and confessors. He dealt with each set from different standpoints: from the one he considered it his duty to conceal his religious doubts and difficulties; to the other he laid bare, as in conscience bound, the secrets of his soul.

On this principle, the double voice in Archdeacon Manning is easy of explanation. He had a deep sense of responsibility as an accepted teacher in the Church, and a still deeper in regard to those who came to him as penitents for spiritual guidance. The Archdeacon of Chichester knew that he was regarded by his bishop and the clergy, not only in his own archdeaconry, but in the neighbouring archdeaconry of Lewes—where his orthodoxy had been vouched for by Archdeacon Hare—as a faithful son of the Established Church. Other bishops as well as his own consulted his judgment with deference. It was not in his nature lightly to forfeit such a position. As long as his conscience permitted him to keep silence, he never uttered a word in public as to his doubts and difficulties, never gave a hint even to those nearest to him, or most dependent on his spiritual guidance, of the changes which had taken place and were still going on in his religious opinions. On the contrary, he regarded it as a duty which he owed, on the one hand, to his office in the diocese, on the other, to his penitents, to exalt on every public occasion the claims and defend the position of the Church of England, as a living portion of the Church of Christ.

It must be borne in mind, likewise, that Manning was not a profound thinker or deeply versed in theology. He was never engaged, like Newman, heart and soul, in attempts at solving the great religious and ecclesiastical problems of the day. He was by nature a man of peace.

He avoided by instinct as much as by prudence conflicts and controversies. Again, unlike Newman and the Tractarian leaders, he had not, as yet at least, overhauled the title-deeds of the Church of England, nor disparaged the Reformation and the Reformers. In his charges of 1841-43, and especially in his attacks on the Popes in his Fifth of November Sermon, he had purged himself, as he had hoped at least and intended, from the taint of "Romanism." Yet, however much he may have been tortured in heart and conscience by doubts, which on principle he refused to express in public, he bravely upheld with all his wonted assurance and authority, until the very foundations of his faith were swept away from beneath his feet, both from the pulpit and in the confessional, if I may so call it, implicit belief in the teaching and position of the Church of England.

Such a strain on his mind and heart compelled Manning in the nature of things to seek relief. Hence he unburdened his conscience in outpourings of the soul; in confessions, full and complete, as to the state of his mind; as to his doubts, difficulties, unbelief in Anglicanism as a theology, as a Church. In this way the inner voice made itself heard.

For the better elucidation of what, for conciseness' sake, I have called the double voice that spoke in Manning—not casually or by accident, but deliberately and from a sense of duty, I now produce evidence, given, as it were, under his own hand and seal.

For this purpose it is necessary to recite and, from the nature of the case, at some length, Manning's letters: some, on the one hand, under the seal of confession; some addressed as spiritual director, on the other, to his penitents, as well as extracts from his Diary, showing at an early date grave doubts and misgivings as to the teaching and position of the English Church. In his public utterances, on the other hand, in numerous passages—which I need not repeat here, as I have already recited them elsewhere — in charges, sermons, tracts, and letters, the Archdeacon of Chichester proclaims from a sense of duty, whether mistaken or no, his implicit belief in the Church of England.

The first document in the order of importance, though not necessarily of treatment, is Archdeacon Manning's Diary 1844-47.

On the cover of this "Diary" are these words in his own handwriting:—

Burn this Book Unopened.
1844. H. E. M.

On his becoming a Catholic, this restriction was removed; but, on the other hand, every record, statement, or reflection, which he did not think fit for the public eye—nearly half the book—was, late in life, carefully expurgated by Cardinal Manning's own hand.

In like manner, in regard to his "general confession" to his friend and curate at Lavington, Laprimaudaye, and his letters to Robert Wilberforce, marked "Under the Seal," the restriction of privacy was removed, for, in his Notes and Reminiscences, Cardinal Manning refers to these letters as containing the most authentic evidence of his religious opinions; as he did, I may add, to myself personally. In an autobiographical Note Cardinal Manning in 1887 wrote as follows:—"The state of my mind in 1847 is carefully stated in a letter to the clergyman to whom I made a general confession."

The following documents, which I have thought it prudent not to abridge or summarise, show what Manning considered it his duty to say about his religious opinions—his belief or unbelief in the Church of England—on the one hand, in confidence to his friends or confessors; and, on the other, to the public in his published writings; and to those who were under his spiritual direction; or in letters or conversations with friends, like Mr. Gladstone.

The following letter to his friend Laprimaudaye bears the heading attached to it by Cardinal Manning in 1887:—

To my Confessor in the Church of England.

Under the Seal.

44 Cadogan Place, 16*th June* 1847.

My dear Friend— . . . In one of your letters you ex-

pressed a hope that I might not go to Italy. This and other causes lead me to write now what I had intended at some time to explain. I mean the reasons why I have begged that all reference to the subject of opinions might be excluded from our intercourse. I will give you my reasons as shortly as I can.

1. First, I feel it right for your sake, because I came to you for the keys of the Church alone; and I have always felt that I did wrong in putting anything else before you, as I did last year.

2. Next, I feel it right and most important for my own sake, for the mixing up of any intellectual questions with a relation purely spiritual, would deprive me of an unspeakable blessing. I mean the power of excluding everything of a lower or disturbing kind from the care and examination of my own state; I am most anxious, therefore, that our relation should continue to be confined to the keys of the Church.

3. A third reason, though the last makes it needless, I may give, but I must first do what I have not done before, and unwillingly, I mean say something about myself.

Our *intimacy* began with last year, up to that time you could only know of me in a general way. Since that time I have never gone into what it is necessary you should know if you are to have any real knowledge of my thoughts on some points which have seemed to give you uneasiness. And my purpose in giving you that knowledge is only because I feel it to be due to us both, that you should not misunderstand, nor I to be misunderstood.

For 14 years I have lived the life of a parish priest—nearly half the time without a curate. Upon this has been added for 6½ years the work of the Archdeaconry and a most burdensome correspondence.

The *active* work of the last four or five years has been so great that my stable and travelling expenses nearly equal my *whole household* expenses.

I pass over many other things because these are enough to show that mine has been a life of *overwork*, and all my temptations and dangers the very reverse of those which attend a retired, reading, and speculative life such as some of our friends have lived.

For the last eight years I have been labouring to keep people from the Roman Church. In 1839, one person who was all but gone, was settled and has stood to this day, though a favourite brother went two years after.

From 1842 to 1846 Mrs. Lockhart was held back. Miss Lockhart till now.

In the beginning of 1846, a man who had seceded and received Roman baptism, was received back again in Lavington church.

Six persons at this moment, I believe, have either laid aside the thought or suspended it, with relation to myself.

Many men I could name in various degrees of nearness during the last five or six years.

My whole labour has been this way.

I never wrote one of the Oxford tracts.

I remonstrated with Newman about many acts and publications on the Romanising score.

I preached on the 5th of November 1843 at Oxford with the intent and effect of declaring against it, and helped the *English Review* with the view of undoing the line of the *British Critic*.

I know of no one act or word tending to unsettlement consciously spoken or done by me. All that I have written has been studiously in support, *hopefully* and *affectionately*, of the English Church.

The whole work of the Archdeaconry and my relation to 150 clergy has been of the same tone.

I have always held aloof, except in Ward's degradation (which I think the beginning of confusion) from Oxford movements, refusing to act on the principle of theological combination.

During the last four years the effort and anxiety to retain friends in the English Church has *perceptibly* affected my health; and I can trace I think the beginning of illness last year to that cause.

So wholly and sincerely from my soul has all my heart and strength been given against the Roman tendencies and temptations to them.

I have never indulged in the habit of speaking against the Church of England or her writers living or dead, or allowed any one to do so to me. The sort of footing on which I have lived with the clergy round me made it impossible for such a tone to pass.

In the year 1835, I preached a visitation sermon on the succession of the English Church, which led me into the question of Unity, and which I printed in the year 1841, having in the meantime continually kept the subject before me so far as I could find time for reading. That book was the substance of a correspondence by which I tried to keep a man from Rome, enlarged.

In 1838 I preached another visitation sermon on Tradition.

Both these books I believe have been used in keeping people from Rome, and I also believe successfully. They are both strongly and plainly Anglican, and in parts positively and by statement anti-Roman.

I will now tell you the third reason why I wished not to talk with you on this subject. I saw that till I had said all this (most unwillingly) about myself, it would be impossible that you should fail to misunderstand me. And so it happened. You seemed to think that I had lighted on difficulties from a speculative and intellectual way of treating such subjects; that I was influenced by Roman books of devotion; that I was affected by depreciating language about the English Church; that it was excitement; and I unfortunately named two or three books, which seemed to give you the impression that I was always reading controversies.

My dearest friend, I wish any one or all of them were true, I could easily dispose of them by your help; for this would be chiefly moral faults and need no more than a plain treatment.

I will endeavour to tell you *exactly* the state of my thoughts Two subjects have been in my mind for the last ten or twelve years. The one is Unity, beginning in 1835; the other Infallibility, beginning in 1837-38. To these two points all the reading I could give has been given. On both I came to conclusions which uphold as against Rome; and these conclusions, after long examination and re-examination, I printed. I can say without fear, that the examination of these two subjects was as unexcited, calm, and practical as I could make it. They came before me as involved in the baptismal creed, as you will find if you care to see.

When Newman's book was published, Gladstone urged me to answer it. I declined pledging myself; but it forced me again into the two same subjects. To which I have continued to give all the thought and reading I can.

And I am bound to say that I could not republish either of the two books as they stand. They are inaccurate in some *facts;* incomplete as compared with the truth of the case; and concede some of the main *points* I intended to deny. The Anglican ground is I believe this.

1. To stand upon the text of St. Vincent of Lerins, *quod semper, etc.*

2. To interpret Scripture by antiquity as expressed in the canon of 1562.

3. To hold the faith of the Church before the division of the East and West as Bishop Ken said.

4. To show that the Roman points cannot be proved in the first 6 centuries as Bishop Jewel declared.

In the course of the last few years I have read the Apostolical Fathers, Justin Martyr's *Dialogue*—a good deal of Tertullian, St. Cyprian, St. Cyril of Jerusalem; St. Chrysostom, and a good deal more of St. Augustine, including the *de Civitate Dei.* The whole of St. Optatus, and St. Leo, besides habitually referring to parts for facts and quotations. The result is that I should be afraid of undertaking the defence of either Jewel's or Ken's positions.

You said one thing most true and woful to me, and that is, that I was not fit to decide such a question; so I feel, for I greatly mistrust myself and my reading, and earnestly wish for the help of others stronger in head and more learned than myself. The two I chiefly trust are Robert Wilberforce and Dr. Mill, with whom I hope, if need arise, to confer. I wish it were possible to lay the whole aside. But it is in vain to dream of it. If I could do it myself, duty to others would make it impossible. Within the last month I have declined to enter upon these points with five men (three clergymen) and all (four especially) men of high excellence and value to us. Even if I could satisfy my own mind, I could not help others without seeing a clearer solution of the two following points:—

First.—Is not the infallibility of the Church a necessary consequence of the presence of the third Person of the Blessed Trinity; and of His perpetual office, beginning from the Day of Pentecost? This seems to me to be revealed in Scripture.

A perpetual presence, perpetual office, and perpetual *infallibility*—that is, a living voice witnessing for truth and against error under the guidance of the Spirit of Christ—seem inseparable.

Secondly.—Is it not a part of the revealed will and ordinance of our Lord Jesus Christ, that the Church should be under an episcopate united with a visible head, as the apostles were united with St. Peter? It is not the question of primacy with me so much as *unity of the episcopate.* "*Episcopatus unus est.*"

I take St. Peter to have been the first of apostles, as the Primate of Christendom is the first of bishops; in spiritual order or power all being equal.

Now these two questions are two *principles,* which involve all details. And the course of examination which has led me to them is the canon of 1562, *i.e.* Scripture interpreted by antiquity. The Council of Chalcedon, which the Church of England recognises, exhibits them both in a form and distinctness which I cannot at present reconcile with what I have hitherto believed to be tenable.

I have now given you, as far as is possible in the fewest words, the sum of my meaning.

All bonds of birth, blood, memory, love, happiness, interest, every inducement which can sway and bias my will, bind me to my published belief. To doubt it is to call in question all that is dear to me. If I were to give it up I should feel that it would be like death; as if all my life had become extinct. Believe me then, that nothing short of a mass of evidence inspired and uninspired all going one way, and this evidence I have before me—could make me hesitate to shut my eyes, and take the Church of England on trust for ever as I have done with a loving heart in times past.

But the Church of England herself sends me by canon to antiquity, and in obeying it I find what I cannot solve. For this cause I must seek help. Now let me add a word on a subject I noticed in the beginning—I mean your fear of my going to Italy. "He that trusteth his own heart is a fool," but I may say that I have passed through all this before, having been much abroad, and already six months in Italy—three in Rome. The effect of this has always been *highly repulsive*. But I can say, I think, without fear, that no seductions of devotional books or the like have the least effect in this matter. I have been for years familiar with them. My difficulties are two definite and distinct questions, in which I am ready with a willing mind to be guided.

But I feel them to be too definite and distinct to be laid aside—and no treatment but such as is definite and distinct gives rest to my conscience. I would not have written all this about myself were it not that I feel too much love for you to bear, without an attempt to satisfy you, the pain of being thought to use lightness in a matter of Eternity. I do not ask you to go into these questions. I only wish you to see that my difficulties are neither from excitement nor imagination, nor from want of love to the Church of England, nor from trifling and fanciful causes. They lie deep in Holy Scripture and in the mind of the Spirit and the appointments of our Lord Jesus Christ. Only believe me to be as real and earnest in this as you think me capable of being in anything.

I have made this a long letter, willing if possible to make a second needless. Do not feel bound to answer it, as I shall not look for any reply. But give me your prayers against all the faults you see or think you see in me.

And do not imagine that I write this as any forward step or sign of moving one way or the other.

I write because I resolved I would not even enter on these

points in helping others till I had written to you. There are some about me whom I can hardly deny, and I could not much longer keep silence with them without making them fancy I was as they are.

Farewell, my dearest friend. Happy the day if through the precious blood of our Lord we attain that kingdom where light casts no shadows and all are one in the Eternal Truth.

With my brotherly love and gratitude for all you have done for the least worthy.—Ever yours affectionately,

H. E. Manning.

In his Journal, dated 1885, Cardinal Manning has put his *imprimatur* on this general confession, made in 1847, in these words:—"On looking back on it I see now it had both formal and material integrity."

In the following letter, written after the Gorham Judgment, to a near relative, a lady, who had long desired to join the Catholic Church, and who, since the Gorham Judgment, was more pressing than ever, Manning speaks, not in the voice of a penitent or, as he spoke to his confessor, acknowledging his doubts and misgivings, but in the voice of an authorised teacher upholding the claims of the Church of England on the conscience of his penitent:—

Lavington, 6*th May* 1850.

My dearest —— —I will endeavour to give you the reasons which make me strive to subdue both haste and fear in the great probation which is upon me.

1. Judging by the evidence of the Primitive Church there are many, and they very grave and vital, points on which the Church of England seems more in harmony with Holy Scripture than the Church of Rome.

2. The political, social, domestic state of foreign countries as compared with England is to me a perplexity and an alarm.

3. For three hundred years, the grace of sanctity and of penitence has visibly dwelt and wrought in the Church of England.

4. The most saintly and penitent for three centuries have lived and died in it, not only without fear, but with great thankfulness for their lot as compared with another which they have looked on with mistrust, and even more.

5. I must believe that the spiritual discernment of Andrewes, Leighton, Ken, and Wilson was purer and truer than mine.

6. I am sure that they and a multitude besides were more learned and of greater intellectual penetration.

7. At the present time the great majority of the holiest and the wisest of my brethren differ from me in the strongest way on the point before us.

They may be God's warning voice to me.

8. It is a fearful conclusion to say that 10 generations in the last 300 years, and among them visibly penitent and holy souls, dwelling in God far more than I, died out of His Church and were deceived.

9. I know too well my own faults of intellect, heart, and will, the shallowness of my spiritual life, and the narrowness of my information, to come to such a conclusion without the deepest awe, and the longest and most patient delay.

10. The evidence before me in part inclines to show that this event (the Gorham Judgment) is a revelation, in part a change.

But I need more than I have as yet to decide a question with such tremendous issues for time and for eternity.

It would be like the one mistake upon a death-bed.

11. As yet the evidence is still unfolding itself. I have seen it only in part. Whether the Church of England will release itself or no, God may release it by a great overthrow, as He did the French Church in 1789.

12. I have not yet heard Him in my conscience saying, "Flee for thy life." Till then, I will die rather than run the risk of crossing His will.

I fear haste, and I fear to offend God, but I fear nothing else; and in that faith by His grace I will wait upon Him, humbling and chastening my own soul.

So much for myself; now I will add a few words for you.

1. It seems to me that all these reasons apply at least equally to you.

2. Your case is that of Nineveh, on which God had compassion, calling only for repentance. What I have tried to say in the 4th Sermon of vol. iv., especially from pages 74-80, applies to your case and to all who cannot judge, as women, children, and the poor.

3. As to absolution, the view of the pamphlet is one of two, both tenable, and therefore neither absolute.

The Spanish and Gallican Churches both hold the validity of jurisdiction as to sacraments to go with valid Orders.

But apart from this, the whole Church holds that contrition with a desire for absolution reconciles the soul with God.

In your case not only has there been desire for absolution but full confession.

Therefore, on the lowest ground you may leave yourself in the hands of His love who, as you have often written to me, has never left nor forsaken you.

It is hard to compress into a letter any answer to such questions; but I feel no doubt or fear in saying that your probation is in the life of the soul. Keep your heart and will united with God, and then shall no harm break through to touch you. Be jealous lest these intellectual questions draw your will from the spiritual life, especially from prayer, even though you do no more than kneel in silence before God. It calms and subdues the soul to a consciousness of what is and what is not real and eternal.

To Him I commend you as always. His peace be with you. —For His sake always very affectionately yours,

H. E. M.

Both of these private and confidential letters, the one to his own confessor, the other addressed to a penitent who, troubled in conscience about the Church of Rome, sought spiritual guidance at his hand, effected the special purpose for which they were written. Laprimaudaye's suspicions that he was carried away by excitement, seduced by Roman services and books of devotion, Manning removed by confessing, as he was bound to do, that his mind was not disturbed by such trivial matters, but by grave doubts which he could not solve, as to the teaching and position of the Church of England.

On the other hand, in his letter to his penitent, Manning considered it to be his duty to offer such arguments as he could in defence of the Church of England as might restrain her from going over to Rome.

In his letters, often "under the seal," to Robert Wilberforce, Manning, writing from an altogether opposite standpoint, and for a different purpose—not as a teacher, but as an unbosomer of his own burdens—repudiated in the most emphatic and solemn manner the Church of England as a system, as a theology, as a Church.

In a letter, "under the seal," to R. Wilberforce, dated Rome, 12th February 1848, and in a subsequent letter dated 11th March, Manning spoke out his whole mind, heart, and conscience about the Hampden controversy,

without qualification or reserve. This inner voice, if I may so call it, not only condemned, on the one hand, Dr. Hampden as guilty of heresy, but declared, on the other, that it is in vain to speak of the Church of England as a witness to divine truth except as an epitaph.[1]

Another emphatic statement which Manning makes in the first of these two letters is, that the grounds on which he had striven, under God, not without hope, to keep others in the Church of England, were falsified, and that henceforward he had no moral right to exercise that influence. And yet, on grounds which are capable of justification, he continued to exercise that right almost up to the eve of his becoming a Catholic.[2]

In the following letter, addressed to a friend in England, Archdeacon Manning condemned, even in stronger terms than in his letters to Robert Wilberforce, Dr. Hampden as "destroying by his book the only foundation of the Apostles' Creed":—

ROME, 28*th January* 1848.

MY DEAR—— —I cannot doubt that it was the will of God that I should have no part in the miserable conflict which is going on in England, about the See of Hereford. That being clear, I am glad and thankful. You know me well enough to believe that such conflicts are things I mix in with pain, and only from the constraint of duty. Being discharged from this necessity, I have hardly talked or written about it except to very near friends. But I cannot help writing what, if at home, I should say. It seems to me the most dangerous conflict we have ever had since I can remember. Indeed I can hardly conceive any much more so. I am deeply convinced that Dr. Hampden's book destroys both the true meaning and the only foundation of the Apostles' Creed. As such I voted against him in 1836, he was lightly censured, and left in passive communion by the Church. The university and certain bishops have stultified their former acts since that time by receiving him as Regius Professor. But the Church has been free until now, and now he is put forward for

[1] See Manning's letters to Robert Wilberforce, chap. xxiv. pp. 508-14.

[2] In addition to the above letter, dated 6th May 1850, p. 473, see below another letter of a like purport addressed to another penitent, dated 11th July 1850, p. 481.

consecration, which is in effect to adopt it, and stamp with the seal of England the man and his theology. In this I cannot be a partaker; but as I am not called on as yet to act, I will leave the matter. When the time comes, no doubt, I shall be guided what to do—you all know what I think of Church and State and the like too well to need that I should waste words about it. It has been a miserable business, miserable in public and in private; and the consequences of it are yet to appear. It is surely an omen that Lord John Russell insulted the Dean of Hereford from Woburn Abbey. It seemed strange to me to see in the papers, that the rural deans of the Archdeaconry of Chichester were convening the Chapters. And now I can only commend you all, as I do daily, to His keeping, Who will in yet a little while bring peace at the last.—Yours affectionately,

H. E. M.

Manning's arguments in his letters to Robert Wilberforce, against Dr. Hampden, convicting him of holding heretical opinions, and showing that his errors were still unretracted and unrepented of, would have exercised, had they been published, no inconsiderable influence in the heat and height of the fierce controversy. In the day when Bishop Wilberforce recoiled before the storm, had Manning spoken out in public, it would have strengthened the hands of the Tractarians and of the High Church party, weakened by the sudden desertion of Samuel Wilberforce. But Wilberforce's running away, and Manning's unaccountable silence, gave the victory to Lord John Russell and the Erastian party. Manning's real mind, it cannot be doubted, was spoken in his letters to Robert Wilberforce.

The essential difference between the two voices which spoke in Manning is shown in the startling contrast between the principles avowed in his private communications, and those made use of or accepted in public, when, on his return to England, Manning, speaking as Archdeacon of Chichester in his public voice, did his best to minimise Dr. Hampden's errors, and to slur over the offence committed by his appointment and consecration as Bishop of Hereford—conduct and errors repudiated and condemned with such vigour in his letters to Robert Wilberforce.

Let me now recite a passage or two from a Charge

delivered in July 1848 by the Archdeacon of Chichester on the grave question of Dr. Hampden's orthodoxy or heterodoxy. Dr. Hampden, during the Archdeacon's absence in Rome, had been consecrated Bishop of Hereford. In this Charge it was Manning's public voice which spoke his mind to the world at large, in contradistinction to the private voice to which we have been listening, speaking in confidence to Robert Wilberforce.

After various explanations and qualifications of Dr. Hampden's errors, and after recalling the warning, "Judge not, that ye be not judged," the Archdeacon spoke as follows:—

I am deeply persuaded that in the late contests there are on both sides many of whose truth I have as full an assurance as of my own, and of whose goodness I have a deeper conviction. With these remarks I will go on to speak of the recent appointment to the See of Hereford.

Taking the case as a whole, we may begin by distinguishing between the question as to the doctrinal opinions of the Right Rev. person appointed to that see, and the question as to the manner in which his consecration was effected. Into the former question it is no longer our duty to enter, First, because the Church as such has never passed judgment on the theology of Dr. Hampden. He has never been cited and judged before any consistory or tribunal of the Church. Whatever his opinions may be, they are, therefore, unascertained by any authoritative ecclesiastical decision; Secondly, the censure of the University of Oxford in the year 1846 did not pronounce his doctrine to be heretical, or to savour of heresy, or to be scandalous, or to be offensive to pious ears and the like. It did not specify or characterise the nature of its unsoundness according to the definitions of ecclesiastical usage. It declared in terms just and grave indeed as a censure, but wholly informal and imperfect as a judgment, that he had "so treated theological matters that in this respect the University had no confidence in him." So that there exists no formal decision of any tribunal at all, ecclesiastical or even academical, stamping the doctrine of Dr. Hampden with a specific character of heterodoxy.

Up to this moment, then, the party accused has never been condemned by any tribunal of the Church. . . . Until, therefore, any member of the Church be judicially pronounced by a proper tribunal to be unsound, he ought to be publicly treated as orthodox. No man is a heretic to us who is not a heretic

to the Church; and no man is to the Church a heretic but one who has been condemned *in foro exteriori* for heresy. . . .

Again, it is not only possible, but it is just, to use this equity of individual judgment; because at various, and some of them most solemn times—as at the moment of consecration—the Right Reverend person of whom we speak declared his acceptance of the whole doctrine of Faith. He was consecrated, not upon the confession of his theological works, but on public subscription of the Catholic creeds. Sincere subscription, thereby condemning all heresies, is all that has ever been required to reinstate any, however compromised by heterodoxy, in the peace of the Church. Of subscription the fact of consecration is our pledge; of sincerity, who dares conceive a doubt? For these reasons it appears that we are now released from the necessity of forming opinions as to past theological statements justly censured, we may accept the last public subscription as a fact closing up a retrospect which nothing but new necessity can re-open.[1]

In a letter, dated Freshwater, 10th August 1848, W. Dodsworth objected to the following statement in reference to Dr. Hampden made by Manning in his Charge, that "no man is a heretic to us who is not a heretic to the Church; and no man is to the Church a heretic but one who has been condemned *in foro exteriori* for heresy," and wrote as follows:—

What you say is literally and legally true, but I think you scarcely include the whole *moral* view of the matter; a murderer or pickpocket may escape through defect or maladministration of the law (as indeed has often happened), but yet he is in a certain *moral position* in society not to be overlooked. It would be a delicate matter to bring this out in Hampden's case; and yet, I think, after what you have said justly of his legal innocence, it is almost needed.

The following letter of George Moberly to Manning shows that, after leaving England in 1847, Manning had expressed himself in regard to the Church of England in terms which had given umbrage to Keble and Moberly:—

Winchester College, 8*th September* 1848.

My dear Manning—Many thanks to you for the kind

[1] *A Charge delivered at the Ordinary Visitation of the Archdeacon of Chichester in July* 1848.

present of your Charge, which I received a few days ago and read with extreme interest. I was very happy to see how hopefully you regarded the forward prospect, and most truly rejoice to think that you are come back better and stronger to do additional good service for the Church of God among us.

I felt anxious—whenever I could do so without troubling you by it—to say in reference to the correspondence which passed between us in the month of March, that you were *surprised* at the tone of Keble's and my letters. I fancied so from the terms of your most kind reply. But you probably had not recollected the precise expressions of your former letter, which, as we now fully know, we misinterpreted; but which, for the purpose of explaining what otherwise must have seemed hardly kind, or indeed intelligible, I will quote—

"The Church of England I left behind me, is not the church I shall, if God so will, return to, unless by His blessing, you and others shall have reversed those events. Pray do not think me unreasonable in desiring to stand as well with you as I can."

Shall we see you at Keble's consecration of his church? It will hardly be, I believe, before November. . . . Believe me, my dear Manning, yours affectionately, GEORGE MOBERLY.

Writing to Robert Wilberforce under date about criticisms on his Charge, Manning says:—

LAVINGTON, 8*th November* 1848.

MY DEAR ROBERT— . . . I somehow feel slow to take a foremost part in anything. . . .

This too makes me very patient about my Charge. No man owning a head could misunderstand me to clear a man from the guilt of heresy who, in two places, I say was "justly censured." I have seen nothing that moves me. But I have misgivings in my own mind about it. The parts of what I say which have not been found fault with, are by no means satisfactory to me. And I get no better satisfaction the more I think of them. Only accept it as a proof that I am desirous to err on the side of hope and patience; and that often thoughts which all but subdue me are not born of impatience or unbelief.—Farewell. May we be kept from all illusions.—Yours ever affectionately,

H. E. MANNING.

In spite of his minimising in public Dr. Hampden's heresies, Manning's mind was breaking loose from its shackles. In a letter dated Lavington, Holy Innocents,

1849, to Robert Wilberforce,[1] Archdeacon Manning absolutely repudiated Protestantism in all its forms. He rejected the Anglican Church. He could no longer defend its theology, its faith, "I simply do not believe it." Yet of the English Church, which, according to his letter, dated 1849, had so faded out of his mind that he could not say he rejected it, but that he knew it no more, Manning felt constrained by what he considered to be his duty as a spiritual director to write, even after the Gorham Judgment had been pronounced and accepted by the Bishops, to one of his penitents as follows:—

LAVINGTON, 11*th July* 1850.

DEAR MADAM—I will endeavour to give you some statement of the ground on which I think you may without fear trust yourself to the mercy of God through Jesus Christ in the Church of England at this time.

The Church of God upon earth has what I may call its inner and its outer sphere.

The inner sphere is the fellowship of the soul with God through Jesus Christ, and a life of faith, love, repentance, and devotion.

The outer sphere is the visible order of succession, government, canonical discipline, and the like.

I believe that your probation lies in the inner sphere, and there all is clear and infallible. We have no doubt that no penitent can perish, and that no soul that loves God can be lost; moreover, that God will give both love and penitence to all who pray for it.

But in the outer sphere it is impossible to judge of controverted questions without so much of intellect and knowledge, and that knowledge so various and of such difficulty to attain and estimate, that I feel no doubt in saying that any errors you may there be in will be tenderly dealt with by Him "who spared not His own Son" that He might save our souls.

When I come to look at the Church of England, I see a living, continuous succession of Christian people under their pastors, descending from the earliest ages to this day; and although it has had to bear mutilations and breaches in its external order and in its relations to the other churches, yet it seems to me to possess the divine life of the Church, and the divine food of that life, the Word and Sacraments of Christians.

[1] See letter to Robert Wilberforce, chap. xxiv. p. 515.

So I have been able to feel hitherto. Late events have called this in question, but it seems to me too soon yet to pass sentence upon it. No one can say how long or how short a time may decide it; for in these questions it is not *dial* time, but *moral* time—that is events, acts, and changes, that must decide it. In the meanwhile, I do not feel any fear of resting for salvation within that inner sphere which cannot be shaken; for there all is clear and divine.

As to the outer, the questions, always difficult, are now still more so, and I am therefore even more full of hope that God will deal tenderly with all who sincerely desire to do His will.

Catechumens dying without baptism are held to be baptized *in voto;* and persons desiring to be in the Church, if, through ignorance or error they be out of it, will nevertheless be reckoned in it by the mercy of God. All this I feel applies fully to you, and I have no doubt in saying that you may "rest in hope," waiting to see the way and will of God with this great and lifeful body, the Church of England, meanwhile giving yourself to a life of faith which is not an intellectual state, but a habit of grace in the soul, infused by the Holy Spirit, and nourished by meditation, prayer, and obedience.

I trust and pray that God may increase this in us all, and give you all solace that is for your good.—Believe me, dear madam, your faithful servant in Christ, H. E. MANNING.

In the Archdeacon of Chichester's Diary, seen of no man's eye, in its day, we may reasonably expect to find a truer transcript of his mind on religious questions than in his public utterances, controlled, of necessity, by prudence and discretion, by the fitness of times and seasons, and by the fear of giving scandal or of provoking controversy. In the silent entries or confessions of a diary there is less likelihood, too, of the intrusion of self-consciousness than in letters to friends or confessors. Letters, even *under the seal*, are not so sacred or private as are the entries in a diary.

On the other hand, Manning's Diary, dated 1844-47, was, in its earlier portions, from which I have already quoted, chiefly concerned with minute self-introspection; with examinations of conscience as to his spiritual state; or with what he called his "temptations to secularity." Apart from his Diary, the first indications of his religious doubts and difficulties in regard to the Church of England were given in

his letter of 1847 to Laprimaudaye, his curate and confessor. From the deliberation of his character and the slow processes of his mind it would be natural to infer that the doubts and difficulties which he confessed in 1847 were not of recent growth. Nor were they, for in the year 1846 Manning in his Diary brings, if he believed in it at all, an almost cruel indictment against the Church of England. He describes it as diseased organically and functionally, and with a ruthless knife—if indeed it were not the kind knife of a surgeon—he dissects the diseased body. In this operation there is not a touch or sign of the tenderness or regret which in his letters to Robert Wilberforce of a later period he exhibited towards the Church which he had once loved, but could no longer believe in.

The following entry in the Diary is dated August 1846.

The Church of England seems to me to be diseased :—

1. *Organically.*

(1) Separation from Church *toto orbe diffusa* and from *Cathedra Petri.*
(2) Subjection to civil power *without appeal.*
(3) Abolition of penance.
(4) Extinction of daily sacrifice.
(5) Loss of minor orders.
(6) Mutilated ritual.

2. *Functionally.*

(1) Loss of daily service.
(2) Loss of discipline.
(3) Loss of unity.
 i. Devotion.
 ii. Ritual.
(4) No education for priesthood.
(5) Unsacerdotal life.
 i. Bishops. ii. Priests.
(6) Church effaced from popular conscience.
(7) Popular unbelief of mysteries. Insensibility of invisible world.

The second entry is dated August 1846.

1. We give up all Protestants, and stand alone and against East and West on a plea of deliverance from bondage, and a greater purity of doctrine and life. 2. Can we maintain this? How has the experiment issued? What are its phenomena past and present as to unity and belief of the Real Presence? 3. The Lutheran, the Calvinist, and each would go upon the same theory excluding us. 4. It seems incoherent and inverted to talk of catholicising the Church: we are not means of grace to it, but it to us. The Church must catholicise itself, or rather

cannot be uncatholic, though *we* may. 5. Wherever it seems healthy it approximates the system of Rome, *e.g.* Roman Catholic Catechism, Confession, Guidance, Discipline. 6. These things are potentially ours, but actually we have forfeited them. Using is having, and the Roman Church has them. 7. The same is true of the monastic life. The dissolution of monasteries would not have extinguished the spirit of monasticism if it had existed. The orders were destroyed in France in 1790, but can now count 35,000 members. In England, the Roman Church has already formed 30 convents. If we had the life we should have the orders. 8. The Church of England, after 300 years, has failed—

(1) In unity of doctrine.
(2) In enforcement of discipline.
(3) In training to the higher life.
(4) In holding the *love* as distinct *from* the respect of the people.
(5) In guiding the rich.
(6) In folding the people.

At an earlier date, May 1846, is the following entry:—

I am conscious to myself of an extensively changed feeling towards the Church of Rome.

It seems to me nearer to the truth, and the Church of England in greater peril. Our divisions seem to me to be fatal as a token, and as a disease.

If division do not unchurch us it will waste us away.

I am conscious of being less and less able to preach dogmatically. If I do so, I go beyond our formularies. Though not therefore Roman, I cease to be Anglican.

I am conscious that my sympathy and confidence are much lessened.

There seems about the Church of England a want of antiquity, system, fulness, intelligibleness, order, strength, unity; we have dogmas on paper; a ritual almost universally abandoned; no discipline, a divided episcopate, priesthood, and laity.

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I seem to feel something by an impression of consciousness not to be reasoned out:

1. If John the Baptist were sanctified from the womb, how much more the B. V.!

2. If Enoch and Elijah were exempted from death, why not the B. V. from sin?

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3. It is a strange way of loving the Son to slight the mother!

The following reflections and self-questionings clearly indicate that Manning's mind was approaching step by step to the judgment on the English Church recorded in the first passage quoted from his Diary:

5th July 1846.—Strange thoughts have visited me:

1. I have felt that the Episcopate of the English Church is secularised, and bound down beyond hope.

2. That there are no κοίναι ἔννοιαι to which to appeal for its restoration.

3. I have felt less desire for parliament and public station.

4. And greater difficulty in arguing in favour of the English Church, and in answering objections.

5. Also greater difficulty in objecting against the Roman Church.

6. I feel as if a light had fallen on me. My feeling about the Roman Church is not intellectual. I have intellectual difficulties, but the great moral difficulties seem melting.

7. Something keeps rising and saying, "You will end in the Roman Church."

8. And yet I do not feel at all as if my safety requires any change, and I do feel that a change might be a positive delusion.

9. I think it is a changed feeling towards the two Churches which makes me less secular and desirous of elevation.

10. The thought which has been growing in me, and justifying the Roman doctrine, is the "new creation." All seem to hang on this—

(1) The Incarnation.

(2) The Real Presence. i. Regeneration. ii. Eucharist.

(3) The Exaltation of S. M. and Saints.

Right or wrong, this family of doctrines is preserved by Rome, and cut or regulated by Protestantism.

And I see that the *regula fidei* is held by those who hold them, and lost by those who have lost them.

11. Is all this listening to the tempter?

12. Are they clouds out of a declining heart?

13. Is instability and love of novelty the set-off and counterpoise to ambition?

14. Have I offended as much by the seven deadly sins, and against God's ten commandments, and two precepts, lately as before? I think not.

15. May not this be a feint of the tempter? I fearfully mistrust myself, especially when I see that those who stay seem humbler than those who have left us.

16. I do not feel that I should doubt a moment if the choice lay between Rome and any Protestant body.

17. It is only because the English Church seems to me to be distinct from all Protestant bodies that I have any doubt.

18. If the Church of England were away there is nothing in Rome that would repel me with sufficient repulsion to keep me separate, and there is nothing in Protestantism that would attract me.

19. Is the English Church enough to alter the whole case?

20. I think so.

21. Yet I am conscious that I am further from the English Church and nearer Rome than I ever was.

22. How do I know where I may be two years hence?

Where was Newman five years ago?

May I not be in an analogous place?

23. Yet I have no positive doubts about the Church of England. I have difficulties—but the chief thing is the *drawing* of Rome. It satisfies the WHOLE of my intellect, sympathy, sentiment, and nature, in a way proper, and solely belonging to itself. The English Church is an approximate.

24. And that by my own supplements, ideal, imagination, ritual.

25. I cannot conceal from myself that the mass of the Church would almost disown me. A large body certainly would.

"In the mountain of the Lord it shall be seen."

The meshes seem closing round me.

I feel less able to say Rome is wrong.

Less able to retain our own.

Less able to regain confidence to myself.

I feel as if I had shaken the confidence of my people.

And I am unable to restore it by any anti-Roman declarations.

It is probable that my parish may be troubled. Perhaps He sees that I am settling on my lees.

My parish, which has steadily risen till now.

Perhaps it may go back.

I feel sad and heavy, tongue-tied and worsted.

12*th July*.—The Visitation at Chichester yesterday. Most thankful. Fuller than I ever saw. At the dinner 51; 5 strangers.

I had a cold feeling of destiny upon me—till positive acts raised the beat of my pulse and made me forget realities.

15*th July*.—To-day is my birthday—38. This last year has

opened a strange chapter in my life. I never thought to feel as I feel now, and with my foot upon the step of what I once desired.

15*th July*.— . . . The last entries on this day are full of the sorrows of solitude. This year they are less sensibly present to me. Is He weaning me in preparation for some change approaching? Whether it is greater activity I do not know, but under God I have been, I trust, less overcome by old evils. Is Satan holding back these temptations that others may work with greater subtility? If I serve Satan in one way and by wholesale, he will no doubt suffer me to believe myself clean escaped.

In the following year, 1847, the Diary, filled during his long illness with confessions and examinations of his spiritual state, contains but one or two entries touching doubts and difficulties on matters of faith. "Illness," as he wrote to Robert Wilberforce, "is a release from the schools."

20*th April* 1847.—The two questions are:—

1. Is it the will of our Lord Jesus Christ that His flock should be subject to Saint Peter and his successors?

2. Is it part of the mystery of Pentecost that the Church should be infallible?

I have this difficulty:

If I treat infallibility as a principle, I meet with difficulties in detail, *e.g.* Transubstantiation.

If I judge of the detail, I can find no principle.

As a principle, it is with Rome. Only details with us. Yet if it be a principle, private judgment in detail is shut out.

Admitting—1. The Infallibility of the Church,
2. The Church of Rome that Church,

would the residual difficulties to be received on infallibility be so many as in the English Church, *e.g.* the Canon, the censure of antiquity, the change of the Eucharistic office, and the like?

It is curious to note from these entries that the breakdown of Manning's belief in the English Church took place so early as 1846, two years before Hampden's appointment and four years before the Gorham Judgment. In his sermons and charges there are not the slightest indications of such a misgiving. In his correspondence with Mr. Gladstone at that period not a hint or suggestion was conveyed—not that the Church of England was organically and functionally diseased—but that it had fallen from the high ideal of

perfection, which Manning had so fervently and eloquently attributed to it in his public utterances. From the evidence of his own Diary, from his letters to Laprimaudaye and Robert Wilberforce, it seems as clear as daylight that intellectually Manning had, years before the Gorham Judgment, lost faith in the Church of England. The evidence to the contrary, exhibited in his exhortations to his penitents, which I have recited, I do not think counts for much. They were touching, beautiful little sermons, which, however, were not the transcript of his own inner mind, which did not express, and were not meant to express, his own belief, but were intended only to induce, for their souls' sake, those under his spiritual guidance to abide for a time, putting their trust in God, in peace and hope where they were. Such exhortations were formal utterances, which he considered it his duty as their spiritual director to address to his penitents.

His office in the Church, his duty to penitents, the promptings, deep down in his soul, laid upon Archdeacon Manning's heart a complicated burden. But to respond to the conflicting claims of conscience by laying down contradictory propositions, though undertaken in good faith, was an attempt in the moral order as impossible as that of squaring the circle. So vain and futile an attempt led, almost of necessity, in various ways, to unfortunate misapprehensions and troubles. Imputations cast at the time on his honour and honesty, as he confessed in a letter to Robert Wilberforce, vexed and wounded his heart to the quick. At worst, the double voice which, as we have seen, spoke at times in Manning, was the result of a false system—false in many ways—in which, unhappily, he found himself involved.

What retained Manning in the English Church so long after he had abandoned faith in its mission and teaching, and what entangled his tongue, were not intellectual, but moral difficulties. Moral difficulties which in his Diary he describes as "temptations to secularity"; "shrinkings of flesh and blood," as he tells Robert Wilberforce, from a sacrifice of what was dearest to him in life—his home and hopes; his office and work in the Church of England.

CHAPTER XXIII

ANGLO-CATHOLIC DOCTRINES AND DEVOTIONS

1841-1851

In his Diary 1844-47, and in his letters to Laprimaudaye and Robert Wilberforce, Manning constantly makes use of the somewhat mysterious terms—at all events in those early days—*Under the Seal*, and *In Sacro*. To the initiated among High Church Anglicans these symbolic terms signified the sacrament of penance or confession and the eucharistic sacrifice; outside the Anglican community commonly called the Mass. These holy and wholesome Catholic doctrines Manning, as an Anglican, held and taught, if not in public, in private. In his sermons and charges he practised *οἰκονομία*; or spoke under reserve, or in mere outline, of confession and the eucharistic sacrifice. But in his private exhortations he inculcated these Catholic doctrines in all their fulness. The Archdeacon of Chichester practised what he preached. He offered up, as I have shown, the eucharistic sacrifice for the quick and the dead. He received penitents in confession; and exercising the power of the keys, he loosed them from their sins; pronouncing in due form, while making over them the sign of the cross, the words of absolution.

Protestant prejudice, popular ignorance, and the hostility of the authorities of their own Church, compelled the unhappy High Church Anglicans to cast a veil of mystery or of secrecy over the practice of confession. Instead of being an ordinary and commonplace act of duty practised *coram ecclesia*, confession among the Anglicans was, if I may so

speak, a hole-and-corner affair, spoken of with bated breath, and carried on under lock and key.

None knew better than the wiser of the Puseyites—as in this matter they might be aptly called, since Pusey was, if not the creator, the reviver of auricular confession in the Church of England—the mischievous effects of all this fuss and mystery. One of Manning's intimate friends and disciples, who looked up to him as a master in regard to the teaching and practice of confession, in a letter dated Wantage Vicarage, 29th August 1840, writes as follows:—

My dear Archdeacon—I, too, have been purposing to write to you to express, or try to express, the deep thankfulness with which I look back on your short abode with us, and the support which your words gave to opinions (or I should rather say to a belief) which have long been growing up in my mind.

It has seemed to me that our Church, having weakened the difficulties attending the statement of the true faith in regard to the two great means of grace, has been enjoying a kind of ovation, and, if I may say so, running riot in the glorious views which open themselves as consequences.

The Vicar of Wantage, the Rev. William J. Butler, after stating that the clergy as a body have been neglecting the sterner and more practical methods, are greatly needing a higher standard of religious aiming, deeper spirituality, and stricter self-examination, complains with great warmth that instead of confession being regarded as an ordinary duty, a halo of romance was thrown around it by the secrecy and mystery which attended the practice. He then goes on as follows:—

"The difficulty with which, as Vicar of Wantage, I am confronted in the practice of hearing confessions is the opposition to be feared on the part of the husband to the wife's 'opening her grief' to another man." In his appeal to Manning for counsel on this difficulty, the Vicar of Wantage suggested that the confessions of married women ought not to be countenanced in the Church of England. But he was in doubt whether such a limitation of the right and liberty of confession was lawful or allowable. It seemed like a surrender to a false principle.

How Manning himself met a like difficulty is shown in the

following letter to Mrs. Herbert, the wife of Sidney Herbert.[1] It is a bold and masterly refutation of the supposed right of a husband to control the conscience of a wife in a matter of direct duty to God and of obedience to His ordinances :—

LONDON, 25*th August* 1848.

MY DEAR MRS. HERBERT—Your letter contained a strange contrast of subjects between the interest of your journey and the sad scene you left at Ryde.

It is, indeed, a mournful tale; and I trust God will comfort him, for nobody else can.

I went the week before last to Wantage, and found all going on as I could most wish. The parish is an old county town, much neglected in time past, but dissent weak, and the Church in a passive but recoverable state. The present vicar is an excellent and most devoted man, and with him he has three equally earnest young men; so that they have strength enough for anything; and the whole system seems to be waking up under their touch. Miss Lockhart is established in an old small house, with a very pretty strip of garden at the back, most private and quiet. She has two companions with her, and her work is to be found about five hours a day in the school. The rest of her time is ordered on a very even and good rule of employments and devotion. The vicar is the visitor and guardian of the house, and is most worthy and fit in every way for this office.

She is in correspondence with Miss Nightingale about school matters.

And now let me come to the last matter in your letter, Sidney's feeling is conclusive as to what you ought to do. When the Church lays no injunction (as in the present case) his wish is your rule. With one so loving and so good you can have little doubt that all things necessary for your spiritual welfare will always be abundantly provided for you. I am now, in fact, writing to you both; and my love to him makes me sensitively anxious to add a few more words. The subject being already laid aside as a practical question, what I add is simply because truth (and truth which is divine) makes it necessary that I should set right a point which, if I were silent, might be mistaken.

You wrote of "an entire surrender." Is not this to be limited by the law of God? Conscience and religion are due to God alone, and cannot be surrendered. No woman can forsake the worship of the Church or the Holy Sacrament on the ground of prohibition. God commands, and no man can forbid. So, if,

[1] Now Lady Herbert of Lea.

upon her death-bed, she is burdened in mind and desires to confess, no human prohibition can hinder.

So again, if "unable to quiet herself," before coming to the Holy Sacrament, she desires to open her grief to God's minister, no fellow-creature can come between her and the absolution of Christ.

But I feel sure that you both intended these limitations; I only refer to them because I should reproach myself for an omission of duty if I seemed to accept the words without such restrictions as the law of God has made. But there is another point on which, for my own sake also, I wish to add a word.

When you speak of a confidence which tends to separate those whom God has joined, you did not think I would accept such a confidence to save my life. Nor that any part of the office of Christ's servants has a tendency to such separation. He does not contradict Himself; or throw down what He has built up.

If it merely mean that such an office may be misused, that is true, for even the Holy Sacraments are the occasions of sacrilege.

But such is not the effect or tendency of the office which He created and conferred by the words, "Whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained." Perhaps it is an over-sensitiveness of mind, as well as a love for you both, my dear friends, which makes me feel a very lively anxiety that you should rightly understand me.

Any confidence inconsistent with the will and commission of our Lord as expressed above, I trust, God helping me, I would rather die than accept.

But I cannot even by silence countenance the thought that His commission and institution are other than holy, blessed, and merciful. Dear Sidney, and both of you, accept this from a very unworthy friend who heartily loves you, and does his best to pray for you daily. And do you both remember him in your prayers who not only as a friend desires that God may ever bless you both.—Believe me, for His sake, yours ever,

H. E. MANNING.[1]

It was a common practice for Manning, even in the days when in his charges or sermons he was denouncing "Romanism" and the popes, to hear confessions at Lavington and Oxford, as well as at Wantage and elsewhere. It

[1] It is a pity such a letter as this, explaining the principle that underlies the relation of confessor and penitent, had not been published in that day of gross misstatements and bitter controversy.

must be admitted that "the halo of romance" thrown round the practice of confession—of which the Vicar of Wantage so feelingly complained, was in no small measure due to the mystery or secrecy attached to the performance of the act, even by Manning himself. At Lavington, for instance, it was his practice to walk from the rectory to the church at a time when no service was going on, and no congregation present; in a few minutes, by appointment, his penitent would follow. On one occasion, when a near relative of the Archdeacon's was staying with her family at the rectory, the children, playing of an afternoon in the grounds, were surprised to see "Uncle Henry" walking towards the church. No bell had rung for service: the church was closed. Presently their mother passed along the gravel walk in the same direction. In their eager curiosity to discover the meaning of this novel proceeding the children scampered across the lawn to the church door, when their wondering eyes discovered "Uncle Henry" seated on a big armchair with his back to the altar, and their mother kneeling on the altar step.[1]

Many of Manning's penitents in his Anglican days have given me the benefit of their experiences of his method and manner as a confessor and spiritual director. They all are

[1] In his *Reminiscences of Cardinal Manning*, the late Father Lockhart likewise bore witness to the mystery attending the practice of confession; to the strict secrecy enforced by the locking of the door of the silent and empty church. Archdeacon Manning had come up to Oxford and was staying at Merton College. Father Lockhart gave the following graphic account of his first confession to the archdeacon:—"It was arranged that I should go to him on the next day. He was waiting for me, and taking the keys of the church we entered that beautiful gem of fourteenth-century Gothic. I do not think I had seen it before. I do not remember to have seen it since, but I well remember the solemn impression of the place in its 'dim religious light.' When we were alone in the church he locked the door, and, having put on his surplice, he led me to the altar rail and made me kneel there. He read over to me from the large folio Service Book the prayer 'Renew in him, most loving Father, whatsoever hath been decayed by the fraud and malice of the devil, or by his own carnal will and frailty.' I have never forgotten the deep seriousness of those moments. Then I made my confession, but in a most imperfect manner; he asked me not a question, but I believe I made it with such sincerity and resolve against sin, that I have great hope that, quite independent of the words of absolution, God gave me the grace of true contrition."—*Dublin Review*, April 1892, p. 375.

of one mind in testifying to his kindly, personal interest in their spiritual welfare and mode of life. His manner was solemn, impressive in the extreme, and "almost awful," as one of his penitents described it. He spoke with absolute assurance and authority, as one holding "the keys." He never allowed any one for an instant to forget his position as a penitent on his knees before him, mentally as well as physically. Any doubts as to the safety of remaining in the Church of England or desires or inclinations to join the Church of Rome, were suppressed as temptations to evil. The confessor laid it down as a law that all doubts should be put aside, as well as everything which led to such doubts; such as intercourse with Roman Catholics, controversial reading, intellectual discussions on religious topics. His penitents were bade to remain where they were: to devote more time to prayer and meditation: to cultivate the interior life, where at any rate safety was: to put their trust in God; and in humility of heart leave themselves in His hands. Though he never, like Pusey, took upon himself "the responsibility before God of the souls of his penitents"—an assumption so monstrous as to be almost inconceivable—Manning succeeded by the profession of the certitude of his belief in the English Church—never expressed with greater authority up to the last than in the confessional—to retain captive his penitents, many of whom remained captive still, until the conversion of their confessor and spiritual director set them free.

To those of his penitents who were more advanced in spiritual life their confessor would give detailed rules in writing for their guidance. With this end in view he prescribed for every day in the week spiritual exercises, meditations, and examination of conscience in special reference to their besetting sin. Such examination was to be made in preparation for confession.

The question of jurisdiction or of receiving "faculties" from their bishops did not seem for an instant to trouble the head of these father confessors in the Anglican Church. Pusey appears to have enjoyed a roving commission as con-

fessor-general to penitents in every diocese, without leave or license from the bishop. Manning, if not so public or prolific a father confessor as Pusey, had no scruples in hearing confessions and giving absolutions outside his own parish church or archdeaconry or diocese.[1] Bishop Otter, in his easy, good-natured way, might have granted "faculties," or leave and license, had he for a moment fancied he possessed such a power, to the Archdeacon of Chichester. But of a certainty Bishop Shuttleworth would have scouted with indignation the bare mention of such a thing as the sacrament of Penance, had Manning so far forgotten his prudence or diplomatic tact as to have spoken to his bishop on the subject of confession. But some other bishops—a few, indeed—did not condemn confession as a "Popish" practice. In a letter to Manning, dated Hursley Vicarage, 22nd Sunday after Trinity, 1848, Keble says:—"You know the Bishop of London has been advised by Upton Richards of what he does in the way of confession and absolution, and has made no difficulty about it. The St. Saviour's people (Leeds) do not go one inch beyond it, if so far." This is the postscript to Keble's letter, which, however, contains the pith of it, since it shows that Dr. Blomfield, Bishop of London, gave at any rate tacit sanction to the practice of confession.

Though the hearing of confessions was practised with impunity by Mr. Upton Richards and others in London, by Dr. Pusey everywhere, and by Archdeacon Manning at Lavington and Oxford, it was denounced and prohibited at St. Saviour's, by Dean Hook, Vicar of Leeds.

In the following letter Archdeacon Manning recommended one of his own penitents to the Rev. W. Dodsworth, Perpetual Curate of Christ Church, St. Pancras, as a fit and proper person for spiritual direction:—

[1] The old habit, engrained in the Archdeacon of Chichester, of hearing confessions in any diocese he thought fit, without asking the Bishop's permission, showed itself for a time in the Archbishop of Westminster. Manning fancied that, as archbishop or metropolitan, he had the right to hear confessions in any diocese. He, however, after his attention had been called to the matter, gave up doing so, saying that he thought it "safer" to obtain from the Bishop of the diocese permission to hear confessions.

44 Cadogan Place.

My dearest Friend—This note will be given to you by my friend Richard Cavendish, who has asked me to commend him to a confessor, who will be able to see him when he needs it in London.

To whom can I commend him but to yourself, knowing how true-hearted and loving you are as a friend![1]

You will find him most excellent in every way. Ill health has perhaps made him more sensitive than he need be; and he will be worthy of all your tenderness.

I believe his whole heart to be set upon loving God and saving his soul. My impression of his goodness is very great.

You will, I know, receive him and cherish him for his own sake and for mine.—Believe me, my dearest friend, yours very affectionately in J. C. H. E. Manning.

On the subject of confession Manning wrote as follows to R. Wilberforce:—

Lavington, 4*th December* 1848.

My dearest Robert—We cannot differ about any matter of moment. Perhaps it is that I do not understand what you write about confession. In one of your letters to me at Rome you said the same; I did not say anything, supposing that we mean the same thing.

It appears to me that *confession* can in no way be called a counsel of perfection. It may be of the nature of a counsel to confess *frequently*. But confession is the *precept of penitence*. Even among us, where it is voluntary, it is an act of repentance, not of perfection. And the preaching it with all strength is most needed by those who are *furthest off from perfection*.

But I am sure we must mean the same. As to frequency, no doubt it needs care, like frequent communion.

Last night I read Lord Chichester's letter with real sorrow. I have great regard for him; but his letter is odious.—Ever yours very affectionately, H. E. M.

Spiritual direction, carried on by means of correspondence, was a favourite method with Archdeacon Manning, partly perhaps on account of the difficulties which beset auricular confession in the Anglican communion in those early days of the Catholic revival, partly because of the wide dispersion of his penitents. In those days, father-confessors in the

[1] In the Anglican community at the time, the father-confessor was addressed as "Friend," the penitent as "Child" or "Dear Child."

Church of England were few — they might perhaps be counted on the fingers of both hands—and penitents, wherever the *Tracts for the Times* and the sermons of Pusey and Keble reached, were springing up like blades of grass in the early spring. Where others sowed, Manning reaped. His reputation for austere holiness and for prudence attracted all those men and women who, in their doubts and difficulties, felt a need for spiritual direction. They who came to him to solve their doubts as to the claims of Rome over their consciences, or as to the shortcomings of the English Church, received in return counsels of perfection. They were bidden, speaking broadly, not to trouble their heads about controversies and deep intellectual discussions which they might or might not understand, but devote their hearts to the love of God and to interior holiness of life. How the growth in holiness was to be attained, Manning pointed out in his spiritual directions to his penitents. For instance, he would teach the virtue of fasting, especially in Advent and Lent, or an additional half-hour given to meditation, or to examination of past life, or to preparation for communion, or how to attain a virtue which was wanting, or to overcome a besetting sin. To those of his penitents who were travelling in foreign countries, and therefore unable at holy seasons to keep their spiritual observances, their periods of retirement for meditation or confession, their absent spiritual director enjoined on them acts of interior prayer, mortification of the will, or at table instead of fasting—little secret acts of self-denial. They, who came to Manning to solve their religious doubts and difficulties, found in him, not a theological teacher, but a spiritual director, who led them on step by step into the ways of self-denial, humility, and obedience. There was one other lesson left, as was intended, on their hearts and minds. It was this—That they must needs be safe in remaining in a Church which was believed in with such absolute certitude by one so holy and wise as their spiritual director. Many of them were so overawed by his austere presence and by his assured belief as not even to venture to make known their doubts or difficulties. Whether Manning's spiritual

children remained with him in the Church of England or preceded him to the Church of Rome, there can be little or no question that his spiritual direction did much to promote in all growth in holiness, and even in those of his penitents who adhered unto his guidance to the end, with a few exceptions, their eventual growth in faith.

Spiritual direction by letters, which Manning practised in the Anglican Church, was developed almost into a fine art in the letters or notes innumerable addressed to his spiritual children in the Catholic Church. In these terse little sermons, the counsels of perfection were presented in the neatest of forms, and embellished with infinite literary grace. The flavour of personal consideration or affection, enhanced by religious fervour, gave a charm of its own to these spiritual exhortations and to the golden maxims with which they abound.

It is but bare justice to state that the spiritual direction of Pusey, and Keble, and Manning, and Upton Richards of Margaret Street Chapel, London, and of Bennett of St. Barnabas, and Father Carter of Clewer, and the priests of St. Saviour's, Leeds, and of their successors innumerable to-day in the Church of England, has trained up, all over the land, men and women of exemplary piety, self-denial, and holiness of living. Believing in simple faith, that the priests of their Church possess the power of conferring upon them sacramental graces, crowds of pious and God-fearing Anglicans are to be found in every town and city of England, attending early celebration, going to confession and communion with a zeal and fervour which often puts their Catholic neighbours to shame.

Speaking, on one occasion, on this subject with Cardinal Manning, he paid a high tribute to the marvellous progress made by the Church of England in our generation. He said :—

When I first went to work in Sussex in 1833, the churches were open only once a week, on Sundays and on Christmas Day. There were no Saints' days observed : Ascension Day even was not kept. Communion was only given once a year, at least in the country ; in London and other cities not oftener than four

times a year. Spirituality had died out of the Church. Now there are daily services almost everywhere, and frequent communions; in the cities the communions are weekly. Saints' days are kept; special devotional services and spiritual exercises are common. Churches have been multiplied all over the land, and Christian schools founded and endowed. The Church of England has made a marvellous progress. The wave of Agnosticism, which has passed over the land and affected the intellectual classes, has not retarded its advance. It is going steadily onward towards some great end—who shall doubt it?—in the designs of Providence.

This generous tribute to the great work of the Church of England is all the more worthy of special notice since Manning has often been accused, and at one time perhaps not altogether unjustly, of speaking unkindly or disdainfully of the English Church. Be that, however, as it may, of late years especially, the Cardinal watched with interest and sympathy the progress of the Church of England. No one can look back at the religious deadness, especially in the Established Church; the empty formalism of its services; its repudiation of the sacramental system; its *Hoadleyism*, if I may so speak, which prevailed before the Tractarian movement, and contrast all this darkness and deadness with the light and life to be found to-day in the Anglican Church, without a feeling of wonder and gratitude. Between 1833 and the end of the century the Church of England has been totally transformed in faith, in spirit, and character, by the new life and fire put into it by the labours, the zeal, and the creative genius of John Henry Newman.

CHAPTER XXIV

UNSETTLEMENT IN FAITH—MANNING'S LETTERS TO ROBERT WILBERFORCE

1845-1850 (26th February)

UNSETTLEMENT in religious opinions, a state of mind which Manning deprecated so much in others, had now befallen himself. The remedies or precautions which he had prescribed with such fervent confidence in their efficacy to his friends or penitents—and which he still continued to prescribe—he now found were of no avail against his own religious doubts and difficulties. "Physician" — false physician — "heal thyself," rang in his ears. He had humbled his heart: had knelt in prayer: had confessed as a sin his doubts, his disbelief in the Church of his birth and baptism. In vain were his meditations on "the saints which, generation after generation, for 300 years, God," as he had fondly imagined, "had raised up as a token of His vivifying presence in the Church of England." He had done more. He had sought in vain such signs and tokens by every device his mind or memory could suggest. In the vain hope of hushing the still small voice, which troubled heart and conscience, he had turned aside, as he bade penitents suffering like himself to do, from the contemplation of his own mind; from religious controversies or discussions; and had devoted himself with renewed zeal to pastoral work; or busied himself, as an ecclesiastical statesman, with plans and projects for liberating the Church from the bondage of the civil power. But all in vain. Archdeacon Manning no longer believed in Anglicanism; its whole religious system

had broken down; the foundations on which it rested had crumbled beneath his feet.

What to us now, and henceforward to the end, are the Archdeacon of Chichester's sermons and speeches, or his conferences with bishops or statesmen, or his public acts? All this is the mere outside show of things; a system of self-defence against what he considered premature suspicions, or anticipations injurious to his personal or public influence. What the readers of Manning's life are most interested in—care most about knowing—is, what were during these years of trial the inner workings and struggles of his heart and soul, the real state of his religious opinions, and the reasons why he remained an Anglican so long after his faith in the English Church had faded out of his mind. All this is to be found, and found only, in his correspondence with Robert Wilberforce.

In his public acts and utterances, charges and sermons, tracts and pamphlets, and in his correspondence, intimate though it was, with Mr. Gladstone, Manning, it must be remembered, did not always think it judicious or expedient to speak his whole mind.

Manning's correspondence, at least of any moment, with Robert Wilberforce began in 1843. The earlier letters were, in the main, those of an ecclesiastical statesman, whose chief aim was to liberate the Church of England from the control of parliament, and to confer upon it liberty of independent action and the right of self-government by the establishment of provincial synods.[1]

But Manning's letters to Robert Wilberforce of a later

[1] The following letter to Robert Wilberforce, dated 5th June 1843, is a specimen of the earlier stage of correspondence. After expressing real sorrow that it was impossible to pay a visit to Yorkshire, Manning says:—"From this time onward I have a succession of work. July is my visitation, and it is all I can do to keep my head above water." . . . "But, believe me, I share with you to the full in *nil ego contuleri me*, especially when you are the *amicus;* for I know what are the siftings of life in no small measure." Manning then goes on to the subject which at that date lay nearest his heart. Speaking of the competency of Parliament to legislate for the Church, he says:—"It seems to me—(1) That Parliament is the supreme Civil legislature. (2) That its power to legislate for the Church is not derived from its being in communion with the Church; but (1) From its own authority in all things

date are those of a man whose sensitive conscience is wounded to the quick by growing doubts, which he frankly and fully confesses in the hope of dispelling them; but which culminate at last in the year 1849 in an utter break-down of his belief in the Anglican Church.

In his letters to Robert Wilberforce, which exceed a hundred in number, Manning is seen in many ways to greater advantage than in anything else which he has written. They exhibit, in the first place, real affection and tenderness. Sincerity and perfect candour mark the whole course and contents of this correspondence. There is no affectation, no reserve, no unreality about it. To Robert Wilberforce Manning spoke out his whole mind and heart. As a seeker after truth he showed intense earnestness, a deep sense of responsibility, and fear of the Lord. As the truth dawned upon his mind he exhibited, in the spirit of a martyr, a heroic readiness to sacrifice everything dear to his heart,—home and friends, hopes and ambitions, his work and position in the Church. There was humility, too, in the way in which he recognised Robert Wilberforce's intellectual superiority and deeper reading; though Manning displayed a stronger will and prompter determination in action, as well as a quicker insight into the untenable position of Anglicanism. There is something very pathetic in the way in which Manning clung to the Church he had loved so well, hoping against hope that it might yet come out of the ordeal, through which it was passing, unscathed. His own prospects, his desire for elevation in the Church of England, which at one period had filled his heart with hope and joy, he had given up, after 1847, because his conscience feared that high ecclesiastical office might darken his

not spiritual; (2) From the *acquiescence* of the Church in things *in ordine ad spiritualia*.

"The question, therefore, I should put is not—How Parliament forfeited its competency? but, Is there a case for the Church to withdraw its acquiescence which would be equivalent to an opposition of the two powers, as before Constantine? I do not think the time has come yet. But it may; not because of schismatics in Parliament; but because of the specific acts of Parliament. Such a case might equally arise though both Houses were in communion with the Church."

judgment on pending theological questions, or destroy singleness of eye. In the unsettlement of his religious opinions the hope of a mitre faded out of his heart.

These letters to Robert Wilberforce give a clear and connected history of the changes in Manning's religious opinions—the gradual growth and remorseless strengthening of his doubts as to the character and position of the English Church; the drawing of heart and intellect towards the Church of Rome; and the development of a belief—fatal to Anglicanism—in the Unity and Infallibility of the Church. It was not the Gorham case which shattered Manning's faith in the Church of England, for before the Gorham Judgment was pronounced or formulated he had utterly lost all belief in Anglicanism as forming a part of the Church of Christ. The Gorham Judgment, and the acceptance by the Bishops and by the Church of England collectively, of the royal supremacy in things spiritual, and the "No Popery" outcry, were indeed, under the grace of God, the external agents which drove Manning, still hesitating, still hoping for escape even by a divine interposition, out of the Church of England, and indirectly led to his submission to the Catholic Church.

Manning's Letters to R. Wilberforce in 1845

In the first letter of 1845, Manning speaks of the unsettlement of religious opinions even among the elect—for he is speaking of his own penitents—and the difficulty he experiences "in dealing solidly with the realities of our relation to the Roman Church":—

Lavington, 30*th June* 1845.

My dear Robert—I have longed greatly to see you in quiet, and to have the help and benefit of your judgment on some of the heavy events which are hanging over us.

The extent to which unsettlement has extended itself is a serious matter. At this moment (let this be kept to yourself) I am directly or indirectly in communication with not less than seven cases, I might make the number larger.

And I deeply feel that, with my little reasoning and constant

active work, it is impossible for me, even if I were by nature able, to deal with the merely intellectual questions which are coming upon us.

I especially desire to join with you in this because some of the ablest and dearest of those round us fail to satisfy me in some of the conditions necessary for dealing fairly and solidly with the realities of our relation to the Roman Church. Whenever we have compared our thoughts I have felt that we feel the same points to be weak and strong.

You will find in the enclosed all I can offer on our last meeting. You have placed me in a position of great rebuke and humiliation, and I thank you for this at least.—Ever yours very affectionately, H. E. MANNING.

Unsettlement, which was vexing the minds of others near and dear to him, had not as yet reached Manning's own mind, at least so far as to shake his belief in the English Church as to make it not safe to stay. But doubts and misgivings as to the Anglican system had already entered into his mind. What however, at this juncture, perplexed him most was the chaotic state of Anglican theology, as the following letter shows:—

LAVINGTON, *6th October* 1845.[1]

. . . Everything, my dear Robert, has conspired to draw us together in brotherly love. . . . Our meetings have been so few and hurried, and I long for a time when we can, without interruption and alone, really weigh some of the matters which are now forced upon us.

I was glad some time ago to see by your answer that you are less anxious about the theological questions now afloat than I am. It makes me believe that I am over-sensitive to them, or that I do not yet feel the force of some answers which are really sufficient.

But my anxiety does not extend to doubts, for nothing can shake my belief of the presence of Christ in our Church and sacrament. I feel incapable of doubting it: again, the saints who have ripened round our altars for 300 years make it impossible for me to feel it a question of safety.

But it seems to me that our theology is a chaos, we have no principles, no form, no order, or structure, or science. It seems to me inevitable that there must be a true and exact *intellectual* tradition of the Gospel, and that the scholastic theology is (more

[1] This was written two days before Newman's conversion.

or less) such a tradition, we have rejected it and substituted nothing in its room. Surely divine truth is susceptible, within the limits of revelation, of an expression and a proof as exact as the inductive sciences. Theology must be equally capable of a "history and a philosophy" if we had a Master of Trinity to write them.

This is what I want to see either done or shown to be impossible or needless.

With all kind and brotherly wishes, my dear Robert, yours very affectionately, H. E. M.

In the years 1846-47 there were but few letters exchanged between Manning and Robert Wilberforce.

In the year 1846, what Manning in his confessions called "temptations to secularity," reached their culminating point. In other words, the Archdeacon of Chichester, thrown back by Newman's conversion and its consequences, forbore to pursue his inquiries into the theological difficulties which had beset his mind, forwent his correspondence with R. Wilberforce as to his misgivings about the position of the Anglican Church and its relations to Rome; but on the other hand, striking out a new line of action, he mixed more freely than he had ever done before in London society, political and ecclesiastical, in the view or hope of being recognised as a peacemaker, a healer of the breach in the Church of England, caused by what he and Mr. Gladstone alike called Newman's "fall." Illness, long and severe, in 1847, or his going abroad in search of health, interrupted the correspondence, or, as Manning wrote to Robert Wilberforce, "is a release from the schools."

There were one or two letters after his illness and before he went abroad. Here is one of special interest on Bunsen's *Church of the Future*:—

LAVINGTON, 11*th May* 1847.

MY DEAR ROBERT—Did our letters cross? I think they must. If so it is a proof of occult sympathies, if not between archdeacons, at least between you and me.

Many thanks for your kind words. You know how heartily I feel and return them. My wish to see you arose out of the feeling you expressed on your side; as well as from affection.

Since we met I have thought more of the subject of your MS. which you read to me; and I seem to feel more confirmed in what I said. I should much like to have a time when we could really state and test one or two points on which all others hang. And it seems to me more and more necessary to do so, for I fancy that we are at this time at a crisis.

As yet it is too soon for the German system to show itself in form, or in any other way than by negations of positive truths, or what is much worse, in destroying the inward belief of positive truths, which are still verbally retained, for instance the words Church, Inspiration, etc. If we look to our rulers, who is there that affirms Catholic dogmas or Catholic tradition for truth or for proof?

I have just read the first chapter of Bunsen's *Church of the Future*, and I have only one word for it, and that is, impudent. Is it possible that this is the amount of knowledge on which he trades? It is like an Exeter Hall speech. What does he mean by calling the Catholic hierarchy *Byzantine?* How did St. Cyprian get his notion of the episcopate? But these are the great swelling words by which even good and able men are gulled on all sides. But his book is a boon, it is a fresh proof that there is no standing between Protestantism and the fourth century. And to this we are all but come.

Carey's *Dante* is a wonderful book as I always think. It not only represents Dante, but it is a masterpiece of English. I quite feel what you say. No book has more entirely got itself into my mind and belief, at least in outline, and it seems to me to be, as you say, a proof of what the Church has had written at all times.

I do not know when I shall get to London, but I thank God I feel much better.—Ever yours affectionately,

H. E. MANNING.

44 CADOGAN PLACE, *7th October* 1847.

MY DEAR ROBERT—As to Innocent I. there is no doubt that the tradition of St. Peter sitting at Antioch, and its consequent precedence, is as long before acknowledged—and the Nicean Council adds Alexandria to the two *sedes Petri*, the only two existing Patriarchates. I feel this go the other way. The "*non tam audi*" would have no force, if the fact of St. Peter's chair had not been already acknowledged.

Now I have this day referred a clergyman to you, who wrote to me for solution of doubts on this point.

Forgive me, for you have bid me graze, and I hope the dews from heaven may fall upon my rest.—Yours very affectionately,

H. E. M.

But in the following year, 1848, the correspondence was renewed on a far larger scale and dealt with topics of vital importance, going down to the very roots of things in regard to both faith and conduct.

Manning's Letters to Robert Wilberforce in 1848-49

The great doubts which in 1845 had possessed Manning's mind as to the tenable position of the English Church, had in 1848 developed into a settled conviction, as his letters show, that he could no longer attack the teaching of Rome; no longer defend the essential errors he had discovered in Anglicanism, and was still day by day discovering. His long illness and the opportunity which it had afforded him for meditation and reflection had weaned his heart from ecclesiastical ambitions; had purified in no small measure his spiritual vision. If the city of the Popes and its associations, historical and spiritual, had no influence over his heart, his mind at least must have been affected, perhaps unconsciously, by fervent participation in Catholic worship, in frequent and friendly intercourse with priests and monks. In letters from Rome to relatives and friends, and even to Robert Wilberforce, it is curious to note that Manning went so far as to disclaim not only the influence of the locality, but intercourse even with those whom he called "San Pietrini."

In the following letter, Manning expressed anew his fear lest his judgment should be biassed by such worldly attractions as expectations of a bishopric; and it was because he knew Robert Wilberforce was free from such a weakness that he confided in, and leant on, him.

Under the Seal.

Rome, *2nd Sunday after Christmas.*

My dear Robert— . . . I look much to you and lean much upon you. For I know no one with whom I more sympathise. And I know you to be a candid and laborious student; what is more, I believe that the expectations of a bishopric, with the hope of wide usefulness, would not warp your convictions. You have too much mastered your

own will to be drawn aside even by the strong attractions which are around you. It has been my prayer that such may be my case lest I should have eyes and see not. Do you remember asking me at the time of the Sub-almoner affair whether I refused it from unwillingness to involve myself further in our system? I said, No, because that was not my fear. I did fear, and put it down at the time, lest the sphere of attraction should bias me in weighing the great doubts which had then fully opened themselves to me. Now this is what I believe you to be free from, I confide in you because it is so, and lean on you. I have as far as possible done as you wished me, and set my mind free by reading German and Italian, and by living in the open air. But I cannot say that anything has made much difference. Things seem to me clearer, plainer, shapelier, and more harmonious; things which were only in the head have got down into the heart; hiatuses and gaps have bridged themselves over by obvious second thoughts, and I feel a sort of *processus* and expansion going on which consolidates all old convictions, and keeps throwing out the premisses of new ones. Still I can say I have never felt the fear of safety or pressure of conscience which alone justifies a change. I have endless matter I should like to have your thoughts upon.

May all grace be with you this New Year, my dearest brother.—Ever your unworthy servant and friend,

H. E. M.

P.S.—As I have been writing it has grown so dark that I fear you cannot read it.

Under the Seal.

ROME, 12*th February* 1848.

MY DEAR ROBERT—I did not mean to write to you again so soon, for I intended to wait till after Dr. Hampden's consecration should be completed. But the case is sufficiently accomplished to leave no doubt of the end, and I therefore wish to ask your help.

I feel my position altered by this event, and unless the reasons which I will give can be shown to be without force, I am afraid of thinking of the future.

1. I am convinced (by my own reading of them) that Hampden's Bampton Lectures are heretical in *matter*.

2. And still more, that they are heretical in *form*. His system is the science of heresy.

3. The Church of England was hardly saved from partaking in his heterodoxy by the censure of the University in 1836 and 1842, he being left in full communion.

4. The Episcopate is fully made partaker in his heterodoxy by his consecration, and the whole Church, priesthood, and laity in communion with the Episcopate.

5. This case differs from Hoadley, etc., in this vital point: Hampden is confirmed and consecrated, being under positive suspension and censure, and his soundness is the cardinal point in the contest. By consecration the Episcopate gives sentence in his favour, and invests him with the special custody and dispensation of doctrine.

6. But supposing the case of Hampden to be no worse than the case of Hoadley, it only proves that the Church of England has abdicated its office as a keeper of Catholic tradition a century sooner than I hoped, and that we have borne with evils till we are blind to their moral character and its consequences.

7. The great tradition of the world and of the Church is the Θεολογια, the knowledge of God; and Hampden's system undermines this, both in its matter and form, in its substance and proof. This seems to me to be the capital offence of any branch of the Church, and fatal to its divine character.

8. The separation of the English episcopate from the whole episcopate under heaven, the denial of Catholic doctrine in substance by a large body of the English priesthood, *e.g.* the doctrine of the sacraments, the Christian sacrifice, the visible and divine polity of the Church (articles of the Baptismal Creed) and the rejection of Catholic doctrine in *form* by the rejection of Catholic tradition as the rule of faith, the historical fact that the Church of England has made common cause with Protestantism as a mass, even in its degeneracy, as in the Jerusalem Bishopric; all these have for a long time deprived me of the power of claiming for it the undoubted guidance of the Holy Spirit along the path of Catholic tradition. It is not from the Church we receive it, but from our own books and our own private judgment.

9. This last event exemplifies the same impotence and uncertainty of witness in the highest doctrine of the divine revelation. It is in vain to speak of the Church of England as a witness, except as an epitaph. Its living office and character are tampered with; and its living, speaking testimony is not trustworthy.

10. I am left without defence. I cannot rest the Church of England and its living witness on anything higher than an intellectual basis. I trust it, because I *think* it to be right, not because I believe it to be right. It is a subject of my reason, and not an object of my faith.

11. And this event has brought out a miserable truth,

namely, that the civil power is the ultimate judge of doctrine in England, a principle which is not more heretical than atheistical.

12. If it be not the ultimate judge, "when, if not now," shall the case arise for denying and resisting the claim?

13. Not to deny and resist it, is to consent, or at least to suffer the claim, against which loyalty to our Divine Lord, the salvation of His people, the Christian rights of the Church's posterity, and our own soul-sake binds us to spend every day, and every power of our life. My dear Robert, you will not misunderstand me, as if I thought myself to be anything. God knows, what I am humbles and alarms me. And it is under this condition that I add, that I do not know how I can serve a body I cannot defend. I seem *reduced* to a choice between my faith and all its foundations on one side, and all that life has, which is dear to me, on the other. The grounds on which I have striven, and under God not without hope, to keep others in the Church of England, are falsified. And I dare not seek or retain any influence but that of Truth, and the influence over individuals which only Truth has given henceforward has no foundation. It must be either given up or kept by unfairness in spite of Truth, which is impossible.

Dear Robert, do not think I am under any effect of ill-health, or sensitiveness, or locality, or momentary provocation, or the like.

What I have written has been steadily advancing in my mind these ten years, and outward events do but verify old fears, and project old convictions upon realities.

I will, as I promised you, be guided by you, and lean my whole weight upon you, and I know you will not offer me shadows for truths.—Ever yours affectionately, H. E. MANNING.

This letter was written under the seal of confession, and is, therefore, the most trustworthy evidence of Manning's religious opinions at the time. The condemnation which it expresses of Hampden as guilty of heresy could not have been clearer, or more emphatic or more complete, and offers a strange contrast to the way in which, on his return to England, he dealt in his Charge, July 1848, as Archdeacon of Chichester, with the Hampden case.

ROME, 15*th February* 1848.

MY DEAR ROBERT—I got your letter to-day with great joy, for I have had few lately, hardly any of special interest. In hopes of drawing another, I begin at once to put you into debt.

Before I go to anything else, I should like to make a few notes on your letters.

Of course I have been grieved beyond measure about our brother's share in the Hampden matter. But, with you, I believe he did what he honestly thought was right; and I know that the special points of difference between him and myself are just those on which this case turned. He, therefore, was consistent to his own views; but this even grieves me more, for I feel as if we had drifted asunder in a wreck.

How far, as a matter of history, Newman's leaving us is the cause of this I do not know, but even if he had foreseen it, with his convictions he could not have stayed. I say this, because your words had a sound of reproach, which probably you did not mean. I am not aware of any sensation I have made. Happily, over the Alps one has peace. What have I said? As to Confession, I have nowhere said it is necessary. I have only said that it is our way of safety, lest we deceive ourselves as to our repentance and forgiveness. I hope I have said nothing untrue, and then I feel no care. A spade is a spade —*et rudes sunt Macedones.*

As to Saint Ignatius, if you will write to me any tangible points, I will get Perrone or Passaglia, or both, to look at them. It is too absurd to have that Royal and Right Reverend Bishop of All Babbles, with his King and Priest nonsense, coming to tell us that Saint Ignatius was a Presbyterian.[1]

I am very glad to hear that you are at your Work, and I should much like to hear you read it. You are on the one subject to which I feel all my thoughts are drawn, and it is that subject which has brought me to my present belief, the Guidance of the Holy Spirit. But it is this, above all, which demands for its support a basis higher than intellect, individual or provincial. God knows, my dear Robert, that every bond and tie of friendship and love, and a kindred higher than blood, to say nothing of every lower affection, which makes up home to me, bribe me into a state next to blindness, in the great issue between England and Rome.

[1] Later in life, Cardinal Manning apparently borrowed a leaf from the book of the "Bishop of All Babbles"; for, in one of his autobiographical Notes, he said:—There is only a plank between the Jesuits and Presbyterianism. . . . They are papal by their vow, but in their spirit they are less papal than anti-episcopal. The claim of special dependence on the Pope breeds everywhere a spirit of independence of local authority. This is a grave danger to them, and few of them escape it. Their anti-episcopal spirit shows itself in their treatment of their own men when they become bishops. . . . They are like the Low Church Evangelicals in the Anglican Church, who look upon their bishops as "enemies of vital godliness."

But there are truths so primary and despotic that I cannot elude them. Such is the infallibility of the mystical body of Christ on earth through the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. I could as soon disbelieve the canon of Scripture or the perpetuity of the Church. Infallibility is not an accident, it is a property, as inseparable by the Divine Will as perpetuity. This is evident to me from holy Scripture, from Catholic tradition, from internal and necessary relations of divine Truth and divine acts, as well as from Reason which alone would prove nothing.

I cling to the Church of England, because, trusting that it is a portion of the visible Church, it partakes of this undoubted divine property.

If it does not partake of this property it affords no foundation for my faith. It is useless to offer me antiquity for my foundation. What do I know of antiquity? At my next birthday, if I live, I shall be forty. I must rest on something which itself rests continuously on antiquity, whose consciousness is therefore continuous, running down from the Day of Pentecost to this hour.

I cannot hide from myself that the state of England alarms me in this point. It cannot be denied that we have two contradictory theologies. Our episcopate is divided even in articles of the Apostles' Creed, *e.g.* the Church and the Sacraments. I am afraid that Hampden, if consecrated, will force us to confess more. Our priesthood is, if possible, more divided than the episcopate; and our laity are driven different ways, till the whole belief of a Church, teaching in God's name and with a pledge of divine guidance, is wasted away.

Surely it is not enough to say that our formularies are sound. Suppose it; but what are doctrines on paper, when the living speaking Church contradicts, or permits contradiction, of its own definitions? If the articles had to be judged at the last day instead of our souls, their orthodoxy might cover our unbelief. How long is this to go on? I am ready to say—I do not say that the Church of England teaches the doctrine of the Real Presence, but I must say that either those that deny it or I ought not to be priests of the same Church.

With these things which uninvited dwell in my mind as axioms or innate ideas, I confess I feel no acquiescence in our state. But I feel in God's hands. Till I can see whether it be His will to bring me back in health and to work again I need not forestall. One thing, however, is plain, that the Church of England before this Hampden affair and after it is not in the same state, nor will allow the same way of speaking

and acting; and yet I do not know how the only possible turn can be taken without breaking all terms with old traditions and beginning a new decade of conflict; and when I think of this, and the end towards which our divergent line inevitably points, I am aware of something which says, a false position can never be really mended. You say I give you too much credit; I only believe you to be what I daily pray to become. God knows that I would rather stand in the lowest place within the Truth, than in the highest without it. Nay, outside the Truth the higher the worse. It is only so much more opposition to Truth, so much more propagation of falsehood. Farewell, let us pray more for each other. Indeed I feel what you write, that there is little in this world worth being eager about. And yet I am never otherwise than cheerful, as you bid me be.

If I could but know *one* great truth, all would be clear.—Yours most affectionately, H. E. M.

In a second letter, dated Rome, 11th March 1848, again on the Hampden case, Manning brushed aside with a firm hand the fine distinctions, refinements, and theories in which men were entangling themselves, and wisely insisted on an open avowal of principle.

ROME, 11*th March* 1848.

MY DEAR ROBERT—Many thanks for your letter. I feel first that I am not on the spot, and next that I am afraid of myself, and therefore I will, at least till I can see with my own eyes, take you and Moberly, as you name him, for my godfathers. But truly what you say does not come home to me.

1. It is no question whether any Anglican court would pronounce Hampden heretical, but whether he is so. I think you are probably right about the courts; so much the worse.

2. My recollection of this matter, refreshed by the extracts lately republished, satisfies me that both East and West, in all ages, would pronounce him heretical.

3. He has recanted nothing. He declares that he held no communication with the Bishop of Oxford, and authorised none. If he has deceived the Bishop, so much the better for our brother; so much the worse for Hampden and for us.

4. The University did not pronounce him heretical, but it declared its want of confidence—a thing almost unexampled in our tame annals; and this at least fixes the *prima facie* case of unsoundness.

5. I find it hard to believe that the court required the bishop

to *pronounce* Hampden heretical, as a condition to *inquiring* whether or no he is heretical.

This is contrary to the whole practice of the Discipline Act. All that the bishop certifies is the sufficiency of the *prima facie* case to make inquiry necessary. But I had no intention of objecting in detail, and least of all of entering upon the question of our dear brother; I had rather keep to the broader questions which are alone decisive, and where, if we differ, we shall have less pain.

Do you know that I take no encouragement in the sense intended from the phrase that much good is resulting by reaction, and making men speak out, and the like. So much the better for them. But the question—and the only one—is, are we, or are we not, on a basis which is tenable in the sight of God, and by the laws of His Church? I told you in my last letter that we are in a position I cannot defend, and that is a new fact to me. I do believe Hampden to be heretical, in substance and principle. It makes it worse to me to find that fact palliated or doubted. Can anybody doubt what judgment would be formed of him and his book here or at Munich, or what would have been said of it by St. Augustine or St. Athanasius? And I cannot go by any other rule. But besides this, the Court of Queen's Bench, *plus* Hampden's consecration, declares the civil power to be *ultimate* and supreme, even in spiritual obligations. This overthrows the only defence I have ever been able to make of our position. If it be true, I am myself one of the foremost in believing it to be fatal to our claim as a member of the visible Church. I cannot evade this, and I cannot obey it. If it be finally confirmed, I am at an end; with this comfort, that it is no act of mine, and that I have been a mere bystander like Pius IX.

Again, as you say, it will be a comfort to you to get your mind and belief fully expressed. But I feel it almost a point of truthfulness to say I cannot go on with any reserve. Truth is a trust to be laid out and accounted for, and time is spending fast. Moreover, people believe us to be what we are not, and are disbelieving truths we hold to be sacred, because we hold them in silence, which is a kind of unrighteousness. What I feel is, that a broad, open avowal of principle may probably suffice to clear us individually of responsibility, guide others the right way, make our position personally tenable, and begin a correction of the evil. This course would, I think, satisfy me. But I cannot find rest in any fine distinctions, or theories unintelligible to the *pauperes Christi*, for whom we exist.

I will be very patient and dutiful to you if you will go to

work broadly. You would hardly believe what a life of reserve and distance from all *san pietrini* I live here. Do not for a moment think that I have so much as spoken on this subject with one of them, or on any controversial point. I keep myself wholly aloof, even to separation. But looking at the Church of England *ab extra* as they do, and Dissenters, I am bound to say that our refinements have a look of insincerity.

If I vent all this on you, it is because I hold so much by you. And the world is in a whirl which will leave nothing standing but the Kingdom which cannot be removed. This is my only choice and longing.—Ever yours, H. E. M.

The following outspoken letter or confession of faith, written after the Archdeacon's apology for Hampden in his Charge delivered in July 1848, no longer complains of doubts or misgivings, but contains a distinct and absolute repudiation, not only of Protestantism, but of Anglicanism. In so many words, Manning declares that he does not believe in the Church of England, and can form no defence for it or its theology and faith. This declaration bears the highest stamp of sincerity, for it is written under the seal of confession.

Under Seal.

LAVINGTON, *Holy Innocents*, 1849.

MY DEAR ROBERT—The very slight and unworthy notice of your book on Baptism in the *Guardian* was mine. I wrote what I could rather than lose a week, feeling that I need only call attention, and that the book would speak for itself. It is very ably done, and is full of your patient and careful research. As a treatise on Baptism we have nothing better. I am only sorry that it is so mixed up with Goode, who will be forgotten in six months, except as you have put him in amber.

And now let me talk a while with you at this Christmas time, in which all good be with you and yours.

I have tried to hold my peace, to lose myself in work, to take in other subjects which I dearly love and delight in, but all in vain. My whole reason seems filled with one outline. The faith of the Holy Trinity and of the Incarnation subdues me into a belief of the indivisible unity and perpetual infallibility of the Body of Christ. Protestantism is not so much a rival system, which I reject, but no system, a chaos, a wreck of fragments, without idea, principle, or life. It is to me flesh, blood, unbelief,

and the will of man. Anglicanism seems to me to be in essence the same, only elevated, constructed, and adorned by intellect, social and political order, and the fascinations of a national and domestic history. As a theology, still more as the Church or the faith, it has so faded out of my mind that I cannot say I reject it, but I know it no more. I simply do not believe it. I can form no basis, outline, or defence for it. Our articles and formularies, so far as they contain the Catholic tradition, I understand. But beyond that I feel to have no certainty, sometimes no perception of their meaning. I do not rest upon them; they are no rule to me; I do not know whether I contradict or strain them. My only foundation of faith is the infallibility of Christ in His Church, and they are not utterances of that voice.

I confess that I feel all this growing to an almost intolerable weight. And events are not so much changing as revealing the position and nature of the English Church. The Hampden confirmation and the Gorham Appeal show me that the Church of England, supposing it to continue *in esse* a member of the visible Church, is in a position in which it is not safe to stay. But I have always felt that even these would not move me if I could by any means sincerely, and in the sight of God, justify the relation of the Church of England to the Presence of our Lord ruling and teaching upon earth. I am forced to believe that the unity of His Person prescribes the unity of His visible kingdom as one undivided whole, and that numbers are an accident. It was once contained in an Upper Chamber; it may be again; but it must always be one, and indivisible.

On this hangs the guidance of the Spirit of Truth. If in this you can help me by showing me my errors, I shall be guided with a docile and thankful heart. Both your books drive me to the same point. In truth everything as it ceases to be vague, unreal, and negative, as it becomes positive, real, and intelligible, rises up with the faith and infallibility of the Church, which is the Body of Christ and the Temple of the Holy Ghost.

It is in vain for you or for me to say that the English Church holds or teaches as you and I believe. It bears with us because we are silent, or because it is not its practice to guard its own oral doctrine. Does it teach what I have said of the Sacrifice? or will it censure me for so teaching?

These are not cheerful Christmas thoughts, but in the midst of all I find great peace, living in a sphere of faith, and amidst the thoughts and images of which our system gives no expression.

No doubt your meditations on this mystery of this season are wonderfully helped and deepened by your labours upon it.

Let me hear from you; and believe me, my dear Robert, yours always affectionately in our Lord, H. E. M.

Manning's Letters to Robert Wilberforce before the Gorham Judgment.

18th January–24th February 1850.

Manning's letters before the Gorham Judgment was pronounced, 8th of March 1850, are interesting and valuable, as showing that his essential objection, unlike that of Pusey and Keble, and to a certain extent of Robert Wilberforce, was to the Court itself, whether its decision were adverse or no to Gorham. Even had the civil court pronounced in favour of baptism, Manning's objection would have been just as great; for, to accept the Judgment would be to recognise the civil power as ultimate authority in deciding on matters of faith. The letters likewise show how far Manning was prepared to act, either with others or even alone, in the event of the Bishops, as rulers of the Church, accepting or silently acquiescing in the Gorham Judgment.

It would not conduce to clearness or effect to recite Manning's letters to Wilberforce after the Gorham Judgment, until his public action and efforts, combined with others, to avert the evil effects of that Judgment, have been first recorded. After the event, his letters to Robert Wilberforce will clear up much in the Archdeacon of Chichester's public conduct or speech, or still more, perhaps, in his silence, that seemed contradictory or ambiguous; or even led men to suspect that he was looking about for a loophole for escape. These invaluable letters tell what was not told at the time or since, and reveal the inner workings of his mind.

The following letter bears witness that the Gorham Appeal was becoming to Manning a matter of conscience, and that he was prepared—rather than, under certain conditions, to accept the Oath of Supremacy—to seek release from the Church of England.

Under Seal.

44 Cadogan Place, 12*th January* 1850.

My dear Robert—I am here for three weeks, and much wish you could come. Many desire to see you and have the help of your counsel. The more I go into this Appeal, the less I can reconcile it with the divine confession of the Church. This moves me. It turns a point of faith into a point of conscience and of action, and brings out long and secret thoughts in a critical and urgent way. But I do not mean to go into this now, further than to say that the course I feel constrained to take is this :—

To submit to certain lawyers, civil and common, the following questions in substance :

1. Does the royal supremacy carry a claim to review by Appeal the declarations and interpretations of the courts of the Church in matter of doctrine ?

2. Does the Oath of Supremacy bind those who take it to recognise and accept the supremacy so claimed and exercised ?

If these are answered in the affirmative by a sufficient number of competent advisers, I should next submit them to my bishop, stating my inability to receive the oath in that sense, and asking for a trial as to my fitness to hold my office.

If the Court of Arches should decide that the oath binds in the above sense, I should feel that the Church of England had given me my release—*rude donatus.*

May God give us light and a faithful heart to do His will alone.—Believe me, my dearest Robert, yours very affectionately, H. E. Manning.

In this letter, which is mainly on the same subject as the last, Manning's prayerful spirit is once more exhibited, and his desire not to shrink from doing right :

Private.

44 Cadogan Place, 18*th January* 1850.

My dear Robert—We have had two long conversations at Dodsworth's. All seemed to feel that the tribunal itself is the evil. Not one, I believe, felt that it is possible to accept a right decision without protest. This, beyond words to express, is my conviction. Even if it decide rightly it is not using or going by the decision of the Church. It is an independent and absolute judgment of the Crown in matter of faith.

The decision of the Church Court is as clay in its hands. The form, if it be wrong or right, is an accident. Now this

gives to the civil power the *ultimate interpretations* of formularies. The Crown does not define legislatively, of course; but it *interprets* the definitions of the Church, and a supreme interpreter is equivalent to a legislator.

What did the Council of Nice but interpret the Apostles' Creed in the Sonship?

If the Judicial Committee decide either way, that decision binds in law *proprio vigore.*

It cannot be reversed, for it cannot be reviewed except by the Crown again.

I feel this to touch my faith as a Christian, and my conscience as a priest, and I see no course but this—

To declare that I cannot so accept the supremacy, and to put myself into the hands of my bishop. I beseech you, dear Robert, do not yield to the thought that if the decision is right, there is no wrong. He is wronged Who never gave to Princes to judge of His truth.

I could hardly expect you to take such a journey. Pusey and Keble were there, but not Mill.

I am giving my sense, not theirs, except in the two first sentences of this letter.

Pray for me, that I may do nothing wrong, and shrink from doing nothing right, especially at your altar.—Ever, my dear Robert, your very affectionate, H. E. M.

Robert Wilberforce was evidently alarmed lest Manning should break away from control or guidance, and quit a Church in whose position he had lost faith.

44 Cadogan Place, 22*nd January* 1850.

My dear Robert—I write one word to set you at ease.

1. I will take no rash step—none that can part me from you, so long as I am able in conscience to be united as in love, so in labours, with you.

2. My opinion in this is not my mere view. I say (in private) that I have fully gone over it with Alderson and Badeley (and others not less), and they both confirm it in law and in fact.

3. As to whither to go, dear Robert, I dare not look on. I argue and act now as if I were to die where I am, and only the revealed necessity hereafter will make me act otherwise.

Therefore I have not answered two or three things in your late letters.

I seem to see no such contradiction with history, and shall

be glad, if need be, to say why; but for the present, sufficient unto the day.

My letter was, I fear, jagged or tormenting in some way. Pray forgive me the *clavos trabules et cuneos*.—Ever your most affectionate H. E. M.

44 Cadogan Place, 18*th February* 1850.

My dear Robert—Your kind note this morning was very acceptable. I was afraid that I had been too urgent with you, as I am wont to be when I am moved as I have been and am.

I feel to have no misgiving or doubt as to the great laws and truths at stake in this crisis. But I will not go into it now, as the time is not come. I will only say that I agree altogether with you in holding that the civil power has a right to inquire why a certain status, *i.e.* benefice, is refused to Gorham.

But that is not the Gorham case.

Such an inquiry lies in the courts at Westminster by action of *quare impedit*, as is now pending *in re* Gorham. The question, which has ascended from the bishop to the archbishop, from the archbishop to the Crown, is purely spiritual, *i.e.* why the bishop refuses to give to a clerk *mission* to a cure of souls.

As a question of benefice it could not go to bishop, archbishop, or Crown.

The appellate jurisdiction of the Crown is assumed to be in *eâdem materia* with that of the spiritual courts.

1. *Co-extensive* with all their jurisdiction, and
2. *Superior*.

I do not burden you with references, but I say this on the authority of lawyers, among whom are Alderson and Badeley. They have both read the enclosed paper, and confirm the legal points.

[I have mislaid or lent it.]

I long to see you, and trust that you will let me know when you come to London.

May we neither do anything we ought not to do, nor leave anything we ought to do undone.—Ever your most affectionate H. E. M.

Lavington, 26*th February* 1850.

My dear Robert—I hope to be in London on Monday next, and look forward with great delight to seeing you.

By that time we shall probably have some decision from the Judicial Committee.

All the rumours agree in one point, the institution of the appellant. But how can a priest, twice judged unfit for cure of

souls by the Church, be put in charge of souls at the sentence of the civil power without overthrowing the divine office of the Church? The Epistle for St. Matthias seemed sent as a warning.

I am very glad to hear that you have added a note to your book. Not that it is easy or possible to do much in the way of revision.

What I should like to see from you would be another book on the Sacrament of the Altar, related, as the Book on Baptism, to your larger work. But before you do it I wish you would analyse the language of St. Thomas, Vasquez, and Suarez. I will show you (trusting that we shall meet next week) some remarkable passages, which I think will satisfy you, as they do me.—Ever, my dear R., yours very affectionately,

H. E. Manning.

With this letter, Manning's correspondence with Robert Wilberforce was suspended, for they both met in London to consult with Pusey and Keble, James Hope and Mr. Gladstone, and others, and concert measures to relieve the Church of England from complicity with the Gorham Judgment, favourable or adverse. In these proceedings Manning took a prominent part.

CHAPTER XXV

THE GORHAM JUDGMENT

1850

In the year 1850 there were two parties in the Church of England, who held antagonistic opinions in matters of faith; professed antagonistic principles in regard to civil and spiritual authority in the government of the Church. The one party, calling itself Protestant, disbelieved in sacramental grace and repudiated altogether the sacramental system; and in the matter of Church government, it recognised as supreme in things spiritual, not the Church, but the State; not the spiritual, but the civil authority.

The other party, calling itself Catholic, believed in the spiritual efficacy and divine origin of the sacraments; and denied to the civil power authority over matters of faith which they held by divine right and appointment to fall under the supreme authority of the spiritual power.

The clergy belonging to either party had alike subscribed to the Thirty-nine Articles and had taken the Oath of Supremacy. It speaks well for the elasticity of the formularies and the comprehensiveness of the Church of England that disputes, such as that decided in the Gorham case, are of such rare occurrence in the courts of law.

It is a singular illustration of this spirit of comprehensiveness that two clergymen of such antagonistic principles on matters of faith—types of thousands—as Rev. G. C. Gorham and Archdeacon Manning had been in 1850, the one thirty-nine, the other seventeen years, ministers in the same Church.

The odious name of Gorham would have been buried in obscurity had it not been made the symbol of the triumph of one party over the other; had it not been for the effect produced on Manning and so many others by Gorham's appeal from the judgment of the spiritual courts to the civil power to decide whether or no an article of the creed was to be held as of faith in the Church of England. The Rev. George C. Gorham took orders in 1811. It apparently was a matter of little or no concern in that lax day whether a candidate for orders accepted or neglected an article of the Creed; for in spite of his heterodox views on Baptismal Regeneration the Bishop of Ely ordained him. But in 1847 when the Lord Chancellor presented the Rev. George C. Gorham to the living of Brampford Speke, near Exeter, Henry Phillpotts, the famous fighting Bishop of Exeter, in the exercise of his undoubted right, refused to institute him unless by examination he was able to satisfy the bishop of his orthodoxy. The examination was thorough and searching, and lasted more than a week altogether—four days in December 1847, and three days in March 1848; and the delinquent was found to deny the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. Of course the Bishop of Exeter refused to intrust him with the cure of souls. Mr. Gorham took the case into the Court of Arches; and Sir Henry Jenner Fust in August 1849 decided against his claim to compel the bishop to institute him to the living of Brampford Speke. Mr. Gorham appealed from the decision of the spiritual court to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. This court, deriving its authority from the Royal Supremacy, was essentially a lay court. On the occasion of Gorham's Appeal it had for assessors the Archbishop of Canterbury (Sumner), the Archbishop of York (Musgrave), and the Bishop of London (Blomfield).

For two years or more the Gorham case had been agitating the minds of men. The Low Church party had declared that if the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration was imposed upon them by the highest court in the land they would quit the Church of England in a body and fraternise with Dissenters.

Brave words! yet at all events they bore witness to the excited state of feeling which prevailed in the Church on one side and the other; for the High Church party uttered equally brave words against the judgment of the Privy Council, the ultimate issue of which in too many instances were vain and idle protests whistled down the wind; *vox et preterea nihil*, like the loud-voiced protests of Archdeacon Denison and others.

The Gorham Judgment, pronounced by the highest court in the land, inflicted on the High Church party and the Church to which they belonged a twofold blow.

It struck out an article of the creed; and asserted afresh, as an inherent right, the Royal Supremacy in matters of faith. To Manning the blow seemed fatal, for, on the one hand, he had always believed in Baptismal Regeneration; and on the other, had contended for years that the exercise of the Royal Supremacy in the Church of England was an accident; a temporary encroachment of the civil power on the rightful domain of things spiritual.

In the beginning of this eventful year Manning's theory that the Royal Supremacy was a mere accident, a temporary usurpation, was challenged by James Hope, who maintained in a confidential letter "That nothing in principle new had befallen us in the case of Hampden, or, as yet, of Gorham." Then, he added: "But if you have not hitherto read Erastianism in the history of the Church of England since the Reformation, then I fear you and I have much to discuss before we can meet on common ground."

Manning and James Hope did discuss long and fully the whole question of the Royal Supremacy; and Hope ended by convincing Manning that the Gorham Appeal did not differ in principle from all previous appeals; for that, since the Reformation, the ultimate jurisdiction over all ecclesiastical causes had rested in the Crown.

James Hope's letter, which so completely changed Manning's view of the Royal Supremacy, is as follows:—

Most Private.

ABBOTSFORD, 29*th January* 1850.

MY DEAR MANNING—I will not trouble you with my excuses for the delay attending my answer to yours of the 31st December

and its enclosure. The latter I now return, but to comment upon it is not easy, because a considerable part of it relates to the sense in which you individually have submitted to the Church of England, and as this varies from the ground upon which my own submission rests, we do not start from the same point. It may be, then, I should put you in possession of my general view upon this head, and you will then be able to follow me in its application to the particular cases of Hampden and Gorham.

I cannot, then, speak dogmatically of the Church of England as you do in Nos. 2 and 3 of your paper. I know no theory which in strict argument will justify her present position and the attitude she has so long maintained towards the rest of the Church. The hardship of circumstances, in some sense, the necessity of the case, appear to me to afford the only plea upon which her isolation and the independence of action which (as far as the rest of the Church is concerned) she has assumed, can be defended.

Again as regards the civil power and her subjection to it, I find no other defence. The civil power has since the Reformation undoubtedly usurped part of her proper spiritual authority. Her best divines have, many of them, accepted and justified its interference, and the actual framework of her constitution perpetuates the encroachment.

On what, then, you will ask does my submission rest? I answer, on the belief, weakened but not yet destroyed, that under these heavy burdens, in her solitude and in her bonds, she yet retains the grace of the sacraments and the power of the keys. But if you should ask further, how I am assured of this, I should hardly know what to tell you; and when others have consulted me as to remaining or going, my answer has been, that I dared not advise. How indeed should I: unless I accept the theory of development as fully as Newman? There are many things in the Church of Rome which offer difficulty—unless I turn purely Protestant, it is impossible to justify all that has occurred and does daily occur in England. Many holier and wiser men than I, have deliberated and gone, but many holier and better than I, deliberately remain. It is not, then, with me a matter which reasoning can decide. I have a conviction that I have the means of grace where I am, means far beyond the use I make of them, and till this conviction is removed I dare not venture on a change.

With these feelings my duty towards the Church of England seems to me this: To watch most jealously that her position be not made worse, and to strive, whenever there is an opportunity, to improve it; but to conceal her defects, or to seek by theory to

escape from the facts of her past and present history (whatever I may have thought formerly), is not a course which I should now pursue.

And now as to the two cases of Hampden and Gorham. Of these—the first decided judicially that the Crown may force its nominee into the episcopate without any legal mode of ascertaining his fitness; but then practically we know that the Crown has, since the Reformation, exercised this power without resistance from the Church; we know, also, that no utterly unfit person need be accepted by the Church if, either discipline over the priesthood in matter of doctrine keep the general body pure, or at the last moment those who have to consecrate refuse that office.

We know, also, that the general practice of ministers is to consult the Primate beforehand, and that in this case there was no objection. Was this, then, a substantial alteration of the system as it existed before, or was it not merely a formal development of that Erastianism which in substance had long been acquiesced in?

Then as to the Gorham Appeal, how does it differ, except in the importance of the subject matter, from all previous appeals? Since the Reformation the jurisdiction in the last resort over all causes ecclesiastical has been acknowledged in the Crown. The Delegates sat under royal commission, and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council represent the same authority. There may have been more bishops concerned as judges at one time than at the other, but the source of jurisdiction was in law the same. This appeal then in point of jurisdiction offers nothing new to my eyes. The subject of it may indeed develop more fully the scandal of the system, but the system has long existed and been an offence in the Church.

On both these points then, I would have a change if I could get it, but neither of them disturbs materially the grounds of my allegiance, because that allegiance has for some time rested upon considerations, in which these difficulties had already played their part, and had allowance made for them.

But if a false judgment be pronounced in Gorham's case, and that judgment be acquiesced in by the Church of England, then indeed a new feature will arise for which I find no place; whatever be the mouthpiece which utters the judgment, if the Church does not repudiate it, there is an article of the creed struck out, and then indeed there will be a weight thrown into the scale against my allegiance, which it would seem ought to prevail.

But I have already spoken too much of my own views, though

you will see, that they lead me, by way of contrast, to remarking on yours. You have a theory of allegiance based upon ecclesiastical principles, while I have not. But when you adopted that theory, had you fully considered the facts? If you had, it ought still to hold good, for I maintain that nothing, in principle new, has befallen us in the case of Hampden, or, as yet, of Gorham. But if you have not hitherto read Erastianism in the history of the Church of England since the Reformation, then I fear you and I have much to discuss before we can meet upon common ground. I cannot, then, advise upon your questions from your point of view, because the current of my thoughts prevents me from entering into it, but, from my own, I must acknowledge, that the affirmance of the Royal Supremacy by oath, if it be held to mean more than a submission *de facto* to a state of things endurable under circumstances for a time, would present serious difficulty.

And now I believe that I have said all that I can in the present stage of our correspondence. I have written hastily, and I fear in places too boldly—but these faults I hope you will pardon. I write *for you only*, and with a sincere desire that we may understand each other. I trust you will help me to correct my views where you see me to be wrong. Since Newman left us, I have had little intercourse with any one upon the great questions of communion. Nor have they been so much in my mind as they ought to have been. Indeed, except with Gladstone, or now and then with persons who have invited me to speak, I have had no inducement to discuss them. Your letter has opened up the seam of thought again, and I would gladly work with you in it.—Ever, my dear Manning, yours most truly,

JAMES R. HOPE.

Manning's conversion to the view that, far from being, as he had hitherto contended, a victim to the gradual usurpations of the Civil Power, the English Church had at the Reformation accepted the Royal Supremacy, was so complete, that we find him in a subsequent letter to Robert Wilberforce declaring that our "position is untenable *ab initio;* for the Royal Supremacy is in principle as old as Henry VIII."

But what is more to the present purpose, Manning found himself, now and henceforth to the end of their Anglican career—which for either was not far off—in a position to act with James Hope on common ground and to pursue like principles to a common end.

Hence, on the eve of the Gorham Judgment, we find Manning and James Hope standing together, and acting in concert, more or less close, with Mr. Gladstone. Robert Wilberforce, Dodsworth, and Mill, Regius Professor of Hebrew at Cambridge, and Pusey, and Keble, and Bennett of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge; and, among the laity, Sidney Herbert, and Richard Cavendish, and Badeley, were all assembled in that eventful week in March 1850 to take counsel with Manning, Hope, and Mr. Gladstone, as well as to witness the close of the great ecclesiastical drama, which for well-nigh three years had stirred the religious world to its depths. Strange as it may sound in the ears of our somewhat cynical generation, the religious world in that day consisted not only of bishops and clergy, but included well-known statesmen and lawyers and men of letters. Not merely religious papers like the *Guardian* and the *Record*, but newspapers like the *Times* in 1850 discussed the Gorham case and Tractarianism, Cardinal Wiseman's famous "Letter out of the Flaminian Gate," and "Papal Aggression," with as much fierceness or ferocity as Home Rule and Mr. Gladstone—though with far more truth and justice—are denounced to-day.

Some five or seven years before his death, Cardinal Manning in speaking of the Gorham Judgment said:—

"I remember well I was in London when it was given. I went at once to Gladstone, who then lived in Carlton Terrace. He was ill with influenza and in bed; I sat down by his bedside and told him of the Judgment. Starting up and throwing out his arms, he exclaimed:—"The Church of England is gone unless it releases itself by some authoritative act." We then agreed to draw up a Declaration and get it signed. For this purpose we met in the vestry of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. There were present, Bennett, Hope, Richard Cavendish, Gladstone, and Dr. Mill, I think, and some others. They made me preside. We agreed to a string of propositions, deducing that, by the Gorham Judgment, the Church of England had forfeited its authority as a divine teacher. The next time we met, Pusey and Keble I think were there. They refused this; and got it changed to "If the Church of England shall accept this Judgment it would forfeit its authority as a divine teacher." This amendment was accepted

because it did not say whether the Church of England had or had not *de facto* accepted the Judgment. Hope said: "I suppose we are all agreed that if the Church of England does not undo this we must join the Church of Rome." This made an outcry; and I think it was then that Keble said:—"If the Church of England were to fail, it should be found in my parish."

But such a meeting, good as far as it went, was by no means representative. What would be the value of a Declaration that did not for instance bear the names of Pusey and Keble? The difficulty of obtaining signatures was greater than had been foreseen in the first instance. Men who were of one mind in objecting to the Gorham Judgment differed as to the mode and method of opposition. To Manning, who was at Brighton, James Hope sent reports of how matters were going on. In a letter, dated 14 Curzon Street, 14th March, 5 o'clock at night, he writes as follows:—

I will see Gladstone and talk matters over with him, but there are worse hindrances than he is likely to prove.

Pusey came here with Keble yesterday, and remained some hours criticising our "Resolutions." Hoping to get matters adjusted, I proposed a meeting of all who could be got together at Gladstone's this morning.

Pusey and Keble attended the meeting at which Hope urged the necessity of immediate action. Mr. Gladstone pleaded for delay; and preferred in place of the Resolutions drawn up at the first meeting by Manning and Hope and Mill an address to the bishops. Pusey and Keble and J. Talbot insisted upon modifications of the Resolutions; and it was finally agreed, at the suggestion of Hope, that all proposed amendments should be sent to George Denison (now Archdeacon of Taunton), and another meeting called for next week. The two Church Unions sent their reports, which spelt disunion, and the meeting resolved to have nothing to do with them, but to take their own course. But as to that course differences of opinion arose, which Hope, in a letter to Manning, who was not present to meet Pusey and Keble's objections to the original Resolutions, described as follows:—

Gladstone still for delay; but I think all but himself for "Resolutions" to be immediately put forth. There are several, however, who are alarmed at the thoroughgoing tone of those we have adopted, and fear the recoil. Horror of Rome seems to be at the bottom of these minds; and some spoke even of a generation passing away before the Church be deemed unsafe, which translated seems to mean that, happen what may, it will do for their time. . . .

I hope you will come up.—Yours in haste, most truly,

JAMES HOPE.

At the final meeting, held at Mr. Gladstone's house, when the Resolutions as modified and amended by Pusey and Keble were adopted, Manning was present.

But the final act had yet to be accomplished. They who had drawn up or adopted the Declaration had to put their names to it. Manning with eagerness signed first; Robert Wilberforce second. But at the last moment Mr. Gladstone drew back and refused to sign the Declaration.

In one of his autobiographical Notes, dated 1885, Cardinal Manning gave the following description of the closing scene:—

We met for the last time in Gladstone's house. There were thirteen present.[1] We agreed to the declaration: and then came the signing. They called on me to sign first. I did so; then Robert (Archdeacon) Wilberforce. I cannot certainly remember the others; but the list is printed. Then they called on Gladstone to sign. He was standing with his back to the fire. He began to demur; after a while I went to him and pressed him to sign. He said in a low voice to me:—"Do you think that I as a Privy Councillor could sign that Declaration?" I, knowing the pertinacity of his character, turned and said:—"We will not press him further."

This was the first divergence between him and Hope and myself.

In reference to the Declaration signed by Archdeacon Manning, Archdeacon R. Wilberforce and Dr. W. H. Mill, Canon Hamilton, who a few months later resigned his office and benefice, wrote to Manning as follows:—

[1] Although there were only thirteen present at Mr. Gladstone's house, fourteen signed the declaration.

CLOSE, SARUM, 19*th Aug.* 1850.

MY DEAR ARCHDEACON—Pray do not think me very impertinent in obtruding upon you my own difficulties. William Heathcote has sent me this morning the Declaration, which bears the three honoured names of Manning, Wilberforce, and Mill—names around which churchmen are now to rally.

But what is a person to do in my state? I certainly feel pretty well assured that I never could have understood the Royal Supremacy in the sense now ascribed to it by the courts of law, but I cannot recall at all the meaning I did affix to it. I fear it was a very vague, ill-considered act of mine—and I should think that many must be in my predicament.

Again: the present state of the law seems to me intolerable, but it strikes me that I ought rather to resign the position the law gives me, than declare that I will not acknowledge the law; and yet is there not another course open? and that is, without reference to any past oaths and subscriptions, to declare simply that we will take all lawful means to bring the Royal Supremacy within the limits you have with such admirable clearness and precision described in your letter.

My conscience is very ill at ease at present, but it would only aggravate its disquiet, if I were to sign the declaration Heathcote has sent me; and yet I thoroughly go along with all the arguments of your Letter, and must have some way of expressing my agreement with it.—I remain, my dear Manning, with great respect, yours affectionately, W. K. HAMILTON.

In an autobiographical Note, dated 1883, Manning wrote of Canon W. K. Hamilton as follows:—

In the winter of 1850, I had left Lavington, and was in London. There I met Walter Hamilton. We had taken our degrees and our Fellowships at Merton together. He had also resigned his preferment. We met often. I found him as near to the Catholic Church as I was. In some things, in which I had still remaining difficulties, he had none. He told me that he would not again accept anything in the Church of England. In the April after, I submitted to the Church; soon after Bishop Denison of Salisbury died. Gladstone appointed Hamilton,[1] and, as I was told, he and Sydney Herbert overcame and made him accept the bishopric. I had reason to know how much Hamilton

[1] W. K. Hamilton was appointed Bishop of Salisbury in 1854 by Lord Aberdeen. On the authority of his son, Lord Stanmore, I am enabled to state the interesting fact that "between the years 1847 and 1850, Lord Aberdeen repeatedly said that were he Prime Minister, Archdeacon Manning would be his first bishop."

suffered, and what profound trials were upon him when his last end drew near. How often have I blessed God that He led me by the strait and narrow way.[1]

The Declaration against the judgment of the Judical Committee of the Privy Council, which at the last moment Mr. Gladstone found himself unable to sign, is as follows:—

1. That whatever at the present time be the force of the sentence delivered on appeal in the case of Gorham *v.* the Bishop of Exeter, the Church of England will eventually be bound by the said sentence, unless it shall openly and expressly reject the erroneous doctrine sanctioned thereby.

2. That the remission of original sin to all infants in and by the grace of baptism is an essential part of the article "One Baptism for the remission of sins."

3. That—to omit other questions raised by the said sentence —such sentence, while it does not deny the liberty of holding that article in the sense heretofore received, does equally sanction the assertion that original sin is a bar to the right reception of baptism, and is not remitted, except when God bestows regeneration beforehand by an act of prevenient grace (whereof Holy Scripture and the Church are wholly silent), thereby rendering the benefits of Holy Baptism altogether uncertain and precarious.

4. That to admit the lawfulness of holding an exposition of an article of the Creed contradictory of the essential meaning of that article, is, in truth and in fact, to abandon that article.

5. That, inasmuch as the faith is one and rests upon one principle of authority, the conscious, deliberate, and wilful abandonment of the essential meaning of an article of the Creed destroys the divine foundation upon which alone the entire faith is propounded by the Church.

6. That any portion of the Church which does so abandon the essential meaning of an article, forfeits, not only the Catholic doctrine in that article, but also the office and authority to witness and teach as a member of the universal Church.

7. That by such conscious, wilful, and deliberate act such portion of the Church becomes formally separated from the Catholic body, and can no longer assure to its members the grace of the sacraments and the remission of sins.

8. That all measures consistent with the present legal position of the Church ought to be taken without delay, to obtain an authoritative declaration by the Church of the doctrine of Holy

[1] See Sir Edward Hamilton's vindication of his father's good faith at the end of volume.

Baptism, impugned by the recent sentence; as, for instance, by praying licence for the Church in Convocation to give legal effect to the decisions of the collective Episcopate on this and all other matters purely spiritual.

9. That, failing such measures, all efforts must be made to obtain from the said Episcopate, acting only in its spiritual character, a re-affirmation of the doctrine of Holy Baptism, impugned by the said sentence.

H. E. Manning, M.A., Archdeacon of Chichester.
Robert I. Wilberforce, M.A., Archdeacon of the East Riding.
Thomas Thorp, B.D., Archdeacon of Bristol.
W. H. Mill, D.D., Regius Prof. of Hebrew, Cambridge.
E. B. Pusey, D.D., Regius Prof. of Hebrew, Oxford.
John Keble, M.A., Vicar of Hursley.
W. Dodsworth, M.A., Perpetual Curate of Ch. Ch., St. Pancras.
W. J. E. Bennett, M.A., Perpetual Curate of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.
Hy. W. Wilberforce, M.A., Vicar of East Farleigh.
John G. Talbot, M.A., Barrister-at-Law.
Richard Cavendish, M.A.
Edward Badeley, M.A., Barrister-at-Law.
James R. Hope, D.C.L., Barrister-at-Law.
George Anthony Denison, M.A., Vicar of East Brent.

For Archdeacon Manning and many others, events were marching slowly but surely to their ultimate issue. Among the signatories of the famous Protest there was a searching of hearts; a winnowing of wheat from chaff.

"On 19th March 1850," as Cardinal Manning has recorded in an autobiographical Note,

I convened the clergy of the Archdeaconry of Chichester in the Cathedral Library, and we unanimously voted (8 only excepted out of 100) a protest against the Gorham Judgment and the interference of civil authority in questions of doctrine.

The unanimity which he obtained for the Protest in such a diocese as Chichester speaks well not only for the influence of the Archdeacon of Chichester, but for his tact in appealing to the sympathies of the clergy; not so much on the doctrinal question of baptismal regeneration as on what touched them far more nearly, the independence of the

Church in spiritual matters from the control of the Civil Power. "To secure to the Church of England a proper court of appeal in all matters purely spiritual," was a question which went home to the bosom of the Evangelical clergy of Chichester. In substituting for the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council a purely ecclesiastical court for deciding questions of faith, Manning boldly struck at the root of the evil. He advocated his favourite scheme of an Ecclesiastical Synod, invested with full authority by the Church to deal with things spiritual. But such a scheme was doomed beforehand to failure; for it would have revolutionised the whole constitution of the Church of England by transferring supreme power over ecclesiastical causes from the Crown to the Episcopate. In his speech the Archdeacon defined his scheme as follows:—

> The only form in which the Episcopate can exercise its proper authority, and impress the Episcopal character on its decisions, is when it acts according to the law and order of the Church. Therefore, although the State should appoint the whole body of the bishops taken numerically to sit as a court, if they sit as commissioners appointed by the State, and not as a synod convened by the authority of the Church, their decision would be the decision of commissioners, and not of an Episcopal synod. What appears to me to be requisite in this case is such an Appellate Court as shall carry with it the authority of the Church determining its own sphere. I will go into no particulars as to whom it shall consist of, but only that it shall include the whole Episcopate.

In another passage of this speech, Manning wisely endeavoured to account for the error he had committed in his charge of July 1848 in minimising the heretical opinions of Dr. Hampden, thrust upon the Church as bishop by the act of the Civil Power. For this concession to policy, Manning had been severely rebuked by the Tractarians, and even reproached at the time by such true friends as Robert Wilberforce and Dodsworth, though Mr. Gladstone seemed to have approved of his conciliatory policy. At this meeting at Chichester, Manning explained the motives for his line of action towards Hampden. Speaking of Hampden's consecration as Bishop of Hereford, he said:—

I so deeply felt that case, that if the English Church could have been convicted of either consecrating a heretic, or of giving up to the State the power of finally determining the fitness of men for the pastoral office, it would have been a betrayal of her divine trust. I tried to deny both these accusations, and in denying them I confess I strained every plea to the utmost, feeling the necessity of the case to be so vital. I fell under censure for so doing, which censure I bore in silence, believing and fearing that the time would come, and perhaps before long, when an opportunity might be taken—for I would never make it—of expressing to you why I did so. I felt that if these two accusations could not be denied, the Church of England would be put into a position not defensible. I bore therefore in silence no very measured censure. I am glad now to be able to say that in so speaking I did not defend Dr. Hampden, but the Church of England. It appeared to me in that case the security for both the doctrine and discipline of the Church was at stake, and that the power of the State had in effect succeeded in overruling the highest office of the Church. The same is the result of the present case.[1]

Though the meeting of the clergy of Chichester broke up without agreeing with Manning's proposal for a new final Court of Appeal, the Archdeacon so impressed them with the gravity of the question before them as touching the faith and office of the Church, that he found no very great difficulty in inducing the majority to put their names to the following Address to the Bishop of Chichester:—

19*th March* 1850.

We, the Archdeacon and clergy of the archdeaconry of Chichester, desire to lay before your Lordship, as our Bishop, the deep anxiety awakened in us by the decision lately given in the case of *Gorham* v. *the Bishop of Exeter*.

Believing as a fundamental article of the Catholic faith, that all infants baptized, according to the institution of Christ, with water in name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost are regenerate by the Holy Spirit, we are convinced that the Church cannot, without betraying her highest trust, permit that doctrine to be denied.

[1] In a letter, 4th April 1850, Mr. Gladstone wrote to Manning:—"I have read your speech in the *Guardian*, as well as the type, and my eyes (rather put out by irregular hours) would allow, and trust it will do great and extensive good."

We therefore urgently pray that your Lordship will take such steps as shall seem most effectual for the declaration and maintenance of the doctrine of holy baptism, and for relieving those who feel grieved in conscience by the legal sanction given by the late sentence to the denial of that article of faith.

Mr. Gladstone's plan for an Address to the Bishop of London, signed by laymen only, against the Gorham Judgment, did not meet with much success. Hope was ready to sign it; but not as a substitute for the joint declaration of representative clergy and laymen. This joint declaration, as I have said, Mr. Gladstone did not sign, but, taking a line of his own, he promptly prepared and published an elaborate argument to show that the Judicial Committee was historically unconstitutional as an organ for the decision of ecclesiastical questions. Sidney Herbert, owing to his position in the Government, declined to sign the Address to the Bishop of London.

Mr. Gladstone, evidently somewhat uneasy in mind at the step he had taken in withdrawing co-operation with Manning, in a letter, 4th April 1850, wrote as follows:—

I was very anxious to have employed all the quiet of this week in arranging my views about the Gorham question, so as to be ready to act promptly whenever the time comes. . . . I am most anxious for advice and guidance, being placed between a variety of distinct obligations, the harmony of which it is not easy to discern at certain given points.

Mr. Gladstone then again reiterates his view so often before urged upon Manning.

that his best way of serving the Church is by working not *in* the State, but *on* the State, you will comprehend all that the change of the single letter implies.

About the time of the Hampden controversy and of the Maynooth Grant, Mr. Gladstone had serious intentions of setting himself free from political shackles in order with a freer hand to serve the Church. Manning, however, was strongly opposed to Mr. Gladstone's heroic self-sacrifice in giving up his political career.

This view is foreshadowed again in the following passage:—

Sidney Herbert's declining to sign the address to the

Bishop of London seems to come to me as a sign to prepare for making that change soon; for the reluctance of other men in politics to commit themselves in any degree of course must tend to drive me forward, as the keeping in company with them would tend to hold me back. Do not understand me to be blaming him; doubtless he has his work and is doing it.

Can we be surprised at the poignant anxiety expressed by Manning at the fatal effect of the Gorham Judgment, when we see how tremendously in earnest Mr. Gladstone was in seeking to provide a remedy or a rescue for the Church of England? The following passage from his letter to Manning speaks volumes:—

In the meantime, all the essential points stand out more and more, as one ruminates upon them, in characters of light. It is for ever, and for all, that this battle is to be fought in the Church of England.

The question which most troubled both his conscience and Manning's, was how to provide a new Ecclesiastical Court as a supreme Court of Appeal in place of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, over things spiritual. Manning was characteristically anxious for an ecclesiastical court absolutely independent of the State not only in its decisions, but in its constitution. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, would have been content with less:—

I am unfeignedly desirous of asking the very least that will rescue and defend the conscience of the Church from the present hideous system. For on that minimum must be made a stand, involving certainly tremendous issues.

The Gorham Appeal and its foreseen result had made Manning and many other of his friends or followers familiar with the idea of secession as a necessary consequence.

Early in the year, W. Dodsworth had pressed on Manning's attention what must needs be the final issue of the struggle. W. Dodsworth was one of those men who literally mean what they say; for in telling his friend and Master to "wait and see" the result of the Gorham Judgment, he had no thought of procrastination in his mind; for, on the Judgment being pronounced, he was the first

to urge upon Manning that the time for leaving the Church of England had come.

Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, had invented an elaborate scheme for the express purpose of securing procrastination in coming to a decision on the Gorham Judgment.[1] Under this plan, men whose minds had been disturbed by the practical abolition of one of the articles of the creed were to enter into a covenant not to take any decisive steps or announce their intention of doing so under a given space of time; nor, secondly, until the reception of communications from the Delegation—to which communications, however, there was no necessity to reply. Manning, in the following letter, objected root and branch to entering into this covenant, and handing over to a delegation a decision on a matter of faith which belonged wholly and solely to his conscience:—

LAVINGTON, 22*nd May* 1850.

MY DEAR ROBERT—First will you kindly direct the enclosed to Mr. Pope? I do not know his Christian name, or address. Next, have you examined the Bishop of London's Bill? It seems to me to be a total and vital failure.

The Crown in Council is to possess still the absolute power of deciding whether or no any question of doctrine is involved, and of referring to the bishop or not accordingly.

Now in the Gorham case they say that they have not touched doctrine at all.

Again and again, therefore, the same evil may be inflicted under the same disclaimer upon the other eleven articles of the Creed.

Half the Church of England, and our dear brother among the rest, maintains that doctrine has not been touched. This seems to me like *quos Deus vult perdere*, etc. Further, Gladstone has written to me on a scheme he says he spoke of to you (as he thinks), an engagement to be entered into binding men not to move without two months' notice, and opportunities of discussion, etc.

I have answered that I can in no way accede. I object to all engagement; and I dread exceedingly the temptation to tamper with personal convictions and individual conscience

[1] In a letter to Archdeacon Manning, Mr. Gladstone said, "Among others I have consulted Robert Wilberforce and Wegg-Prosser and they seemed inclined to favour my proposal. It might, perhaps, have kept back Lord Feilding. But he is like a cork."

and the support derived from numbers against our light before our Father which seeth in secret. These and many more reasons make my declining final.

Let me ask you to read the enclosed, and tell me what you would advise me to answer. Return it soon. The writer is a woman, who under my counsel broke off a marriage because the man joined the Roman Church. After some time he came back; but this Gorham case has driven him over again. She has broken it off again, but her own mind has become disturbed. Ever yours, my dear R., very affectionately, H. E. M.

To these objections Mr. Gladstone answered in a letter dated 23rd May 1850; but his arguments failed to carry conviction.

In the following letter to Robert Wilberforce, Manning again rejected Mr. Gladstone's scheme as an interference with the rights and duty of every individual to act simply and solely in obedience to the dictates of his own conscience:—

LAVINGTON, 10*th July* 1850.

MY DEAR ROBERT—No human power, or persuasion, could induce me to put my hand to any such declaration, especially in combination with men who could sign it in a sense and with an animus so different from my own.

But in truth I have resolved to combine with no one. When I refused Gladstone's proposal, to whom affection and confidence bind me so closely, I refused all proposals of this kind for ever. Events have set me loose, and I mean, by God's help, to follow what seems His guidance, taking counsel chiefly of yourself, Gladstone, James Hope. If I might I would urge you to the same course. It will not preclude us from aiding to the full in any reasonable plan, but it will secure us from most inconsistent and mischievous combinations, the end of which will be confusion or compromise. As to the pacific plan, it seems to me simply unreal. Can you, knowing our Colonial bishops, and our home bishops, and the state of English life, law, opinion, and practice, expect any real result? It seems to me a plan to amuse and lull real intentions, and to lead only to great words and protests, under the sounds of which men may go on without acting. But perhaps I ought not to say so much without knowing more, for I have no knowledge of it except from you. Still I would pray you to keep yourself free and absolutely in your own hand.

I hope to be in London also about the 17th, and will fix that day if you will.—Ever yours very affectionately, H. E. M.

It was resolved to follow up the "Resolutions," bearing the signatures of thirteen representative men, lay and clerical, by another Declaration against the Royal Supremacy over spiritual questions touching doctrine and discipline. This Declaration, which was drawn up by Manning and Robert Wilberforce, was not submitted to the pruning hands of Pusey and Keble. Dodsworth, in a letter dated Good Friday (7th April), 1850, had already warned Manning against trusting Pusey and Keble. Speaking of the first Declaration he had said:—

> Our late discussions have quite convinced me that if we mean to be faithful to our Lord's Truth, we must break with Pusey and Keble.

In regard to this second Declaration, Dodsworth, who was a very outspoken man, and never shrank from calling a spade a spade, wrote as follows to Manning:—

> I really think we had best leave out Pusey and Keble, who can do us no good. We know all they have to say and that it is ——

He also spoke of Pusey's specious argument about the Gorham Judgment not affecting the Faith as "carrying a multitude of ignoramuses with him."

Though he considered him imprudent in speech and precipitate in action, Manning had a great liking for Dodsworth, and was in no small measure influenced by his urgent appeals or outspoken warnings. Whether or no, owing to Manning's own mistrust of them, or to Dodsworth's advice, neither Pusey nor Keble was consulted. The declaration was as follows:—

> "Whereas it is required of every person admitted to the order of deacon or priest, and likewise of persons admitted to ecclesiastical offices or academical degrees, to make oath that they abjure, and to subscribe to the three articles of Canon XXXVI., one whereof touches the Royal Supremacy:
>
> "And whereas it is now made evident by the late appeal and sentence in the case *Gorham* v. *the Bishop of Exeter*, and by the judgment of all the courts of common law, that the Royal Supremacy, as defined and established by statute law, invests

the Crown with a power of hearing and deciding in appeal all matters, however purely spiritual, of discipline and doctrine:

"And whereas to give such power to the Crown is at variance with the divine office of the Universal Church, as prescribed by the law of Christ:

"And whereas we, the undersigned clergy and laity of the Church of England, at the time of making the said oath and subscription, did not understand the Royal Supremacy in the sense now ascribed to it by the courts of law, nor have until this present time so understood it, neither have believed that such authority was claimed on behalf of our Sovereign:—

"Now we do hereby declare:—

"1*st*, That we have hitherto acknowledged, and do now acknowledge, the supremacy of the Crown in ecclesiastical matters to be a supreme civil power over all persons and causes in temporal things, and over the temporal accidents of spiritual things.

"2*nd*, That we do not, and in conscience cannot, acknowledge in the Crown the power recently exercised to hear and judge in appeal the internal state or merits of spiritual questions touching doctrine or discipline, the custody of which is committed to the Church alone by the law of Christ.

"We therefore, for the sake of our consciences, hereby publicly declare that we acknowledge the Royal Supremacy in the sense above, and in no other.

"Henry Edward Manning, Archdeacon of Chichester.

"Robert Isaac Wilberforce, Archdeacon of the East Riding.

"William Hodge Mill, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew, Cambridge."

The Declaration, which was circulated all over the country,—sent to every beneficed clergyman and layman who had taken the Oath of Supremacy, bore only the names of Manning, Robert Wilberforce, and Mill. It was hoped by this means to rouse the religious feeling of the country and to bring a mass of clerical opinion to bear, if not on the government, upon the Bench of Bishops. The result of this appeal was a signal failure. The spirited Protest against the Royal Supremacy fell flat. The vast and overwhelming bulk of the clergy of the Church of England, like the bishops, by their silence or acquiescence acknowledged the supremacy of the Crown in matters of faith—the original sin of the Reformation.

In a letter dated 1st May 1850, Manning wrote about the Declaration to R. Wilberforce as follows:—

LAVINGTON, *Feast of St. James*, 1850.

MY DEAR ROBERT—The best practical course seems to me to be: 1. To make sure that every man who is under oath and subscription bound to the Royal Supremacy should have a copy of the Declaration, with a few explanatory words, stating that our object is to obtain relief of consciences by an amendment of the law, and asking his concurrence and assent to the Declaration: We shall do this best (1) by printing the documents; (2) by engaging some bookseller's service, say Pickering or Stewart, who by a clerk, and the clergy list, with the University Calendars, will issue the circular in a few days. I am more than ever convinced that both for the Church Unions' sake, and for our own, the act ought to be independent, and to carry no appearance of organisation, and only so many, and such names, as will obtain attention. It cannot be too quickly and promptly done with a view to its future moral character.—Believe me, always affectionately yours, H. E. MANNING.

Here is another letter on the same subject, dated 27th July 1850:—

MY DEAREST ROBERT—I have sent the Declaration (which is much improved) to Henry, with words of speed. But I have put only the three names without any comment.

It strikes me that if we can get a majority of the clergy to sign, the Bishop of London's Bill is carried by *a strike out of doors*; the more I think of it, the more I feel convinced that this is the first step to take, and the best test of men's minds. If this does not move them, nothing will.

In the following passage of a letter, dated Lavington, 5th August 1850, the cost of distributing the Declaration is considered:—

MY DEAR ROBERT—If you will kindly give £10 I will answer for the rest. If worth doing, it is worth doing well. To my mind there is no middle course. A partial distribution, howsoever extensive, would fail of the mark. Three laymen, and two other friends, have promised to join in bearing the cost—and if you think Charles Anderson would give you £10—I have no fear of £100, which I think well bestowed as a first step upon this scale. If anything comes, it will be something more than a mere declaration.

But we must wait, and you will kindly keep Clarke's name *in petto*. To my great surprise I found him months ago deeply and honestly moved.

In an autobiographical Note, dated 1885, Cardinal Manning set down the following account of the origin and genesis of the ill-fated Declaration :—

In the month of May or June in 1850, I was staying at Bishop Wilberforce's house in Eaton Place. Robert Wilberforce was there. We were both trying to find some way of acting against the Gorham Judgment. I remember one night I woke about 4 o'clock; and lay awake long. I then worked out the Declaration against the Royal Supremacy; admitting it in all civil matters, but rejecting it in all spiritual and mixed matters. I then went and woke Robert Wilberforce and put it before him. He accepted it at once. We then got it into writing, and invited Dr. Mill to sign it with us. We then sent it to every clergyman and layman who had signed the Oath of Supremacy, and to all colleges and newspapers, inviting signatures. About 1800 clergymen signed it out of 20,000; and I saw that the game was up. It was a fair test fully applied; and it received next to no response.

Of course the result of this appeal to the clergy was not known until late in the autumn. In the meanwhile other steps were taken to arouse public opinion. It was proposed to hold a great meeting in London to protest against the Gorham Judgment. Manning was unwilling to take part in such a meeting. He was ready to abide by his own words, which were always deliberate and well weighed, but he did not like to be held responsible for the words or proposals of others. At such a meeting intemperate words would not fail to be heard, or worse still, threats of secession.

Manning consulted James Hope, and expressed his wish or intention not to take part in any public meeting, or join in any concerted or common action.

In a letter dated 18th June 1850, Hope replied as follows :—

I have no very clear view about your attendance at the proposed meeting at St. Martin's Hall. The dangers are—saying too much or saying too little. If you tell people *all* you

expect the Church of England to do under the circumstances, they will shrink back; if you are moderate in your requirements, they may think you will be more easily satisfied than I know will prove to be the case; however, if you see your way as to what you would say, I see good rather than evil in your attendance. A tone of thorough alarm must, I think, affect those who, though right-minded, are inclined to view our position as favourably as possible.

Mr. Gladstone, consulted on the subject by Manning, expressed a strong opinion that in such a time of pressure the help and guidance, which they had been accustomed to receive from him, should not be withdrawn. Mr. Gladstone argued with great warmth, that Manning had no moral right to abstain from taking public part in all movements and attempts to undo the great wrong which had been inflicted on the Church.

Manning, yielding to pressure, did attend the meeting held on 23rd July 1850 at St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre, to protest against the Gorham Judgment. There was only one bishop present, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, Dr. Bagot, who, as Bishop of Oxford, had requested Newman to discontinue the Tracts for the Times. Bishop Wilberforce was by far too canny to attend. The meeting was presided over by Mr. J. G. Hubbard; Archdeacon Robert Wilberforce of course was there, and so were Prof. Hodge Mill, Henry Wilberforce, and W. Dodsworth, Keble and Pusey, and Denison, W. E. Bennett, Neale, and R. Liddell; James Hope was conspicuous among the laity, with Badeley and all the leading High Church Anglicans.

Denison, now Archdeacon of Taunton, made the principal and most stirring speech. The meeting was fairly carried away by his bold appeals to immediate action, and open threats of secession, if liberty to decide matters of faith was not given to the Church of England. Denison, who had no hesitation in making use of the most vehement language, and showed little or no respect to the craven conduct of the bishops, threw every one else into the shade. In a letter to Manning, James Hope spoke of Denison's speech as most injudicious, and as having brought upon them the attack of the *Times*.

Manning had not spoken, and after Denison's denunciations had little or no heart to speak. At the close of the meeting he only moved a vote of thanks to the chairman.

At this public meeting in London, which was not much to his taste, Manning played a subordinate part. In the resolutions, declarations, and protests, if always foremost in action and firmest in expression, he acted in combination with others. But in his letter to his bishop Manning stood alone,—was alone responsible for its form and substance. It was a public act; an open avowal of principles; a distinct charge that the Crown in Council had committed a great and grievous wrong against the spiritual independence of the Church in regard to matters of Faith.

His carefully prepared and elaborate Tract, in the form of a letter addressed to his bishop, under the title "Appellate Jurisdiction of the Crown in matters Spiritual," was the most important step taken by Archdeacon Manning since the Gorham Judgment. In the preparation of this Letter, which deals largely with historical precedents and legal questions of pre-Reformation times touching the "ancient jurisdiction" possessed by princes, and their power in judging in appeal on spiritual matters, Manning was efficiently assisted by James Hope, an eminent lawyer, who had made the relations between Church and Crown a special study. Mr. Gladstone, whom Manning likewise consulted, and to whom he sent the proof-sheets of his Letter to the Bishop of Chichester, was much concerned lest the Archdeacon, who was not familiar with such nice historical and legal questions, might be led astray by his arguments or preconceived opinions.

In a letter, dated 6 Carlton Gardens, 26th June 1850, Mr. Gladstone made the following remarks:—

My dear Manning—I need hardly write to say that your proof-sheets will have my best attention. The point to which I shall look in critical and rather jealous temper will be your *historical* proofs; because I do not recollect that heretofore you have busied yourself with proof of that kind in the same subject matter, and because it must be made in *most* cases not wholesale, but by careful and systematic pondering of details. Now, you

are setting about to prove that the Reformation Supremacy differs essentially from that, not indeed of the immediate, but of the more remote pre-Reformation period: *i.e.* to deny the sense which not only the formularies of the Church, but the text of the law-books give to certain *legal* declarations.

This, upon the face of it, is a bold undertaking; and surely every principle of duty will bind you to the strictest examination and proof, and to ruling real doubts, otherwise insoluble, not for, but against, your conclusion.

. . . It is, I feel, a tremendous thing to err in our historical bases when they are likely to be the ground of great measures affecting the whole life and conscience. . . .

These words hit myself, and they are meant to do so. I hope that the matter of the Royal Supremacy will now be bolted to the very bran. I am sure the time has come which renders it matter of vital necessity. And do not think that what I have said of jealous criticism implies foregone conclusion or conscious bias. I rejoice from my heart that you are going to work in the mine. In my view the Reformation scheme of Church and State is essentially shifted from its centre of gravity. You incline to think it never had one. Our practical results may nevertheless coincide.—Your affectionate friend,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

In this day of trial, as he told Robert Wilberforce, Manning was doing his best in consoling his relatives. To his sister, Mrs. Austen, he wrote the following touching letter:—

LAVINGTON, 18*th June* 1850.

MY DEAREST CAROLINE—Your letter has been a real solace to me, and I need it, for we are in a trial greater than I have ever known, and fraught, I believe, with the gravest consequences.

But, first, let me tell you to believe nothing of me but what comes from me. The world has sent me long ago to Pius IX., but I am still here; and if I may lay my bones under the sod in Lavington Churchyard with a soul clear before God, all the world could not move me.

If we were together I believe you would say that I am both calm and patient, deeply sad indeed, and reduced to silence. For I am compelled to acknowledge that the laws which I believe to be divine are violated, and that the Church of England is in many points indefensible. This I never would hear in silence before.

People tell me to trust and love the Church of England: Who

has trusted or loved it more? Who loves it more now, even when the foundations of trust are shaken? When have I spoken or written a word in any spirit but of love and reverence, or with any intention but to serve it for Christ's sake? I believe in this you will hold me clear. My contest now is with the State and the world, with secular churchmen and those who of a divine would make it a human society, or at the best a Protestant communion.

But I did not mean to write all this. Give my truest love to the Colonel, and say that I hope he will be at this meeting. I have put myself into the hands of two advisers, to be there if they bid me.

So much for troubles. God be praised they are only outer ones. Through all this I feel something within which stills all outward noise. God is bringing us by the right way; but it is a rough one, and yet therefore right and sure. And I feel that the love of our Divine Lord will keep us all safe. It is His goodness which gives me the consolation of so many loving hearts, and yours among the kindest. May He bless you both. —Ever your most affectionate brother, H. E. M.

To Mrs. Austen, who had expressed alarm lest he should be carried beyond his judgment by the influence of friends, Manning replied as follows:

LAVINGTON, 30*th June* 1850.

MY DEAREST CAROLINE—Your letter was great solace to me; for no one can tell what I am going through.

You said nothing amiss of my friend Dodsworth.[1] He has

[1] In one of his stray Notes or Memoranda, undated, Cardinal Manning gave the following account of W. Dodsworth:—"William Dodsworth was a Cambridge man, who took Anglican Orders and had Margaret Chapel, now All Saints, Margaret Street. I knew him just about 1836, and soon became very intimate with him. He was a man of a strong clear but dry head, without imagination or fertility, but accurate and logical. His character was upright and truthful in a high degree, and with a warmth of heart very rare. We travelled together in Normandy, in Scotland, and finally in Switzerland in 1847."

Several times these travels are referred to in the letters; but especially that of 1847. "In February of that year I fell ill of bronchitis; and was completely knocked down in June, as in Paris in 1876. I was shut up from February to June or July Then went to Hamburg. Dodsworth met me at Mayence. We went on to Basle and Lucerne, intending to go to Milan. Between Basle and Lucerne I caught a heavy cold, and at Lucerne was taken with severe gastric fever. I had suffered from intense August heat at Hamburg, and Switzerland in September was like an English November.

been hasty and rough, and I am grieved at it; but he has a manly and loving heart; and is true as day. I must also say that there was more cause than I could wish for in what he said.

As to my own advisers, they are Gladstone and James Hope, and I may say Robert Wilberforce. I think abler, calmer, and safer I could hardly find. No, no mind has any influence to hurry me beyond my own judgment; on the contrary; and I am detached from every one, and going alone, for I feel that what we have to judge of now must be judged, one by one, for himself. Therefore be so far at ease about me.

It is part of the trial that so few really see the peril and the crisis. I believe, as I told you before, that it is no less than the question whether the Church of England be a divine or human society. It is no question of more or less, better or worse, but whether we are in or out of the Faith and Church which our Lord founded by His Apostles. But I cannot go into this in a letter. This week, I hope to send to the press a letter to the Bishop of Chichester. Archdeacon Harrison comes to-morrow, and will go over it with me; then Gladstone and Hope. I then shall see my way more clearly. Believe me it is most calm, guarded, and weighed, but it goes home. Write as often as you can, for it cheers me.

I thank God that I have so little to bear from those I love in this time of trial. But you all trust at least my heart before God. Love to you both.—Ever your attached brother,

H. E. M.

The Archdeacon's Letter to the Bishop of Chichester, entitled "The Appellate Jurisdiction of the Crown in Spiritual Matters," appeared on 2nd July 1850. It was, as described in the above letter, most calm, guarded, and weighed; and if it failed not to go home, but to bear the results he desired, it was from no want of lucidity of statement or logical conciseness or force of argument. Its moderation in tone, displayed in every line, enhanced the effect of absolute conviction. It was a masterpiece of lucid statement and subtle reasoning, and if it failed in its purpose it was because the

I was so ill that I was obliged to return to England. I could hardly walk. I remember seeing people in the steamer on the Rhine making signs as if they thought I was dying.

"My chief correspondence with Dodsworth was from 1844 when I first knew that Newman was preparing to leave the Church of England. My letters show the waking and advance of my mind in 1847-1850, to the end."

idea, which Manning ever held of the independence of the Church of England, was not consistent with the legal position of Establishment.

In substance the argument showed: First, the violation of the divine office of the Church as guardian of doctrine and discipline; secondly, that the denial of an article of the universal Creed had received the sanction of the Law, for

> no doctrine is more manifestly universal in its reception in all ages of the Church, both before the division of the East and West, when its united voice gave unerring witness to the faith, and since that division, in all members of the visible Church unto this day. If there be, therefore, such a thing as material heresy, it is the doctrine which has now received the sanction of the law;

and thirdly, that divine authority had been brought down to the level of human opinion.

> I do not see how the Church of England can permit two contrary doctrines on Baptism to be propounded to her people without abdicating the divine authority to teach as sent from God; and a body which teaches under the authority of human interpretation descends to the level of a human society.

The reserve and moderation of tone maintained throughout this Letter to his bishop is characteristic of Manning, especially in such a season of public excitement when feeling ran high on one side and the other; when the Church of England by the one party in the strife was denounced as betraying her trust and violating the faith, and by the other bade, under penalty of desertion, to act the part of a liveried servant of the State. Manning held out no threat of leaving the Church, even if the ecclesiastical authorities accepted the abolition by the Civil Power of an article of the creed. He would not assume the bishops capable of such a betrayal of their divine trust; and this implied confidence in them was not only prudent, but lent additional persuasiveness to his appeal. There is, moreover, not the slightest indication throughout the letter that, even before the Gorham Judgment, Manning had utterly lost faith not only in Protestantism but in Anglicanism; had lost faith in the English Church; could no longer defend its teaching or position. This, how-

ever, was his private belief, which he had not as yet been able to act upon, fearing it might be a delusion; which he had not as yet, even after the Gorham Judgment, thought it his duty to proclaim in public.

W. Dodsworth, the most outspoken of his friends, who knew Manning's real state of mind, went to the point, to the heart of the difficulty, by asking, "Is there in these days the remotest possibility of getting liberty for the Church of England?" The letter is as follows:—

20*th July* 1850.

My dearest Friend—One word on your "letter, etc.," which I have just read with great and sorrowful satisfaction. I say *sorrowful*, because "*violent* and *impatient*," as you sometimes think me, I have an ever-recurring feeling of more pain than I can express at the consequence so obviously forced upon me.

I think you right and forcible throughout, and that without waste of words you have insisted upon the real and vital points, demolishing the folly which has been spoken upon them.

I quite agree that no remedy goes to the root of the matter which does not repeal the statutes of Henry VIII. But this gives rise to a serious question.

Is it *fair* and *right* to ask for such a repeal? Put yourself in the place of an Erastian. He says, I knew what I was pledging myself to when I took my oath. Does this new discovery of yours entitle you to bind me in a way different from that by which I have already bound myself? In other words, is it not an element in the Church of England, made so when it severed itself from the rest of Christendom, to acknowledge this spiritual supremacy? *Then* our plain duty would have been to abide in the old religion *rather than accept this innovation.* Does the lapse of 300 years make our duty different? I have thought the same as you of the Royal Supremacy. But we have been mistaken, and our opponents have thought more correctly of the status of the English Church. Can we in fairness avail ourselves of our mistake (for without it we could not be where we are) to oust them? I must say this seems to me at least *questionable.*

But, dearest friend, is there in these days *the remotest possibility* of getting liberty for the Church by the repeal of the statutes of Henry VIII.? Would one-half of the people of your *meeting* go with you in this? and think what chance you would have in the House of Commons or with the people of England, who think more of a farthing in the pound than of the whole body of statutes affecting the Church. Only, if they have a

strong feeling, it is against priestcraft and exercise of spiritual power. No, IT CAN NEVER BE; and with this conviction have I any *right* to be where I am? . . . To me it will be a trial to *act* without you. I have long expected only to *follow*, or at most accompany you. But things seem brought to a crisis with me. . . —Ever yours most affectionately, W. DODSWORTH.

The Rev. W. Maskell, the examining chaplain of the Bishop of London, wrote to Archdeacon Manning after the Gorham Judgment, saying—

My first step is over—a bitter, painful one; more bitter in the doing than in the anticipation. I preached this morning. . . .

In his sermon, Mr. Maskell announced the resignation of his benefice in consequence of the Gorham Judgment. His letter concluded as follows:—

Nothing can be more marvellous than the differences at this time between the chief writers in the English Church; there is not even the semblance of a common principle of defence of their position. Pusey says one thing, Robert Wilberforce another, Gladstone something else, and you—with an openness for which I give God thanks—speak plainly in contradiction of them all.

I hope you will not be angry with me for writing so; but I can't help writing now, remembering you and praying for you every day. And, as I said before, I *cannot* believe we are so separated as that something of the same confidence which was of old might not still remain.

I neither speak to you of myself—except that an unspeakable thankfulness fills my heart—nor do I inquire what your plans and prospects are. Time flies VERY swiftly: it is now six or seven weeks (I think) since we parted at the corner of the street. I shall never forget it. God bless you, keep you, guide you, for ever and ever.—Ever your sincere W. MASKELL.

Two of Manning's most intimate friends had lifted up their voice against the Gorham Judgment and its consequences, as fatal to the Church of England. They both alike appealed to Manning, still hesitating. The one by exhortation, the other by example. But for Manning the Gorham Judgment was not yet God's final call.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE DAY OF HESITATION—MANNING'S LETTERS TO ROBERT WILBERFORCE AFTER THE GORHAM JUDGMENT

March–December 1850

MANNING was by nature indecisive in action. Prudence, circumspection, the fear of ulterior consequences, induced him to put off as long as possible the day of decision. Until his mind was finally made up, he was inclined to lean upon others; as in this day of doubt and hesitation he leant all his weight upon Robert Wilberforce. And when Robert Wilberforce failed him, and hung back on the road to Rome, Manning in dismay and anguish of heart felt as if the ground on which he stood was sinking beneath his feet. W. Dodsworth, reproached as "impatient and violent" because he would not wait for Manning, but passed on and left him behind, as others did—friends and penitents, like Mr. and Mrs. Allies, William Maskell, Laprimaudaye, Lord and Lady Feilding, Henry Wilberforce and his wife. Under a feeling or fear of desertion Manning made a compact with James Hope that they should stand together; and if so be that they were called, go together step by step on their pilgrimage to Rome.

Long ago, before the Gorham Judgment, to Robert Wilberforce Manning had acknowledged Anglicanism was a lost cause: a lost hope: a lost faith: that his destiny was Rome. Yet still he hesitated; hesitated even after the Gorham Judgment. His lips were sealed. He would not speak until he was prepared to act. He was waiting he knew not for what. Old hopes were still strong upon

him; love for his home and office, for his position and work, still bound him, or perhaps, it would be truer to say, blinded him. Like a drowning man, he would have clutched at a straw had a straw come within his reach.

In that troublous hour for the Anglican Church, that day of sorrow for so many of our separated brethren, a Novena was held in celebration of the opening of the Church of St. Barnabas, Pimlico. Frequent and fervent prayers and communions were offered up, day by day, by pious congregations for the deliverance of the Church in that day of trial from the bondage of the Civil Power.[1]

During the Novena, within the octave of the consecration of the Church of St. Barnabas, 1850, all the chief leaders or defenders of the High Church party preached morning and evening. Among the preachers were the Bishop of London, Bishop Wilberforce, Archdeacon Manning, Dr. Pusey, Keble, Sewell, H. W. Wilberforce, Neale, Bennett, Upton Richards the incumbent of Margaret Street Chapel in succession to Frederick Oakeley, and Dr. Mill the Regius Professor of Hebrew at Cambridge. All these representatives, both of the High Church and the Tractarian party, one after another from the pulpit of St. Barnabas, denounced the Gorham Judgment, just pronounced by the Privy Council, in terms of righteous indignation; or bewailed the condition of the Church of England "under the stunning blow," as Dr. Pusey said, "inflicted upon her"; or exhorted, like H. W. Wilberforce, the bishops to defend "the sacrament of baptism against attack, and to preserve the unity of the faith. Of all these preachers, Archdeacon Manning alone was silent: he made no allusion to the Gorham Judgment; he had not a word to say against the reproach of Dr. Mill "that the last vestiges of Catholicism are gone, or are at least rapidly passing away from sight."

If the Archdeacon of Chichester had not as yet, since

[1] Among the congregation were Lord and Lady Feilding, afterwards Earl of Denbigh, penitents of Archdeacon Manning, who, as Catholics, some years later, dedicated to Catholic uses the church at Pantasaph, which they had, as Anglicans, intended to devote to the service of the Church of England. Lord Denbigh died soon after Cardinal Manning, his revered teacher, guide, and friend.

his fruitless letter to his bishop on the appellate jurisdiction of the Crown in Council, lifted up his voice before the face of the Church in condemnation of its acceptance of the Gorham Judgment, in his private letters he showed that his heart was wounded to the quick. Thoughts, feelings, resolutions, which in that day of hesitation he did not dare to utter in public, were poured out into the ear of Robert Wilberforce and of others; and from these private letters alone is the history of Manning's heart and mind made clear, and the delay in taking the final step accounted for.

Letters from Manning to Robert Wilberforce

The following letter to Robert Wilberforce was the first which Manning wrote since his return to Lavington, after they had both agreed, in concert with friends in London, to take common action in protest against the Gorham Judgment and the Royal Supremacy in spiritual matters:—

Lavington, 22*nd March* 1850.

My dear Robert—I am thankful and glad to say that we have taken our position. Day by day, I have become more clearly and calmly assured that we have spoken what is true, and done what is right. The more I have looked into the doctrine and the principle involved in it, the more I am confirmed in believing that faith and unbelief are in presence of each other.

All this throws me upon the Divine illumination, living and lineal, guiding the Church from the day of Pentecost to the coming of our Lord. And to that truth I say what Ruth said to Naomi.—Ever yours, my dear Robert, very affectionately,

H. E. M.

Like confidence is shown in the following letter:—

Lavington, *Wednesday after Easter*, 1850.

My dear Robert—I hope the enclosed may be of use. . . . Perhaps. Now for the hard realities which are upon us. I feel with you great relief in having taken a clear and definite line. It was no sudden resolve, but the simple issue of years of conviction at the point of actual trial. And in the last fortnight of calm and

deeper reflection I feel confirmed in an unchanging belief, that what we said is true, and what we did is right, and that, if events demand action, this path of duty is clear before us. I have felt this more in solitude and at the altar, than when surrounded and supported by those who take the same views.

You shall have a paper to show what these clubs did. They are very hearty, much united, but the thought of a decisive *act* has not yet come home to them, I *think*.—Ever yours affectionately, H. E. M.

In the following letter, dated May 1850, Manning's full mind is revealed on the Reformation:—

LAVINGTON, 10*th May* 1850.

MY DEAR ROBERT—It was a comfort to hear from you, for since I came home I find my convictions return with a fuller tide into the channel from which the hurry of London for a while diverted them. Action, and the pursuit of an immediate object, suspend consecutive thinking. Now that I can review things from a distance, I seem to see one, and one only light, calm and clear, steadfast and expanding.

I seem to see that all Divine authority in England is at stake, all Divine law for the intellect and for the will; that to reinforce the Divine authority of the Catholic Church as it exists among us we must testify against the whole Reformation schism, which is a national and corporate private judgment; that we must testify for the Divine authority by suffering, sorrow, loss, and lifelong sacrifice; that in so doing we shall be not "injuring millions," but instructing, awakening, saving millions. All that we have taught is at stake; if we wish to rivet it we must suffer for it.

I did not find Pusey. He was not come. But I have read his book with sadness. Does he believe that the Church is a Divine kingdom; that for three hundred years it exercised its Divine office, not only without but in spite of emperors? Can he fail to see that to concede the power of "giving judges" is to make the Church a clerical Westminster Hall? What does he mean by saying "doctrine is not touched, but discipline is"? Is not doctrine the *oral* teaching of 15,000 priests, 80,000 school teachers, two or three millions of heads of families? What is the doctrine of the Church but the *univoca methoda docendi*—the real and unanimous teaching of 1800 years? Can he confound "doctrine" and "dogma" or "*fides*"? I wish I could go on, but I must stop to-day.—Ever yours, dear Robert, very affectionately, H. E. M.

LAVINGTON, 27*th May* 1850.

MY DEAR ROBERT—The enclosed letter[1] is no more than we might both expect. It may be well that she should not know of my showing it to you. I have written to say that I will see her, please God, next Saturday, but what am I to say? Day by day, I receive letters which I cannot answer, and I find these alarms breaking up in fresh minds. Surely the Reformation was a Tudor statute carried by violence and upheld by political power; and now that the State is divorcing the Anglican Church, it is dissolving. What principle of unity, of coherence, do we possess? What principle do we recognise as Divine? The Bible, the Prayer-book, private judgment and parliamentary establishment seem to me to make up the English Church. It has no idea, principle, unity, theory, or living voice, or will.

But alas, every morning when I open my eyes my heart almost breaks. I seem to be divided between truth and love. All my soul cleaves to my old home, but inexorable laws of reason and revelation stand over against me without shadow of turning. Can this be illusion? It seems to me that the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation, the One mystical Body—the three Unities are indivisible and eternal, and all three together. I shall hear with great interest of your Visitation. You have taken the two chief points of the Judgment, and they contain all the rest. It is well that the judges defined what they declared to be unlegal. Is not this the true statement of baptism?—

1. That it unites the baptized to the Holy Trinity, to the Father by adoption, to the Son by remission, to the Holy Ghost by indwelling.

2. That the agent is the Holy Ghost.

3. That the three effects are as inseparable as the three Persons.

4. That the infusion of grace is the *one* principle which brings also Adoption and Redemption.

5. That Regeneration comprehends *the whole threefold idea.*

If so, what does our dear friend Pusey mean by taking the second effect, and the Second Person?—Ever yours very affectionately, H. E. M.

LAVINGTON, 15*th June* 1850.

MY DEAR ROBERT—Many thanks for your letter, and the report of your Charge: you seem to me to have done admirably.

[1] A letter from one of Archdeacon Manning's penitents expressing alarm at the Gorham Judgment, and her desire to seek safety in the Church of Rome.

So far as I can gather, I go word by word, with you. And I believe it to be the truth, against which nothing can prevail. Your letter also moved me very much; all the more, because I am suffering, except in one point, as you are. No, God helping me, I will do nothing in heat, or in haste. So long as I find those dear to me, as you are, united in holding to the principles of faith, and prepared, if need be, at last, without fail, to follow them in their fulness, I am able to wait in peace.

It is, I must say in confidence, the course of Pusey and Keble, which alarms me into pressing onward. They both seem to me to have given up the Divine Tradition as the supreme authority, and to apply private judgment to antiquity, as Protestants do to Holy Scripture. . . . Nothing, I trust, will call me from home again. I am worn in body by all this, and am resting. Pray, if possible, dear Robert, come for a clear day *alone*, and let us look at facts and books together.

And now, I seem to see a providential intention in all that is befalling. Our past work, founded on passive, widespread confidence in easy times, is gone, we are both mistrusted and marked; but I believe a greater weight is on us both. We are identified with a great doctrine, and a great principle; and all we can give, is given to spread and deepen their hold on people. Individuals in numbers are turning up, and coming to you and to me.

We are fairly released from Protestantism, Rationalism, Anglicanism, and the like. If unity is ever to be restored, and the influx of the universal authority of faith again to support truth, and the Church in England, we are making way for it. Unknown to ourselves, we are thrust into a position which in Tudor days would have been intermediate; who knows, but that in these it may be the condition of obtaining the object of our daily prayers?

All these things, and many more, soothe and stay me. God guide us, my dear Robert.—Ever yours very affectionately,

H. E. M.

In the following letter Manning reaffirms what he had affirmed already in 1849, that the Anglican position "is a wreck and untenable at all points"; and that "the Church of England has no real basis":—

LAVINGTON, 25*th June* 1850.

MY DEAR ROBERT—Your few words, sad as they are, really strengthen me, for I am going through a trial which wears me much.

I have not seen Churton's Charge; but the course he and others have taken has helped more than most things to convince me that the Church of England has no real basis. I know of none between the spiritual light of the individual, or the spiritual light of the body. Anglicanism seems to me to be the latter in words, and the former in fact. Now I feel not only in no haste, but to be moving more slowly; but to be moving always, surely, and without change, in one direction.

1. *Logically*, I am convinced that the One, Holy, Visible, Infallible Church is that which has its circuit in all the world, and its centre *accidentally* in Rome.

2. But I mistrust my conclusion.

(1) Because, though the *form* may be logical, the premisses may be disputable matter.

(2) Because I fear to rest on *intellectual* convictions alone. In some things I may have less repulsion than you, in others as much, even more. But the end stands before me as truth and destiny. And when I turn to our own position, I find it a wreck, and untenable at all points. Not to go on would, to me, be to go back into pure individual religion.[1]

My desire is to movement, slowly, sifting, and justifying to the highest minds. I scan the reasons of my convictions. And my hope is to have your help, and comfort, always to turn to. As for all our friends, they seem to me to have fallen asunder, as a faggot unloosed.

Let me know when you come south.—Believe me, dear Robert, yours very affectionately, H. E. M.

I have made a first draft on the Oath of Supremacy, in a letter to my bishop. But I have written myself fairly over the border—or Tiber rather.

"I am suffering much"—and such sufferings extort sym-

[1] I remember during this time of doubt that I gradually came to see that there was no intermediate position between the Catholic Faith and an undogmatic Pietism. The latter attracted me very much because of my love for Leighton's sermons and his lesser works. His mind and life were always most attractive to me. But I felt the illogical and untenable character of such a position too sensibly to be really in danger of giving up dogmatic religion. I could have rather rejected religion altogether than believe revealed Truth to be without outline and certainty. I soon therefore moved in the line of definite and certain doctrine. And this was greatly aided by the Gorham Judgment. What I thought about this may be seen in a pamphlet on *The Appellate Jurisdiction of the Crown*, addressed to the Bishop of Chichester. The violation of the doctrine of Baptism was of less gravity to me than the violation of the divine office of the Church by the supremacy of the Crown in council.—Cardinal Manning's Journal, 1887.

pathy and admiration—is the burden of many of Manning's letters to Robert Wilberforce at this trying period:—

LAVINGTON, *5th August* 1850.

DEAR ROBERT—I am suffering much. I have no home sorrows,[1] as you; but the Church of England has from me what, if I had a home, would perhaps be there. And I see nothing before me. If I stay I shall end a simple mystic, like Leighton. God is a spirit, and has no visible kingdom, church, or sacraments. Nothing will ever entangle me again in Protestantism, Anglican or otherwise.

But that is to reject Christendom—its history and its witness for God.

You will see from the enclosed that things seem near.—Ever yours very affectionately, H. E. M.

Mr. Allies's work on the Papacy, clear, logical, and learned, was not without its effect on Manning. The direct and outspoken criticism of the *Letter on the Appellate Jurisdiction of the Crown* may not have pleased him; yet, at such a moment, the repudiation by such a man as Mr. Allies of Anglicanism must have struck home to Manning's conscience.

LAUNTON, *5th September* 1850.

MY DEAR ARCHDEACON MANNING—I have finished my book, of which I hope you will see the results, such as they are, next week. Tell me how the argument strikes you. It is the result of seven long years of perplexity, in which I can safely say that Anglicanism has never given me one thread of guidance or a little finger of support. Now, I feel that I am passing from the dead to the living—from her who would divide the child that was not hers in half, to the true mother who yearns for her offspring. I go, *D.V.*, to Birmingham on Monday, to put myself in the hands of J. H. N.

I was rather surprised to hear of Lord Feilding, but it has cheered me up immensely.

I am quite unable to make out what is the practical drift either of your pamphlet or your circular; but if you have really the faintest hope of Anglicanism it astonishes me.

But do not forget to give me your prayers, especially in this last struggle. God has given me certainly the strongest, both

[1] The wife of Robert Wilberforce had grave apprehensions of her husband's secession, and such fears aggravated the illness from which she had long suffered.

intellectual and moral, conviction of the thorough dishonesty and unreality of Anglicanism as a Church system; and He has turned, what long seemed an obstacle scarcely to be surmounted on the side of Rome, into the most assured proof. I should dread some great misfortune if I did not obey His calling.—Ever yours affectionately, T. W. ALLIES.

The struggles of a sensitive and heroic soul are manifest in the pathetic words with which the following letter concludes.

KIPPINGTON, 19*th September* 1850.

MY DEAREST ROBERT—You have been much in my mind. I do not know how to resist the conviction—

1. That the Church of England is in schism.

2. That it has therefore lost its power to preserve its own internal unity of doctrine and discipline.

3. That it cannot define, judge, or pronounce with the authority of the universal Church, while it is separate and in collision with the universal Church.

4. That the late events have not changed our position, but *revealed it*, and that they who see it are bound to submit themselves to the universal Church. The utter weakness of all that it set up against their conclusions turns into positive argument in behalf of them.

Allies has just printed a mass of historical evidence which it would be immoral to put aside. He has deformed his book by a few things, which will make such minds as our dear brother[1] treat it unfairly. So truth suffers, and schisms are perpetrated. My dear Robert, I feel as if my time were drawing near, and that, like death, it will be, if it must be, alone. But I shrink with all the love and fear of my soul. Pray for me.—Ever yours most affectionately, H. E. M.

In answer to the expression of Robert Wilberforce's apprehension of precipitancy, Manning wrote as follows:—

Most Private.

44 CADOGAN PLACE, 26*th September* 1850.

MY DEAREST ROBERT—I have no thought of a hasty step. All you say of the immoral effect of precipitation I feel, and will be guided by you, for your sake and for my own. If I knew that I should die this day six months I should speak as if life were over and death near. This was the meaning of my last letter.

[1] Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford.

The state of my mind is a settled conviction that it must end in only one way. I feel that the Church of England, by every principle of Scripture, tradition, and history, is a human society, more ecclesiastical and medieval than the Kirk, but equally *separate* from the universal Church. This conviction grows on me continually, harmonising all phenomena of our state. I seem therefore to have no doubt how it must end. But six months would still be *soon* in such a death.

Now, dear Robert, advise me. I have thought of going abroad for the winter, as a means of withdrawing from collision, and from embarrassing others. Gladstone's going, and the English winter would be reason *ad exteros.*

It would give me time for last reflections and dying thoughts, and a *locus penitentiæ*, if, "which God avert," I be deluded.

Tell me how this seems to you.

I have heard from our dearest Henry. He writes calmly, and, I believe, his mind and character will be confirmed and raised by what he has done. Dearest Robert, to be parted from you would be one of my keenest trials; may it never be, and, I believe, it cannot. Surely we want faith, and do not trust ourselves enough to the kingdom which is not of this world. I seem to see how we are called to suffer for faith, and for the elect's sake. We have spoken for truth, and written for truth; we must now act for truth, and bear for the truth. Nothing but the suffering of the many can save the Church of England from running down the inclined plane of all separate bodies. It is for it that we are testifying, though it will not see or know it. Newman's going has preserved life.—Ever yours most affectionately, H. E. M.

LAVINGTON, 14*th October* 1850.

MY DEAR ROBERT— . . . Give me now your kind advice; for myself I think I am fully decided to go abroad.

But can I do so without resigning?

Does not public honour require it?

Resigning does not compel going further. But can I hold office of trust and emoluments without clashing with uprightness?

Let me hear from you. I have no letters worth sending from Henry. He is still at Malines.—Ever yours very affectionately, H. E. M.

The "cruel imputations," which Manning speaks of in the following letter, cast on "his honesty and honour," may perhaps be accounted for in some measure by the different

statements as to his religious opinions which he had made to different persons on various occasions. Long ago he had acknowledged to Robert Wilberforce the loss of all faith in the English Church; but, on the other hand, he had felt it his duty to declare to his penitents, almost up to the date of this letter, that they might abide in grace and safety in the Church of England:—

LAVINGTON, *Feast of SS. Simon and Jude,*
18*th October* 1850.

MY DEAREST ROBERT—I hope my letter did not add to your distress.

Unless some new and peremptory reason should arise, I will do as you desire. God grant that nothing may part us. It would be to me a great and lasting sorrow, and unspeakably increase the fear and anxiety with which I weigh the thoughts of our present trial. The pain I have to bear, which you have not equally, is the cruel imputations upon honesty and honour. These wound me. They could not move me if I were not conscious that I have no hope for the Church of England. I not only believe that nothing will be done, but that nothing can. The fault seems to me to be in the original position; suppose the Royal Supremacy reduced to our limits, and the Church of England empowered to judge, and declare finally in matter of faith: the Thirty-nine Articles declare local Churches to be fallible, and the English Church is not only fallible, but irreconcilably divided in doctrines of faith, *e.g.* Regeneration, the Real Presence, Sacrifice, Priesthood, the Church.

This seems to me to reduce us to the necessity and to the duty of acknowledging our original position to be false and wrong. But this acknowledgment who will make? Even Pusey's tone is otherwise.

I do not feel what you say of condemning a Church which has such men as Keble in it. I must condemn it, whosoever be in it.

Postscript.—Do you see the line of the *Guardian* in the first leading article? It is dreary and deadly work. Insular Anglicanism and partisan movement seem to be their highest aim. Let me hear from you what you did yesterday. I had a few words with Keble. I said, "I fear we differ in this. I might feel myself bound to submit to the Roman Church; you would not." He said, "I could not. I could not say my prayers there." Does he mean that Rome is the synagogue of Satan? for that is

the only place in which I should think we could not pray. Does he not believe our "fallen sister" to be a part of the Temple of God? And if so, does he believe that Rome has erred in matters *de fide?* And would anything less sustain his words? I mused over your strange medley yesterday. I suppose you had at least three elements which will never hold together.—Ever your very affectionate H. E. M.

William Dodsworth, Manning's most watchful friend, never lost an opportunity of pointing the way, as the following letter shows:—

FRESHWATER, 17*th August* 1850.

MY DEAREST FRIEND—A letter from H. W. W., in Belgium, plainly indicates that his wife has joined the Roman Catholic Church. But he seems to assume that I know the particulars—which I do not—perhaps some letter of his may have missed.

I am *impatient* to know all about it. So ask you without waiting for another letter from him. It seems also plain to me that he will never get out of Belgium without following her steps.

I fear that my letter to you from London was crude and abrupt, and then you infer that I am impetuous and thoughtless.

But, dearest friend, I write *to you* as I would speak, careless of style, etc., so you must allow for this; and you know it is my habit, bad or good, to come to the point without circumlocution.

The more I think, the more I feel that our position is an impossible one.

The *Articles* we have subscribed, or continue subscription, substantially on the ground of their comprehensiveness or indefiniteness on the theory of Tract 90, or some kindred one. But when we come to think of what subscription is, and the *nature of those truths* which are dealt with, is it defensible so to deal with such truths—is it enough to say only, we *don't deny* the Real Presence—the guidance of the Holy Spirit, the Church Catholic? Are we not doing our part to make Christian verities "open questions"?—Ever your most affectionate,

WILLIAM DODSWORTH.

In another letter Dodsworth writes as follows:—

I really cannot subscribe these Articles again. Pray tell me, now that you know so much of my mind, whether you think that I ought to communicate any more in the Church of England. Is not the actual institution of Gorham a decisive point? Gladstone seemed to think it so.

Your letter, dearest friend, is like yourself, ever loving and faithful—the proof of a friendship which it is one of the great responsibilities of my life to enjoy.

I will think of all you say; with you I am not afraid of being misunderstood, and, I will say, that my heart does not upbraid me with an unkindly feeling towards any human being.

But it seems to me that we have come upon times when we must take a stern view of men's *acts*—even the humblest and lowest of us. Is it not a crisis in which our Lord's truth is in jeopardy?

But with no affectation of humility, I can easily believe that I have been wanting.—Yours most affectionately,

WILLIAM DODSWORTH.

I am more and more impressed with the conviction that I must soon act.

In the following letter of 22nd October, nearly eight months after the Gorham Judgment, Manning makes an explicit profession of faith in the Church of Rome as infallible through the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and expresses his deep conviction that the Church of England is not under that guidance:—

LAVINGTON, 22*nd October* 1850.

MY DEAR ROBERT—The Yorkshire Church Union will, I fear, bring you into difficulties.

You were of course absent when they passed their resolution about Romanism; and you will, I am afraid, be dragged into a false position.

Many thanks for your words about myself; since I got them, a letter from our dear brother, the bishop, has brought me all but to the point.

I fain would hold on for many reasons; but I feel to be in a false position.

I am not afraid of seeming to fly from a storm. No one worth thinking of would think so, and multitudes, very well worth thinking of, think me all but dishonest. Public honour is essential to character and usefulness; and I feel sure that my work in the Church of England is over, I hinder more than I help. I cannot now carry on this Supremacy move in the only way in which others will. Unless a man can say what Pusey said to my wonder last week, I feel convinced he can do nothing for the Church of England, or rather in it.

But all this is by the way. The true and overruling reason

is that I am so deeply convinced that the Church is infallible through the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and that the Church of England is not under that guidance, as to leave me day by day less choice. I will try to put shortly what I mean:

1. The present state of the Church of England is a proof to me that a local church in a state of separation from the universal Church, cannot declare or preserve the Faith.

2. For 300 years we have been in a position which, whether now changed or revealed, is no longer tenable on any laws of the Church of Christ.

3. I believe it is a revelation of a position untenable *ab initio*.

4. For this Royal Supremacy is in principle as old as Henry the VIII. Gladstone's view is to me a clever theory. But all facts and histories are against it. Goode is right, I believe, to the letter. The Crown is supreme judge.

(2) The authority of the living and universal Church has been shut out for 300 years; we have fallen into a functional impotence, and the local Church has not, neither can have, any other guide or support.

(3) Be our paper doctrines what they may, we have had contradictory bishops, priests, and people, for 300 years on baptism, the real presence, the sacrifice, absolution, succession, priesthood, rule of faith, the very constitution, and authority and identity of the Church. All this is 300 years old, this is no change. It may be an aggravation, but no more.

Now, I confess that I feel that nothing short of the re-entrance of this authority of the living Church universal can restore the functions of the Church of England. We are in material heresy and that throws light on our separation, and I believe we are in schism. With this feeling, growing daily with a conscious variance of reason, faith, and conscience, against the Royal Supremacy as in our oath and subscription, and against the anti-Roman articles, I feel driven to believe that I can delay no longer without violation of truth towards God and man. Do, dearest Robert, weigh this more gravely. Do not argue of expediencies and effects, but look at the facts of the case. Take your own view of the Article against Transubstantiation. You do not condemn the truth. All the world does, and believes you do, so long as you continue under subscription.

My own impression is that, when this Committee has taken its public place, I shall sink to the bottom and disappear.

I am full of dread lest the truth of conscience should be lost by waiting and listening to the suggestions of flesh and blood.

May the Divine Spirit guide us in this hour of trial, that we may be true to Him and His inspirations.—Believe me, ever very affectionately yours, H. E. M.

It was, indeed, "an hour of trial": not a trial of faith, for Manning's belief in the English Church had broken down even before the Gorham Judgment. Even before the Gorham Judgment he had clearly and without reserve declared his faith in the Catholic Church. His letters to Robert Wilberforce testify this. All that was wanting was the final act of submission. What is still keeping him back? What had kept him back so long? Human motives: old habits of mind, fear of taking an irrevocable step: a fear which he likened to the fear of death: old ties and associations. Well might he have cried aloud to Robert Wilberforce that he was "full of dread lest the truth of conscience should be lost by waiting and listening to the suggestions of flesh and blood."

It was a noble confession: a foretoken of what was to come; at the same time it bore witness to the bitterness to flesh and blood of the struggle he was going through in the silent recesses of his heart.

For it must be borne in mind that what was known from intimate correspondence to Robert Wilberforce, to James Hope, to William Dodsworth, and to Henry Wilberforce, as to Manning's state of mind in regard to the English Church and to the Church of Rome, was known to no one else. It was known, indeed, to all the world that Manning in his Letter to the Bishop of Chichester had repudiated the Gorham Judgment: had rejected the Royal Supremacy in things spiritual. But so had Pusey, and Keble, and Robert Wilberforce; and so had Archdeacon Denison more loudly and vehemently than any of his cosignatories to the famous Declaration; and Archdeacon Thorp, and Mill, and Bennett of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. They were all alike in the same boat; and the most silent of them all, perhaps, was Manning. As long as he might keep silent he felt safe.

But the time for speaking had for him at last arrived. A storm had arisen from which he dared not fly. Manning felt very keenly what he expressed in his letter to Robert

Wilberforce, that "multitudes, very well worth thinking of, think me all but dishonest." Dishonest on account of his strange and prolonged silence. For, since the Gorham Judgment, spring had passed away and summer; autumn had come; and yet Archdeacon Manning made no sign. What did it mean? Strange rumours were abroad. Many hoped, and some few feared, that an open door had been found: a way of escape discovered for Manning.

Mr. Gladstone, in the view of retaining his friend in the English Church, had from time to time endeavoured to induce Bishop Wilberforce to obtain from a majority of the bishops, after the promulgation of the Gorham Judgment, a declaration that they would uphold the doctrine of the Church as to baptism; even though such a declaration would not have been of the nature of a corporate action, yet he believed such a step would have held secure to the Church not only Archdeacon Manning, but many others, who, like him, were longing for some authoritative declaration.

All these attempts, however, proved abortive. In a letter, dated 5th September 1850, to Bishop Wilberforce, Mr. Gladstone states, that from the conversations which had taken place, and the letters which had passed between Archdeacon Manning and himself, an impression was created in his mind that up to the Gorham Judgment the Archdeacon was convinced of the authority of the Church, and believed in her mission, though he could not disguise from himself that there were things in the Roman Church which he preferred. Mr. Gladstone, therefore, attributed the decided attitude of Archdeacon Manning as the result of the refusal of the bishops to issue a declaration that the Gorham Judgment was neither the law nor the faith of the Church of England.

Samuel Wilberforce, the Bishop of Oxford, who did not quite relish Mr. Gladstone's attributing Manning's attitude to the pusillanimous conduct of the bishops in abstaining, on one plea or another, from a public defence of an article of the Creed, sought to show in the following letter to Mr. Gladstone, that Manning's loss was to be imputed to other causes:—

LAVINGTON, 14*th September* 1850.

MY DEAR GLADSTONE—My stay here has let me see much of Manning. Never has he been so affectionate, so open, so fully trusting with me. We have been together through all his difficulties. But, alas! it has left on my mind the full conviction that he *is* lost to us. It is, as you say, the background of historical inquiry where our paths part. He seems to me to have followed singly, exactly the course which the Roman Church has followed as a body. He has gone back into those early times, when, what afterwards became their corruptions, were only the germ-buds of Catholic usages; he has fully accustomed his mind to them, until a system that wants them seems to him incomplete and uncatholic, and one that has them is the wiser and holier, and more catholic for having them, until he can excuse to a great degree their practical corruptions, and justify altogether their doctrinal rightness. All this has been stirred up and rendered practical in his mind by our own troubles; but the result of all leaves me very hopeless of the issue. Few can understand what his and my brother's present state is. I believe you can; the broken sleep, the heavy waking before the sorrow has shaped itself with returning consciousness into a definite form; the vast and spreading dimensions of the fear for others which it excites, the clouding over of all the future.—Yours affectionately, S. OXON.

Through no fault of his own, indeed, Mr. Gladstone was mistaken or misinformed as to the real state of Manning's religious opinions; not knowing that for years before the Gorham Judgment, he had doubted or disbelieved in the divine authority and mission of the English Church, as his letters to Robert Wilberforce, and in a lesser degree to Laprimaudaye, his confessor, show. But these letters Mr. Gladstone had not seen: he knew nothing, consequently, of Manning's repudiation of Anglicanism as a religious system: as a theology: as a church. In his letters to Mr. Gladstone, contemporary with those to Robert Wilberforce, Manning did not feel called upon to make like confessions. There were two sides to the shield—one, the inner or private; the other, the outer or public side. One side, for good and sufficient reasons, as I have already shown, was turned to Robert Wilberforce; the other, to Mr. Gladstone. Hence his mistaken impression that Manning made shipwreck, as

he would say, of his faith in the Church of England on the rock of the Gorham Judgment.

On learning, in January last,[1] the substance of Manning's letters to Robert Wilberforce, Mr. Gladstone was surprised beyond measure. Speaking with evident pain, he said—

To me this is most startling information, for which I am quite unprepared. In all our correspondence and conversations, during an intimacy which extended over many years, Manning never once led me to believe that he had doubts as to the position or divine authority of the English Church, far less that he had lost faith altogether in Anglicanism. That is to say up to the Gorham Judgment. The Gorham Judgment, I knew, shook his faith in the Church of England. It was then that Manning expressed to me—and for the first time—his doubts and misgivings.

After a few moments' reflection Mr. Gladstone added—"I won't say Manning was insincere, God forbid! But he was not simple and straightforward, as, for instance, Robert Wilberforce, the most simple and candid of men."

Manning's Anglican correspondence with Mr. Gladstone was even more copious than with Robert Wilberforce, for it extended over a longer period. These letters of Manning's Mr. Gladstone has always regarded as of the highest value and importance. He repeated once more, a month or two ago, what he had often said before:—

Over a long period, every subject of vital interest affecting the Church of England was discussed by Manning with masterly ability and foresight. His letters were a striking record of every movement in the Church of England during a most trying period, especially since Newman's secession.

On learning that Manning's Anglican letters were no longer forthcoming; had, as far as could be ascertained, been destroyed by the Cardinal not long before his death, Mr. Gladstone was greatly pained, and exclaimed—

Had I dreamt that Manning would have destroyed those letters I would never have returned them to him. They have left a lasting impression on my mind. Neither in those letters nor in conversation did Manning ever convey to me an intima-

[1] In a letter, dated 12th Dec. 1894, Mr. Gladstone wrote:—"On the question of Manning's views of the Anglican Church before the Gorham Judgment, I can give you most pertinent and strong oral evidence."

tion or even a hint that he had lost faith in the English Church. On the contrary, I remember as if it were yesterday a remarkable conversation I had with him in the summer of 1848, just after his return from Rome. We were walking together through St. James's Park, talking on serious subjects; indeed [added Mr. Gladstone with a laugh], our conversations always were serious. But on this occasion, referring to his illness of the previous year, Manning said, in the most solemn manner, "Dying men, or men within the shadow of death, as I was last year, have a clearer insight into things unseen of others; a deeper knowledge of all that relates to divine faith. In such a communion with death and the region beyond death, I had an absolute assurance in heart and soul, solemn beyond expression, that the English Church—I am not speaking of the Establishment—is a living portion of the Church of Christ."

Mr. Gladstone then added—

A year or two afterwards, I think, yes, in 1850, after the Gorham Judgment, I recalled this conversation to Manning's mind in a letter,[1] which I am convinced will bear out my present statement. In reply to points which I urged, Manning gave an evasive answer; and, indeed, called in question the facts of the conversation. But [Mr. Gladstone exclaimed with all his wonted energy] I could take an oath in a court of law as to the substantial facts of his conversation with me in 1848.

Indeed, up to the Gorham case, there are no indications in Mr. Gladstone's letters that to him Manning had made such revelations of his inner mind in regard to the Church of England as he had made to Robert Wilberforce.

In those crucial months of the autumn of 1850 following on the Gorham Judgment, when in Manning's mind the fateful decision was still hanging in the balance, no effort was wanting to incline the scale in favour of the Church of England. Prompted by conviction as well as by personal affection for Manning, Mr. Gladstone, as the following letters show, brought the strongest arguments in his power to influence or restrain his friend:—

FASQUE, 8*th September* 1850.

MY DEAR MANNING—The pains which come in the way of

[1] See Mr. Gladstone's letter to Archdeacon Manning, dated Genoa, 5th November 1850, p. 580.

God's ordinary dispensations are light compared with those which belong to the religious convulsion of the present time. If flesh writhes under the former, at least faith is not perplexed, but feels that her appointed work is passing and taking effect upon her. But in the changes which I see taking place on every side of me, both in the Church of England and in those who deplore her changes, there is no such consolation. The grief for the loss of children has a natural vent in tears; but tears do not come, and would not be adequate if they did, for the laying waste of the heritage of God. The promise indeed stands sure to the Church and to the elect. In the farthest distance there is peace, truth, glory; but what a leap to it, over what a gulf. You see nearer comfort; you have the advantage of me, if you are right and see truly.

In the grounds are materials of judgment; neither intellectually nor morally can I compete with you. As to the last let me not go beyond those words of to-day's Psalms, which are given for our use, and may be used, therefore, without affectation: "My wickednesses are gone over my head, and are like a sore burden too heavy for me to bear." As to the first, I follow you from letter to letter with amazement. I know not indeed how far your thoughts are tentative, how far they are entire expressions of your mind; but while each letter is in itself a polished whole, and would defy greater skill than mine to undo, taken as a series they are not fixed, nor consistent, nor consecutive. Your last especially passes quite beyond my power to follow. I am wholly unable to conceive how the theory of the Church and its unity, that is now before you, can stand application to the times of schism in the Roman Church itself, when both parties had the intention of union with the Chair of St. Peter, but were in fact divided, and one of them, therefore, is smitten by your doctrine, though both are recognised as Catholic by the Roman Church. The Branch Church theory is hers; only she makes a more limited application of it. To my eye the reasoning of your letter seems so far from your former self, to say no more, that it leaves me in doubt and perplexity as to its real purport, and extorts from me by force the question, whether your intellect is for the moment in the class of those, of which the extreme power and facility, and their satisfaction, unconscious, often yet a great reality, in their own vivid play, become snares to the possessor, and seduce him from fixity by the smoothness and ease they show in movement. But if you are deceived, you will need some other and worthier one to undeceive you. I am suspicious and afraid of the disposition you state, to follow in the path of relations whose sanctity you

venerate, for surely, though personal sanctity may give us every comfort respecting the person so blessed, it does not make such person a guide for others in the changes they may make, and to view them so is unsafe and unsound in principle: but I would readily admit and feel, that modesty at least should be with those who have no such titles written upon them, that the freedom I use as friend with friend ill suits me (it is really so; *te propter eundem amissus pudor*), and that I am fitter to be mute at least for a time in the presence of such deep problems and such crushing sorrows as seem to be coming on us.—Ever your affectionate friend, W. E. GLADSTONE.

FASQUE, 22*nd September* 1850.

MY DEAR MANNING—Your letters are all safe and accessible. I am a great letter-keeper, but however eclectic I might be, yours would have escaped the fire.

I am *not* grave and deliberate in word, and there is a proof of it in the terms you quote; it was enough for me to say "neither fixed nor consecutive," and "nor consistent" is surplusage, but surplusage in such matters shows the want of gravity. It will probably prove that the want of consistency, which there must be in what is neither fixed nor consecutive, lies in my inferences and constructions of your letters. I will at any rate explain what I meant; the explanation cannot make it more harsh or presumptuous, and may make it less.

I had letters from you in London, one in particular, which seemed to demonstrate your conviction that if there were a body within the pale of the Church of England ready to fight there the great battle now beginning for the faith of Christendom and its reunion in the profession of that faith, your lot would be cast with them; and all you might do or project would be upon and from that basis.

But the letter, to which in my last I was replying, would have given, I thought, the impression that you had come to the negative of the great practical proposition which you had before affirmed.

Not because of its mere words in their positive sense; for that I can understand its being said "I have no longer power or faith to work on a basis of separation" by men convinced under the teaching of the present circumstances, that the unity of the visible Church ought henceforward to be the all-absorbing aim of their labours, and yet having the same conviction as to the scene of those labours appointed them by the will of God that you had expressed in the former letters. But it was by putting together the general tone of the letter with its affirmations, and

with the thought of what it did not affirm, that I came to read it as an undoing and breaking up of your former ground of life and action.

Nothing more easily than grief makes a disposition, neither chastened nor balanced as it should be, fly out and become utterly unreasonable. I daresay that was my case.

Only one consideration led me to write as I did—the consideration, namely, of one point in the discipline life has given me, and one only, that can ever be of use to you. My life has, I know and feel, had this tendency, to lay a heavy weight upon the movement of the understanding when solicited to depart from the main practical principles by which it has been anchored, and to make the movements of all such processes exceedingly slow; I mean the common discipline of my life; that which has come upon my understanding only, and affects only its habits, and which comes in through common acts, apart from disturbing causes such as those that join themselves to all questions deeply piercing into our moral being.

Lagging behind you as, whenever I read your letters, I always feel myself to do, on this occasion for the first time it occurred to me, not because of the apparent interval between you and me, but between you and your former yet recent self, can it be that the shock of these awful times, having driven him upon the problems that oppress other men, his trenchant intellect has formed for him too sharp and short a way through them?

The vice I meant to suggest was strictly and wholly in *that* region; and what it was I hope I have now made clearer. I am anxious to purge the offence away, not from your mind, for I am certain it did not arrive there, but as it is in itself.

Hope is here, and I have felt the privilege of talking with him, but only to lament the more that my departure to-morrow cuts me off from the means of talking through, instead of merely upon, the great subject. I look forward anxiously to seeing you, but with a similar anticipation—weeks at least of continuous exercise seem necessary, besides every [thing] else of a higher nature that is more necessary, to give the least hope of a conscious grasp either of the true idea or of the right course, nor do I believe that events are yet ripe for more than to give light a little beyond the actual point at which we stand. But to the questions—first, can peace be permanently kept with the now dominant system in the Church of England, namely, will that system be cured by remedies such as any of its bishops may devise, *and* such as the State will permit to be administered?—I fail to find any answer but in the negative.—I remain always your affectionate friend, W. E. GLADSTONE.

You do not require to give me assurances of your self-mistrust. By the way in which you ever bear with me, I can well judge what it must be towards others, and in itself generally.

6 Carlton Gardens, *6th October* 1850.

My dear Manning—Mrs. Glynne is dead. As nearly as possible at the moment when we parted, she was called from a dark world, perhaps never darker than now in its prospects, to the rest and felicity into which few indeed could make an easier passage.

When you were here, I had not brought my letters into order: and I am sorry to find that I failed to place some of yours in your hands, I am not sure which, but I think they may have been those which related to your Letter to the Bishop of Chichester.

In looking back upon our conversation, much occurs and recurs; it is not now as it was; a jar ran through it, the latent idea on my part that you were unjust in your modes of judgment to the Church of England, and on yours, perhaps, that I am lagging behind the truth. There is however only one point on which I wish to say a word, for it is practically I think very important, and shall be briefly handled.

I said the "Church and realm" was not bound to the Judicial Committee and the Gorham Judgment; that the Church had not received the same. You said, yes, it had accepted the "discipline," the judicial system as established by the Statute of Appeals. The point therefore is this, whether the Judicial Committee be within the Statute of Appeals. But which of the two, its letter or its spirit? I say that within the letter of our statutes, and of our constitution, every fraud, every falsehood, every absurdity, may be found to lie. That it is in the spirit the constitutional interest of that statute, I emphatically deny. If you ask me for proof, I cannot find it in the *practice* under it: since no case of heresy has ever been tried through under its provisions. But surely nothing can be more complete as a proof of its *spirit* than the contemporaneous provision of the *reformatio legum*, which said if a grave case arose, it was to be tried by a Provincial Council. Therefore the Judicial Committee being a secular tribunal, wholly foreign to the order of the Church, is at variance with the spirit of the statute, and the Church which has accepted the statute has not accepted the Judicial Committee. The acts of the third and fourth William are no more morally than they are chronologically within reach of the canon of submission. That they stand in a certain relation in which the φθορὰ of a thing always stands to the thing,

beginning from the nature of the thing itself, and by an undue preponderance commonly of *some* among its elements.

This is to supply a gap which I ought to have filled when we were together. Pray remember the other matter which was named as we were going to part. And believe me always, your affectionate friend, W. E. GLADSTONE.

HAWARDEN, 13*th October* 1850.

MY DEAR MANNING—The word at parting to which I made in my last letter an indistinct allusion, was my request to you that you would carefully consider and let me know in course of time your thoughts upon the question, what are the obligations of the individual priest or layman, in the Church of England, to any such bishops of her communion as may set themselves resolutely to contend for the Catholic faith in the article in which it is now assailed, and in that principle of its delivery, in which all its articles alike are struck at with one blow?

The only impatience that I recollect in our conversation was that of mine, which led me in a particular point to mistake your course of reasoning, and for which I expressed my regret, but on your side there was nothing. And of course if I speak of injustice to the Church of England, I do not mean intended injustice; but we have no word for that kind of act between bare injury and injustice, which is hurt done that ought not to be done, yet without the thought of doing anything but right. That is the question I raised, and that is what seems to me to be done when a surrender of power which I know to have a certain sense in the political sphere is interpreted, in its relation to the Church of England and her dealings within that sphere, in a sense quite different, through which sense I think it is that you get at a condemnation, so broad as yours, of the Tudor clergy. But if you tell me "it may be as sons are sometimes for very grief more plain to their parents than strangers," you stop my mouth and take away my will to push the subject: your recognition of that relation answers me; I cannot take you to task about what you may do it in, for indeed it is little short of ludicrous to see me schooling you on such matters.—Ever your affectionate friend, W. E. GLADSTONE.

In the meantime, whilst these attempts by Bishop Wilberforce, Archdeacon Harrison, Mr. Gladstone, and many others, to patch up matters were going on, an event happened which brought things to a crisis. What the condemnation of Tract 90: what Newman's conversion

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and Oakeley's and Ward's and Dalgairns' and Faber's: what the appointment of Dr. Hampden: the Erastian compact with Prussia about the Jerusalem bishopric, had not effected; what not even the Gorham Judgment, howsoever deeply it troubled his soul, had, at any rate not as yet, accomplished, was effected by "circumstance"; not an unspiritual god, but in this case a divine minister of grace. The Papal Bull, "given at St. Peter's, Rome, under the seal of the fisherman," restoring the Catholic Hierarchy in England, and Wiseman's Letter dated "From the Flaminian Gate," fell like a bolt from the blue. For, on the sudden, Lord John Russell, in his notorious Durham letter, raised not only a "No Popery" cry throughout the length and breadth of the land, but with malignant purpose directed Ultra-Protestant suspicions and jealousies against the Tractarian Party. What Protestantism had most to fear and guard against was not the audacious assaults of "Popery"; but "the danger within the gates from the unworthy sons of the Church herself." The madness spread like wildfire. It affected all sorts and conditions of men, from the Prime Minister and the Lord Chancellor down to the street-boy, who chalked up "No Popery" on the walls.[1] There was a braying of donkeys, for verily it was little else, from John O'Groat's to Land's End. There was a flutter in the dovecotes, a flutter of voices and of petticoats, from the duchess in her drawing-room to the dairymaid at the cow's udder. The milk of human kindness in that day of fanaticism was turned sour in too many an English breast. Not only light-hearted young stockbrokers, but grave and bald-headed bankers, and brewers, and business men, made fools of themselves on Guy Fawkes' Day 1850, shouting like wild Indians, and dancing like chimney-sweeps on May Day round the effigy of Cardinal Wiseman in front of the Royal Exchange. Our generation, rubbing its eyes, marvels much at such a strange outbreak of fanaticism, not merely on the part of ministers of religion, or of politicians with an eye to business, but of otherwise sedate and sober men.

[1] Punch had a caricature of Lord John Russell, as a street-boy, chalking up "No Popery" on the wall, then running away.

The nation for a time went out of its wits; and you cannot put, as Lamartine, I think, said of France during the Reign of Terror, a whole people into a strait jacket.

In that day of excitement, of fierce and furious fanaticism and rampant bigotry, to steer a middle course was impossible for the most judicious of men or of archdeacons. There was a broad line of demarcation drawn between Protestants and "Papists"; and Puseyites were just as much "Papists" in the popular eye as Catholics themselves, or worse; for they were denounced as wolves in sheep's clothing. Whoso did not shout with the shouting crowd was a Romaniser in disguise. There was no middle path, no halfway-house, not even at Lavington.

How "the peril and the crisis," as he described the effects of the Gorham Judgment, affected Manning is best disclosed in letters, in which, without fear or restraint, he lays bare his heart, and speaks of his plans and intentions in the immediate future. In writing to a friend so trusted and sympathetic as Robert Wilberforce, as trials thickened about him Manning almost unconsciously revealed the motives which conduced one by one, and with accumulated force, to these final acts in the drama of his life:—

LAVINGTON, *7th November* 1850.

MY DEAR ROBERT— . . . My object in writing is to ask your prompt advice on an urgent difficulty this moment arisen.

I have two requisitions to convene this archdeaconry against the act of the Pope.

1. The course I think of is to do as I am required.

2. To let the whole proceeding pass, and at the end, to say: That I felt bound to act ministerially in convening them, but that I could not unite.

For, as a secular question, I thought the Acts of 1828-29 require this religious freedom; as in Ireland and the Colonies, so in England.

As against the Crown, no wrong is done; the Queen has no jurisdiction in spirituals.

As against the Church of England, I admit that it is an aggression. But that I am convinced that the Royal Supremacy has for 300 years put the English episcopate in the wrong; and that it is to be righted, not by opposing the Universal Church, but by reconciliation on just and lawful terms. And that I

cannot, therefore, join in any act which does not recognise that principle.

But I feel this to be inconsistent with the whole Anglican position. Also it is asking for a condemnation of the Reformation.

Moreover I may be fairly asked to address our bishop, declaring adherence and obedience to his jurisdiction. This I cannot do.

It is like subscribing the 39 Articles again.

But if I cannot do this, how can I bear office under him, and over his clergy?

All this constitutes a *peremptory* cause, such as my last letter supposed possible.

My own advice to another man would be this:—

1. Resign, but ask the bishop to allow you to keep your purpose in silence, till the day of meeting.
2. Meet the clergy.
3. State openly, and in a manful way, your reasons for not acting with them.
4. Justify your reasons by declaring your resignation.
5. Take leave of them so far as your office is concerned with all affection.

Let me have your mind as soon as possible. *Non hoc sine Numine.* The moves on the check board seem to me to speak with the voice of a man, or rather, with a voice mighty in operation.—Ever yours most affectionately, H. E. M.

P.S.—I felt as you did, that Allies ought to have openly pointed out his change, and spoken more humbly. As to his "Book," reduce it to one half, and too much remains for an Episcopate separated from the *ecclesia diffusa per orbem.*

Private.

LAVINGTON, 15*th November* 1850.

MY DEAR ROBERT—Tuesday, I was obliged to see the bishop, time pressing, and the clergy.

I told the bishop—

1. That I was convinced of the unlawfulness by Christ's law of the Royal Supremacy.
2. That I believed it to be the instrument which had severed the Church of England from the Church Universal, and still keeps it apart.
3. That this act of the Pope is the legitimate consequence—the English Episcopate being lost to the Universal Church.
4. That I could not oppose the Pope's act, on any principle which did not tend to restore the Church of England's communion with the Universal Church.

5. That I knew the views of the clergy to be different, and that I could not share their proceedings.

I therefore requested—

1. Either to resign at once:

2. Or, to call the meeting ministerially, and to state my dissent and resignation.

He desired me to take the latter course, except declaring my resignation, and desired me to consider of it.

So the case will proceed.

But I feel that my foot is in the river. It is cold, and my heart is sad. But where faith can act, I seem to feel that the world has subdued the Church of England to itself, and that the Kingdom of Our Lord is not from hence. I do not say one word to urge you, dearest Robert, God forbid; I know your heart is as mine, and I have gone through your present state.

Only do nothing against what may be found at last to be the Will and Presence of Our Lord. Give me your prayers.—Ever your own affectionately, H. E. M.

At last the storm reached even the quiet precincts of Chichester. There was no help for it, no escape. The Bishop of Chichester, Ashurst-Turner Gilbert, requested by the clergy of the diocese, called upon the archdeacon to convene a "No Popery" meeting. Archdeacon Manning obeyed the bidding of his bishop; but declared to his assembled brethren, to the poignant regret of all present, more especially of his bishop, that his calling them together was his last ministerial act as archdeacon. It was the beginning of the end. Before the close of that month of noontide madness, that Guy Fawkes month, when Cardinal Wiseman was burnt in effigy, Archdeacon Manning had made up his mind to resign his archidiaconal office; and, what was harder still, to leave his beloved church and home at Lavington.

This closing scene in the drama of his life as a minister and dignitary in the Church of England was recorded by Cardinal Manning in an autobiographical Note dated 1885:—

Then, after an interview with the bishop, I went to the meeting and opened it formally, without any address. This was noted. They then passed their address and resolutions against the Papal Aggression. Finally, they moved a vote of thanks to me. In answer, I said: that "it was the first and only time in

ten years in which I had been separated in conviction and action from them: that I had no choice": that "necessity was laid upon me": that "I thanked them with all my heart for their brotherly love and the many acts of kindness and friendship, private and public, in the ten years I had held office among them": that "I should never forget it or them." My dear old friend the Dean was crying, and many others. So we ended and parted. It was our last meeting, and the end of my work in the Church of England; for after that I only preached once, or maybe a second time, at Lavington: on 8th December, I think, I left it and never came back.

Robert Wilberforce never ceased to warn his friend against taking a precipitate step; yet he at least was of one mind with Manning on the grave issues at stake between Rome and the Church of England. His frequent letters brought only sympathy and consolation. Not so Mr. Gladstone's letters. They were challenges. He was a formidable opponent to the step, which, at the eleventh hour, he found Manning contemplated. His trenchant arguments were directed with great dialectic skill against Manning's exposition of the Royal Supremacy as fatal to the spiritual independence of the Church of England. Mr. Gladstone constructed, as Manning explained in a letter to Robert Wilberforce, an ingenious theory of his own in regard to the practical effect upon the Church of the power of the Crown.

It is more than ever to be regretted that Manning's replies to these arguments are no longer in existence.

GENOA, *5th November* 1850.

MY DEAR MANNING—Now I will make another appeal, within the few lines which this bit of paper will contain, to you from yourself, and from you to yourself. I reflect with undiminished surprise upon the undermining of those historical and theological foundations in your mind upon which you *were* so firmly established in allegiance to the Church of England. Speaking thus, of course I set aside the Gorham case, which to you I know has only seemed to be the candle that dispelled the darkness. My feelings came upon me in a mass, and I could not at once analyse or understand them; but I seem to do so now when I reflect that you seemed to be placed upon the rock not only of convictions, but of the most awful experience a man can undergo,

namely, that which comes to him on the brink of the other world.[1] I do not know whether you have forgotten, I am certain that I never shall forget, a conversation in which, after your return from the Continent,[2] you detailed to me (between the Pimlico quarter and my house) what in communion with death, and the region beyond death, you had not newly but freshly learned. It was in conjunction with an increased disinclination to dwell on corruptions in the Church of Rome, an increased aversion to mere nationality in the Church of England, that you most fervently declared to me, how beyond expression solemn and firm was your assurance, brought from the region you had then been treading, not of the mercy of God to those in invincible ignorance, a mercy reaching to every religious profession, and to *none*, but of the unmoved and immovable title of the Church of England to her share in the one divine and catholic inheritance. Have you *really* unlearned those lessons? It cannot be; and if it were, I, for one, should have this mournful idea driven home upon me, as I have long felt it of Newman, the destiny of that man has been to do little comparatively for the Church of Rome, much against the whole ethical grounds and the constructure of belief in Divine Revelation. But I have touched my limit and must end, remaining always, as I trust, your affectionate friend,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Num. 5 CHIATAMONE, NAPLES,
20*th December* 1850.

MY DEAR MANNING—I need not dwell on my disappointment at hearing that we are not to see you here. If your resolution to remain in England is for your own good and that of the Church I must not grudge our particular loss. Your two letters would have suggested matter for the conversation for weeks. On the first I must be very brief. We are sadly, strangely at issue on the *facts* of the conversation soon after your illness.

If I have any one clear recollection in my mind, it is that your assurances then did not relate at all to God's mercy to those who faithfully follow their light, be it what it may, but to your perfect sense of security in the Church of England from its *objective* character.

I do not appeal to consistency as such. I appeal from sentiments which appear to me partial and (forgive me) even morbid, to former convictions singularly deliberate, singularly solemn, as entitled to exercise a higher authority over your conduct in this hour (as you truly call it) of trial.

[1] In allusion to Manning's serious illness in 1847.

[2] Manning returned from Rome in June 1848.

I in no degree shrink from your desire, that I should review and reconsider too. As far as I know it is not one of my besetting sins to close my mind (I do not speak of matters immediately practical) against the light; any demand of this kind, moreover, from you would and will have a peculiar authority, and I will readily and anxiously accept your further aid. My train of thought this year has been little less than a continued effort at such review and reconsideration; but it has brought to me no doubts as to my personal line of duty for the present circumstances; I still feel the foundation under foot and see the light overhead, laws for a future as yet undeveloped, and big with scarcely imaginable dangers, will, I trust, be supplied to us, as it unfolds.

I cannot think that the Church of England or its theology *has* abandoned the principle of authority. In my view it is entitled to that principle *de jure*, and holds it *de facto* in its only systematic theology. I grant, with pain, it is now in debate, whether this generation will be faithful to the traditions it has received; it is quite possible, God only knows, that we may witness its abandonment; from the *very* highest places of the Church it is gone. If the abandonment takes place, I have the painful conviction that it will be owing not to the defective law or theology of the English Church, not to the strength or craft of the foes of the principle, but to the errors of its friends from Newman onwards.

This may be a matter of opinion; but it is one which, to me, read in the history of the time, stands out more and more, day by day, from mere colour and surface with the body and substance and relief of sheer fact. . . .[1]

Let me above all *retort* your apologies for seeming peremptory.

[1] In a subsequent part of the above letter, referring to Lord John Russell's fanning the flames of religious bigotry by his projected "Ecclesiastical Titles Bill," Mr. Gladstone wrote as follows:—"I am exceedingly keen to follow up with you the first part of your last letter about the probable course of public affairs. I think you know I have always deplored the late measures of the Pope. Perhaps you fear lest on that account I should leap headlong into the stream that is now setting against it and him. I can give you frankly the assurance that I will do nothing to fan those furious flames which Lord John Russell has thought fit to light. Further, I do not *at present* see my way to getting rid, by legislative means, of what I so much regret; and I am little disposed, God knows, to join in any attempt to prop the Church by such means. Such props will be like the sword of Saul, on which he fell; and will pierce to her very vitals. I would far rather make every effort and sacrifice towards bringing her to a new position, and adapting her to work in it; but, what is the aid on which we can count? who are the men in the Church that will work with us? You have a large share in the answer to that question, whether as archdeacon or not makes very little difference. . . ."

You will believe me, I am sure, when I say that my abrupt manner of writing only comes from the confidence of old and I trust unchanging affection.—I remain, your very affectionate,

W. E. Gladstone.

These vigorous arguments on the part of Mr. Gladstone, and his assumption that Manning's mind was out of balance or in a morbid state, as well as the "jar" which Mr. Gladstone noticed in their last conversation on the same subject, showed that before Manning's conversion a friction had arisen between two men who alike could ill brook contradiction or controversy on facts. Manning, for instance, disputed the accuracy of Mr. Gladstone's memory as to what passed in the memorable conversation between them on Manning's return from Rome, in 1848.

The statement attributed by Mr. Gladstone to Manning in regard to his "solemn and firm assurance of the unmoved and immovable title of the Church of England to her share in the one divine and catholic inheritance," however strange it may now appear to the readers of his letters to Robert Wilberforce, would not have seemed, in the year 1848, strange or unlikely to Mr. Gladstone, or to most others of Manning's friends and disciples. The expression indeed of a firm belief in the sanctity and safety of the Church of England is to be found in Manning's letters to his penitents of a much later date.[1]

Manning, it must be acknowledged, was impatient of argument, and not inclined to give a ready ear to such peremptory challenges as Mr. Gladstone threw down and so obstinately maintained. It was in reference to this state of feeling between them, that Cardinal Manning, speaking to me of his relations with Mr. Gladstone, said:—

A breach, apart from the fact of my conversion, must needs have come, sooner or later, between us; for Mr. Gladstone is a substantive and likes to be attended by adjectives. And I am not exactly an adjective.

To so sensitive a nature as Manning's, the duty of soothing his relatives, and seeking to reconcile them to his departure

[1] See two letters dated 6th May 1850, and 11th July 1850, pp. 473 and 481.

from the Church of England, was more trying even than his last intellectual controversies with so old and intimate a friend as Mr. Gladstone, as they stood, face to face, almost in antagonism at the parting of the ways. In the order of nature it was a day of sadness of heart to Manning, all the deeper from the knowledge that the sadness on the part of some of his relatives was embittered by their want of sympathy with the motives which actuated his conduct.

He wrote the following pathetic letter to Mrs. Austen, who was warmly attached to him and sympathised most with his trials:—

LAVINGTON, 18*th November* 1850.[1]

MY DEAREST CAROLINE—Last Tuesday I saw my bishop and told him that I should like to go away for the winter. Until I had seen him I did not think it right to say positively that such was my intention. But people have settled it for me, and asked questions; and I find from Catherine that you had heard of it. You would never think that I could keep anything from you. But it is hard to keep pace with the tongues of people, and constant work has hindered my writing to you.

My thought is to be in London 2nd December, and to go, if I can, about the 5th. My first point would be to join Gladstone at Naples; and if I can I am hoping to go to Jerusalem.

I feel sad at the thought of leaving you all, for my heart holds fast to you; and faster the worse the times are. But I shall be glad to avoid this winter; and if I am not at Lavington I had better be fairly away. Last winter in London I had no rest; and this year I have had no holiday.

My last letter, I fear, gave you no comfort. But, dearest Caroline, I dare not betray the truth. Come what may, let me only be faithful to Him whose faith and kingdom are wounded, and, what is worse, betrayed by those who love ease and this world;—peace with men and popularity rather than to suffer for His sake. I do not say this to censure them, nor to ask your assent, but to express my own mind.

Whether I be right or wrong in this great trial which has come upon the face of the land, He will know that my heart's desire is to be faithful to Him. And then all is well. "A little while," and in His light we shall see light. And all trouble and trial will be over. Give my very affectionate love to the Colonel.

I shall see you, I hope, in London.—Ever your attached brother, H. E. M.

[1] Private Letters.

Manning next wrote to his eldest brother:—

Lavington, 21*st November* 1850.

My dearest Frederick—Our last correspondence and conversation happily renders it needless for me to enter again into the subjects which gave to us both so much pain. No words will express what I have felt at the thought of distressing you whom I have loved from my earliest life.

But where duties, especially of conscience and religion, come in, I can never forget the words, "He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me." It is this alone that has supported, and still does support, me in the trial I have had to go through.

I have weighed earthly happiness against what seems to me to be plain duty, and after great and prolonged suffering my deliberate choice is to do what I believe right, at the loss, if it must be so, of all I love best in life.

I will enter into no details in which it might pain you to follow me, and will only say that I have requested the Bishop of Chichester to accept my resignation.

And now, dearest brother, I will ask of you one kindness. Do not write to me more than the words that you will pray for me.

My love to you and to Edmunda make anything more a new pain to what I bear already.

May God ever bless you both with His abundant grace, and unite us once more, where all are one, even as He is one.

With my truest and most affectionate love to Edmunda, believe me, my dearest Frederick, your attached brother,

H. E. Manning.

Manning naturally sought to avoid controversy with a brother whom he described in a letter to Robert Wilberforce as having "a way of his own."

Lavington, 26*th November* 1850.

My dearest Frederick—May God reward you for all your brotherly love and sorrow for me conveyed in your two kind letters. He alone knows how I suffer in giving you pain; and if anything I could do would spare you I would refuse nothing except to act against conscience, which would grieve you more than any errors into which I might fall.

After our meeting in the summer I refrained from writing to you, believing that silence would be more acceptable to you than the pain of corresponding. I would have written gladly if I had thought it would have been according to your wish.

And now, dearest brother, all my mind shall be open to you whensoever you desire it. And it would be a consolation to me that you should truly know what my convictions and reasons are.

Do me the justice to believe that no ceremonies have had any weight with me.

But my object in this letter is only to convey my love to you.

The reasons requiring the resignation of the archdeaconry involve also the resignation of all that I hold under the same oath and subscription. For my future I have made no decision. When I know what it will be you shall have an instant communication of it.

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May God of His infinite mercy lead you ever in the path of peace and in the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Believe me your most affectionate and sorrowing brother,

H. E. MANNING.

One of the most trying of the minor vexations which Manning had to endure was, as the following letter shows, from the opposition of his eldest brother. He refused to listen to explanations. He persisted in imputing the change in his brother's religious opinions to inconsistency. In vain Manning urged that between his religious opinions in 1835 and those of 1850, there was no inconsistency, "but expansion." Mr. F. Manning could not be brought to understand that mere expansion accounted for the change between the Evangelical of 1835 and "the Papist" of 1850:—

44 CADOGAN PLACE, *5th December* 1850.

MY DEAREST BROTHER—Our conversation last night was disconcerted, it may be through my fault: if so, forgive me.

Let me, however, ask you to put this note with the papers in your book of Extracts.

1. I believe that I shall satisfy you before long of the perfect identity of principle by which my belief has been governed from 1835 to 1850, and that what you thought to be inconsistency is in truth expansion.

2. But I am so little concerned to defend myself, that I will, for this time, grant all you say and be held inconsistent.

This would be a strong reason for self-mistrust and prolonged examination and re-examination.

But in the *matter of fact* it proves nothing. It is simple *personality.*

3. The point to be proved is the point of *fact, i.e.* that whereas I was *right* in 1838-40, I am *wrong* in 1850.

For instance:—

Suppose that in 1840 you had written a book to show that the Evening Hymn was not by Bishop Ken.

And in 1850 to show that it was Bishop Ken.

If I had said "You are inconsistent," you would have said "Granted; but look at the facts and the evidence. I was wrong in 1840. I am right in 1850."

If I had said "No; you are *inconsistent,* I won't look," you would say again "Granted; but look at the *fact.* My inconsistency cannot alter the *fact.* I mistook this and that proof; I was ignorant of this and that evidence. I did not perceive this or that error in my own statement. I did my sum *wrong.* Go over it and prove it. The fault is mine, but the sum bears proof now."

This is what I wished you to see.

I was making no self-defence. You shall keep me under the harrow as a toad until I have convinced your calm sense.

"Let God be true, and every man a liar," much more let me be scourged as inconsistent. But His Truth is not mine but His.—Ever your loving brother, H. E. M.[1]

In these last days of trial, Manning found consolation and support in taking common action with James Hope, for friends were falling away. Hope's sound judgment and high repute in the world as a man of sense and deliberation, and Manning's well-known prudence and wisdom, would be a public guarantee that their joint action was not taken in lightness.

LAVINGTON, 22*nd November* 1850.

MY DEAR HOPE—Your last letter was a help to me, for I began to feel as if every man had gone to his own house and left the matters of the Gorham Judgment and Royal Supremacy. . . . Since then, events have driven me to a decision. This anti-Popery cry has seized my brethren, and they asked me to be convened. I must either resign at once or convene them ministerially, and express my dissent, the reasons of which would involve my resignation. I went to the Bishop of Chichester

[1] After Manning's conversion, his eldest brother to the end of his life declined all correspondence or intercourse.

and said this, and tendered my resignation. He very kindly invited me to take time; but I have written, and made it final. . . . I should be glad if we might keep together, and whatever must be done, do it with a calm and deliberateness which shall give testimony that it is not done in lightness.—Ever affectionately yours, H. E. M.

These two letters, and especially the letter to James Hope, show beyond doubt or question that the day of hesitation for Manning is over, for he accepts Hope's decision that it is either Rome or license of thought and will.

44 Cadogan Place, 14*th December* 1850.

My dear Robert—I have been denying myself in not writing to you, and have longed to do so.

Since we met I have done little but try to soothe my kindred. They are all most kind, except my eldest brother, who has a way of his own.

I have taken no steps beyond writing to James Hope, who will, I trust, be with us through all.

My wish has been to keep perfectly quiet, and, for reading, I have done little but *De Maistre* on the Pope—a wonderful book.

I must say that when human sorrow subsides and leaves my judgment clear, I seem to have no doubt that the Church of England is in schism, and that the final consequences of schism, misfortune, disorder, division, and loss of divine faith, are upon it.

We have either bravely or obstinately shut our eyes, and lived as if the history of the last three hundred years were either perished or in our favour.

In truth it is notorious and against us. The reign of Edward the Sixth and Elizabeth, and the Protestant Settlement of 1688, ought to have opened our eyes.

Your book on the Incarnation stands alone among us, and you had to borrow and steal to make it. The true owner is over the water; and all the consequences are living and real in his house, but in ours do not exist. To take one example—the altar, and all that issues from it and returns to it. I have lately been in correspondence with Charles Wordsworth about Babylon, and I feel convinced, with a conviction not to be exceeded, that it has not application to the Church of God upon earth. It is not the *Civitas Dei*, but the *Civitas Diaboli*, in St. Augustine's sense. The words, "Come ye out of her," are enough. Of

course, you know Todd's book on Article XI. Whatever he may do positively, he has destructively overturned all the anti-Roman use of the Apocalypse.

Indeed, I think that if you and I had been born out of the English Church we should not have doubted for so much as a day where the one Church is.

It is only thought for your dear wife that keeps me from saying that I should delight to come to you. Unless you think that she would talk with me. I fear she thinks your two friends Henry and Henn are worse than Box and his brother Cox. Is not this true?

1. The baptismal name expands into the belief.

2. The belief expands into the Theologia of the Catholic Church, from St. Augustine, through the Summa of St. Thomas, to the Council of Trent.

It has unity, continuity, harmony, integrity, and what have we? Let me hear from you; and believe me always yours very affectionately, H. E. M.

How wonderfully beautiful is Advent, and the Lectures in the Breviary.

Private.

44 Cadogan Place, 11*th December* 1850.

My dear Hope—I feel with you that the argument is complete. For a long time I nevertheless felt a fear lest I should be doing an act morally wrong.

This fear has passed away, because the Church of England has revealed itself in wrong to make one fear more on the other side. It remains therefore as an act of the will. But this, I suppose, it must be. And in making it, I am helped by the fact that to remain under our changed or revealed circumstances would also be an act of the will, and that not in conformity with, but in opposition to, intellectual real convictions; and the intellect is God's gift and our instrument in attaining knowledge of His will. . . . It would be to me a very great happiness if we could act together, and our names go together in the first publication of the fact.

The subject which has brought me to my present convictions is the perpetual office of the Church, under divine guidance, in expounding the faith and deciding controversies. And the book which forces this on me is Melchior Camus's *Loci Theologici.* It is a long book, but so orderly that you may get the whole outline with care. Möhler's *Symbolik* you know.

But, after all, Holy Scripture seems to me in a new light, as Ephes. iv. 4-17. This seems to preclude the notion of a

divided unity, which is in fact Arianism in the matter of the Church.

I entirely feel what you say of the alternatives. It is Rome, or license of thought and will.—Ever yours affectionately,

H. E. M.

Rome, or license of thought and will, was the intellectual conclusion at which Manning had arrived. But something more, something higher, was needed—the final act of the will. The "suggestions of flesh and blood" were still strong upon him. Under such influences it seemed for a time to the Archdeacon of Chichester that there was one chance of escape; one hope still open to him to avert or postpone the dread necessity of taking a final and irrevocable step. The chance, the hope, the temptation, for such it was, to go abroad; to visit Mr. Gladstone at Naples, to give ear perhaps—who knows?—to his counsel; and then to travel in the Holy Land and await the course of events. The storm might blow over or subside. The Church of England by "a miracle of God's mercy" might be righted or reconstructed.

The desire to escape from the storm and its effects by going abroad, took at this time a strange hold upon his heart. In this view, he wrote to his trusted friend and counsellor Robert Wilberforce:—

LAVINGTON, 16*th October* 1850.

MY DEAR ROBERT— . . . Give me now your kind advice for myself. I think I am fully decided to go abroad. But can I do so without resigning? Does not public honour require it?

Resigning does not compel going further. But can I hold offices of trust and emoluments without clashing with uprightness? Let me hear from you. Henry is still at Malines.—Ever yours very affectionately, H. E. M.

In a letter dated a fortnight later Manning wrote: "If I go abroad I shall not see you again, missing you now. And I am most anxious to see you."

In a letter of a somewhat earlier date Manning suggested that he and Robert Wilberforce should go to Belgium, on a visit to Henry Wilberforce, and said, "Could we not prevail on the bishop to come?"

William Dodsworth, in his blunt way, declared in a letter to Manning his belief that "Henry Wilberforce would not come back from Belgium a Protestant," and that his wife, Manning's sister-in-law, had just been received into the Church at Malines. Two of Manning's sisters-in-law had now become Catholics. His heart was sorrowful and much disturbed. On the outbreak of the "No-Popery outcry" at the re-establishment of the Catholic hierarchy in England, Manning's natural shrinking from such a violent and vulgar conflict quickened his desire to go abroad and join Mr. Gladstone at Naples. Robert Wilberforce, however, was afraid that if Manning left England in the height and heat of the religious storm of the day, as he had done two years ago during the agitation against Hampden's appointment, his conduct might be open to misconstruction. There was no help for it. He was bound to stay and face the storm.

To Robert Wilberforce, Manning explained, however, that in going abroad "he would gain time for further reflection; relieve himself from embarrassments at home; and if he were deluded, which God forbid, find a *locus penitentiæ*." What, perhaps, rather disconcerted his plans was the sharp, challenging tone of Mr. Gladstone's late letters. In a letter, dated December, Manning announced that he had given up his intention of coming to Naples, as he had promised. But in the following month, January 1851, another change came over his mind, a last chance presented itself of escaping from the necessity of a final decision; and in this hope, he announced his intention of joining Mr. Gladstone at Naples. But it was too late. Illness in Mr. Gladstone's family had altered his plans. He was already on his homeward way.

Not Naples, not Jerusalem, but Rome, the "New Jerusalem," in the overruling designs of Providence, was Manning's destination.

What havoc and confusion the acceptance by the Church of England of the Royal Supremacy in matters of faith, wrought in the minds and hearts of men, is shown by the fact, that men like Robert Wilberforce and others seriously contemplated to withdraw from the Church of England

which had betrayed the faith, not to become Catholics, but to set up "a Free Church," as the Presbyterians had lately set up a Free Kirk in Scotland. Robert Wilberforce communicated this scheme to Manning, and asked for his counsel and help. With his practical sagacity and sense of humour, Manning saw the futility and absurdity of the scheme, and replied to Robert Wilberforce:—"No. Three hundred years ago we left a good ship for a boat; I am not going to leave the boat for a tub." After that genial sarcasm the "tub" was not put afloat on the deep waters.

For Manning there were but two alternatives—the Church of England, reconstructed from top to bottom by the special intervention of Divine Providence—or Rome.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE DAY OF DECISION

1851

In the beginning of the year 1851, Manning had, if not as yet legally, morally resigned his office as Archdeacon, and his benefice. He continued to attend regularly the services in the Church of England and to receive communion usually at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. But he did not officiate as a clergyman or preach. At the end of the preceding year he had left Lavington, and stayed, as he usually did during the winter, at the house of his sister, Mrs. Carey, 44 Cadogan Place. On coming to his new home on the day after his resignation of his office and benefice, Manning was seen by a "penitent" of his, who had come to meet him by appointment, walking towards the house without his shovel hat. The young lady was amazed—for Manning had kept the intention of resigning his office secret—and felt sure now that "all was over." But the ex-Archdeacon repudiated the notion that "all was over," or that "anything was over." He, however, refused to receive her confession. Like so many of his "penitents," this pious Anglican lady, following the example of her spiritual director, soon after his conversion became a Catholic; and continued until his death a friend and "spiritual child" of Cardinal Manning's.

It was a time of great hope and joy among the Catholics of England, for Pope Pius IX. had restored their ancient hierarchy: and of great triumph too; for Cardinal Wiseman, in spite of the "No Popery" agitation, and of the threats of

Lord John Russell, had taken and retained possession of the newly-erected See of Westminster.

It was a time, on the other hand, of great disaster to the Church of England; for the Crown in Council had abolished an article of the Creed; and the bishops and the vast bulk of the clergy had either accepted or acquiesced in the judgment.[1]

This practical acceptance and recognition of the Royal Supremacy in matters of Faith was to the Archdeacon of Chichester like the handwriting on the wall. The "No Popery" agitation, in which the Protestant bishops and clergy took the foremost part, forced home to Manning's heart the conviction, that the Church of England was essentially Protestant, alike in its hatred of the Pope and of the Catholic Faith; and in its profound indifference to the Royal Supremacy in matters of Faith. The madness, though happily short-lived, into which England was thrown by a firebrand Prime Minister, and by a fanatical mob—it was scarcely better—clerical and lay, including an Archbishop and a Lord Chancellor, was an additional obstacle to Manning's submission to the Church. Unpopularity, public abuse, had ever been to him a thing of fear; he loved with all his heart to be held in honour and esteem by the great; by the Rulers in Church and State.[2] Yet if he did this thing which was before him to do, he would at once become—as he thought at the time—an exile for ever from the cultured society of England, an outcast among the people; his name in that day of wrath would be a mark for scorn. He, the lover of peace, especially of religious peace, by becoming a Catholic would add fresh fuel to the fire; set agoing again—a new occasion of sin—the drum ecclesiastic

[1] The Bishop of Exeter, in a letter to Archdeacon Manning, asking his advice as to the most effectual course to be pursued to save the Church from the disastrous effects of the Gorham Judgment, declared that, as bishop of the diocese into which Mr. Gorham had been intruded, he considered it his duty to convoke the clergy and declare to them that he could no longer hold communion with the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Bishop of Exeter said: "I can no longer attend Convocation, for the Archbishop of Canterbury has, by his act of inducting Mr. Gorham, denied an article of the Creed and forfeited his right to spiritual authority."

[2] See Archdeacon Manning's Diary, 1844-1847, Chap. XII. p. 241.

in the pulpits of the Church, which he had once loved so well. But since there was no way of escape permitted by conscience, nor of delay even, Manning was too upright a man, too God-fearing by far, of a temper too heroic, to flinch from the consequences, be they what they may, of an act dictated by faith. Were his mind once made up, rather than deny or stifle the voice of conscience, he would have gone to the stake with gladness in his heart and a smile of triumph on his face.

To help in the final making up of his mind in a matter so vital as submission to the Church came the voices of those—his friends and disciples—who had already before him passed, as he himself once called it, "over the Tiber."

Mr. Allies appealed to the mind of the Archdeacon, hesitating and shivering on the brink of the deep waters, first, by trenchant arguments cutting away the frail plank on which his foot rested; secondly, to his conscience in the following words: "I should dread some great misfortune if I did not obey His call." Henry Wilberforce—the first of the three Wilberforces who went over to Rome — spoke of the light, peace, and joy, which filled his soul and mind in the Catholic Church. Bellasis, an eminent lawyer, assured Manning what peace to his soul and joy to his heart his conversion had brought. William Dodsworth, the outspoken, warned Manning in bold but loving terms of the danger of not listening to the dictates of conscience. Laprimaudaye, last but not least, his whilom confessor and curate, in announcing his own conversion, appeals to the heart of his master and friend to rise up and do likewise.

How much Manning was moved by his friend's act is shown in the following letter, by the fact that, for the very first time, Manning does not blame or censure a friend for becoming a Catholic:

44 Cadogan Place, *3rd January* 1851.

My dearest Friend—What can I write to you? my heart is too full, for your sake, and for my own, I feel to have so much share in you, that your act seems mine. God grant it be His will! Let me hear from you, calmly and truly, as you have ever loved me, and been to me a brother indeed, be so now.

The world will censure you for reckless haste. I do not. I know the long, mature, and suffering preparation you have gone through; the haste is only external.

I long to hear how your dear wife is. Give her my love, pray write to me. There is no heart in me for common things, but it will not be such to tell you that I saw our friends at Bournemouth at Christmas, well and cheerful, and that this morning, Maria Wilson writes word of Samuel Marshall's sudden death. This shocks me much.

And this is the day I first came to Lavington eighteen years ago.

Truly it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.

May God keep you both in His hands, from all evil; and unite you to Himself. Believe me, my dearest friend, yours in true love, H. E. M.

Three weeks later, Manning had made up his mind to become a Catholic; and in the following letter, with characteristic caution and reserve, communicated his intention to Laprimaudaye:—

KIPPINGTON, 28*th January* 1851.

MY KIND AND LOVING FRIEND—Your letter has just reached me and touches my heart. Be sure that I feel for you with all my heart and that your words are sacred. Long long trial of mind tells me all that you mean.

After all intellectual processes there remains a step which can be taken only by the will. And in this step the fears you speak of come in.

Moreover, it is the nature (or caprice) of the human mind that the side to which we are actually moved seems for a time to be the weakest; we know its weak points, and doubtful points by contact; and the opposite conceals its weak points under certain prominent points of strength. I can feel this even now ἐν μεταιχμίῳ between the two hosts.

No, I do not for a moment feel what some may have hinted. I know your mind, its texture, and its convictions, and I believe that, under whatsoever adverse appearances, the mind and intellectual work has been continuous and mature.

I believe you may be at peace. You will have to bear home trials. But if, indeed, you are united to the Mind, Heart, and Will of our Lord in His kingdom, all will be light.

With your brother-in-law I see no duty to discuss anything. And for your dear wife, so long as her rest is in your love all is safe at last.

The words, that last Sunday night, I do indeed remember; and I believe they will never be forgotten. I am where you left me, at least outwardly. If I do not say more, it is only from a rule by which I have tried to govern myself—never to say what I am not prepared to do. But I may say to you, and you alone, that I cannot think to be long as I am now. I have been dealing one by one with the many bonds of duty which bind me on every side, unravelling some and breaking others. I owe still some acts of deliberation to particular persons. When they are discharged I shall believe that I stand before God all alone, with no responsibility but for my own soul.

And then I trust I shall not be wanting to the inspirations of His will.

Pray for me, dearest friend, I have been suffering deeply. But God's will be done. I did not go to your boy, and your present letter relieves me from the fear that I had failed you in an office of love. Let me hear from you.

Of public news I have nothing to send you beyond the newspaper reports. There is little doubt that the Government will prepare some restrictive measure and carry it, a thing fatal in the end to the Church of England. Ten years will, I believe, repeal it, and carry the English Church to a lower political position than it has now.

I have not much to say from our dear home and flock, they know what you have done. But Maria says they are very sorry, and speak very kindly. What tender affections, and visions of beauty and of peace move to and fro under that hillside where I see it rise in memory.

Nothing in this life, except the Altar, can ever again be to me as Lavington.

Poor old Scutt is at his rest, and I have a sort of craving to number him still, and the lingering old of my flock, among them that sleep before they count me their pastor no more. But once more, God's will be done.

Give my true and affectionate love to your wife and to your children.—Ever yours, dear brother, in His love, H. E. M.

Another call like to that of Laprimaudaye's conversion, and Dodsworth's and Henry Wilberforce's,[1] comes to Manning, standing on the edge of the deep waters, from yet another of his friends, Lord Campden, who had made the plunge. In reply, Manning attributes to the "anti-Roman uproar"

[1] Henry Wilberforce and William Dodsworth were the first two out of the thirteen signatories of the famous Protest against the Gorham Judgment, who became Catholics.

his resolution to wait no longer in obedience to others, but to take at once the final step.

44 CADOGAN PLACE, 14*th January* 1851.

MY DEAR FRIEND—Your letter has just reached me. Rumours have already made premature statements of the step you now announce. God grant it may have been His will and guidance. I can never forget the bond which is (I will not say was) between us, and I trust it may never be dissolved. I did write to you directing either to Orleans or to Bourges, I forget which, and no doubt the letter is still at the post. You do not mention your health. I trust, therefore, that you are well. Since we parted I have been through deep sorrow. My convictions had long been formed that I could not continue to hold on, under oath and subscription, but obedience to others made me wait. When this anti-Roman uproar broke forth I resolved at once. I could lift no hand in so bad a quarrel either to defend the Royal Supremacy, which has proved itself indefensible, or against a supremacy which the Church for 600 years obeyed. I, therefore, at once went to the Bishop of Chichester and requested him to receive my resignation. He was most kind in desiring me to take time, but I, after a few days, wrote my final resignation. What my human affections have suffered in leaving my only home and flock, where for eighteen years my whole life as a man has been spent, no words can say; but God gave me grace to lay it all at the foot of the cross, where I am ready, if it be His will, to lay whatsoever yet remains to me. Let me have your prayers for light and strength. This has put an end to my purpose of leaving England for the present, and therefore to my hope of seeing you. May God ever keep you. With my kind remembrance to Lady Campden, my dear friend, yours very affectionately, H. E. MANNING.

Were it not for the evidence contained in his letters to Robert Wilberforce, one might almost have been tempted to fancy, that during his protracted hesitation, Manning was indulging in the painful luxury of not making up his mind. The atmosphere of his new home at his sister's house, with all its kindliness, he described at the time as very trying. Many kind friends were raised up for him at this moment who did not upbraid him, but even entered into the justice and uprightness of what he had done or might do. Men came to see him, as the Jews visited the house of Lazarus.

But Manning, as a bystander, as he called himself, saw more clearly than ever the hollowness of Protestantism, of Anglicanism, saw the vision of the Church in all its glory. There was no doubt in his soul; his mind was convinced; he was waiting and hesitating only, as he confesses in humility of heart, because of the "shrinking of flesh and blood."[1] In the following letters the last story of his life as an Anglican is told by his own lips:—

PENDELL COURT, BLETCHINGLY,
7th January 1851.

MY DEAR ROBERT—I often long for a letter from you. You see that Bellasis, Dodsworth, and Laprimaudaye are gone down into the water and are over.

The two former I have seen, they were calm, happy and undoubting; the last so writes; For myself I have been suffering more inward sorrow than anyone but God can ever know.

My love to the Church of England is the strongest affection I have except the love of Truth. No one can say how I feel torn and fleshed on all sides, as people were with hooks in other days.

But my reason stands clear and stedfast.

If it were not that I feel bound to put no interval between conviction and action, and that I am still desiring to wait if haply an interposition of God should reveal to me that I am deluded—I should say "I am convinced that whatever is tenable or untenable, the Church of England cannot be defended in its doctrine, position, or principles."

It seems to me in manifest schism from the Church of all lands and of all ages.

And its rule of Faith seems as manifestly private reason, judging by way of historical criticism.

I have abstained, in conscience, from censuring or laying any stress upon the conduct of the living Church of England.

But it seems to me that it has sold itself to the world for its endowments.

And its pastors have betrayed the Divine authority of Faith—not one article alone, but the whole principle of Divine Authority in Faith.

What Gerbet says about the coincidence had long struck me.

In the year that the English Hierarchy quailed before the world, or wind from the wilderness came up and smote the house at its four corners—*hoc non sine numine.*

[1] See letter to Robert Wilberforce, *infra*, p. 608.

In truth, the more I dwell on the Anglican Reformation, Theology, and Church, the more it seems to me to be a revolt from the mind and will of our Divine Lord in the order and Faith of His Kingdom.

And, by consequence, the more worldly, intellectual, and of the natural man.

I cannot say how the use of the Breviary brings this out. It is as a vesture of gold,[1] wrought about with divers colours for the presence of the Word made flesh.

All happiness be with you, dear Robert. Let me hear of you.—Ever your very affectionate, H. E. M.

PENDELL COURT, BLETCHINGLY,
22*nd January* 1851.

MY DEAR ROBERT—Your kind and affectionate note is a real solace to me; for though, thank God, I am well in health, and have a clear calm assurance in my reason and conscience that I am in the way both of right and truth, yet my heart is, as it was after a great event many years ago, sad and lonely.

I have abstained from all forward acts or communications, so that I am in a vacuum, the support of past work is gone, and the reality which stands out ever before me is not mine to rest upon. In this state of suspense, which I desire to keep until I shall have taken some time for a disengaged review of my convictions, I necessarily feel at times lonely and sad.

Not, I thank God, in the higher sense: this region was never more stedfast and full of substance. And never less Anglican for that reason.

As often, therefore, as you can send me a few words, the happier I shall be.

You are right in the main about Newman's book. In 1837-8, I was working on the subject of the Rule of Faith; and was convinced, with a depth which has never changed, except to grow deeper, that Universal Tradition is the Divine Witness of Truth on Earth.

On this I rested until 1845, but with increasing difficulty in bringing the Church of England within the sphere of that witness.

In 1845, I read Newman's book on Development. It did not satisfy me; but it opened my eyes to one fact, namely, that I had laid down only half the subject.

[1] Manning was quoting the Anglican Prayer Book, Psalm xlv. 10. The translation is otherwise in the Bible.

I had found the *Rule*, but not the *Judge*. It was evident that to put Scripture and Antiquity into the hands of the individual is as much private judgment as to put Scripture alone.

It was only to put a word more into Chillingworth's cry about the Bible.

Lastly, that this consciousness of the Universal Church is something more than the common reason of Christendom. It is also the living and lineal illumination of the Divine Spirit, for "consensus Sanctorum est sensus Spiritus Sancti."

I remember saying this to you in St. James's Square about 1846: that the perpetuity of the Faith must have a higher basis than the individual or collective intellect of the Church.

The book which drove this conviction home to me was Melchior Camus's *Loci Theologici*.

From that day to this every line of inquiry has run up into the same conclusion.

§§ 1. The plain words of Scripture prove to me that the Church is One, Visible, and Perpetual.

What is perpetuity in Faith but indefectibility, or, if you will, infallibility? There never has been or ever will be a moment when the Church of Faith shall cease to be One, visible and ascertainable.

Ephes. iv. 4-16 seems to me, as Bull says, *luce meridianâ clarius*.

The advent and office of the Third Person of the Holy Trinity, as given in Scripture, is also to my mind conclusive. It appears to me that Protestants have found this so plain, and so fatal to their case, that they have *Socinianised* it away. The Church of England is Socinian in its practice as to Sacraments and the Rule of Faith.

It sees that to be Scriptural is to be Roman.

What is Thomas Scott's "Force of Truth," but the promise of guidance to the Church taken possession of by the individual?

2. Next, Historical Tradition is even more plain.

The Universal Church of the first 700 years believed in divine, infallible guidance in its office.

The Greek Church after the schism claims this as much as the Roman Catholic Church.

No Christian denied it till Luther, after he was condemned by the Church.

Again, mere human history would suffice—Schlegel says that "the Catholic Church is the highest historical authority upon earth."

What is this but the *maximum of evidence* as to what Our Lord and the Holy Spirit revealed?

This alone would convince me.

3. Lastly, what does Reason say, but that the *certitude* of revelation to succeeding ages demands a perpetual provision secure from error? How else can I be certain of what was revealed 1800 years ago or even that there was a revelation at all?

What is *infallibility*, but revelation perpetuated, and inspiration produced by illumination—the extraordinary by the ordinary—the immediate by the mediate action of the Holy Spirit?

The strange and sad words I have heard from good men about "craving for certainty," and "uncertainty being the utmost sphere of moral probation," are alarming for the faith of their followers.

Is it the probation of Faith to be uncertain whether there be a True and proper Trinity of Persons—whether there be a Real Presence—or any Holy Ghost? And if not in these, why in any truth whereby we must be saved?

But even Morell sees more deeply and truly. His whole Philosophy of Religion establishes infallibility. . . .

Now I did not mean to write all this; but it lets off some of my silent thoughts.

Yesterday I rode through Madon Park, for your sakes; and tried to fancy you all. It looks solitary, and of the old world, as all things begin to do now.

Let me hear from you, and also when you are likely to be in London that I may meet you.—Ever yours, dearest Robert, very affectionately, H. E. M.

44 CADOGAN PLACE, *4th February* 1851.

MY DEAREST ROBERT—I have just got your letter, which is a great pleasure to me. It may only be waste of time to say anything till after the Queen's Speech to-day; but it seems certain that Government will do nothing penal against Nic. W——[1] and his brethren.

What I hear about the English Church is that Ashley will try to get royal injunctions upon certain points.

I do not expect any decisive act. The policy is to hold the greatest bulk, however heterogeneous, together by indifference and negation; a deadly and godless policy for the Faith and Church, because it lulls and quiets men's consciences at the cost of truth and of souls.

I have seen Cavendish, who is much as you described him; unhappy, but unable to go on.

Gladstone does not come home till the end of this month. I cannot tell you much of Bennett.

[1] Cardinal Wiseman.

All this business[1] has been incomprehensible to me, and I have never been able to throw myself into the points in contest, so that I have kept aloof.

James Hope is still in the north, minded much as I am. And now, dear Robert, for you I feel very sincerely. My chief anxiety for you is that you should not re-*commit* yourself in any word, deed, or way to the Anglican system. I have felt great help and light in the clear unbiassed position I have at this time, and I wish you could keep yourself as near to it as your position allows. I am so afraid of the *idola tribus*, or species, or lest our *position* should become our *conscience*, which is evidently so with many.

I trust you will always open your thoughts to me. You know it would always be under seal; and I know from such long and deep experience what this trial is that I would never press you by the touch of a finger. I deeply feel that "*hæc mutatio a dexterâ Excelsi.*

What you say of your wife is a great sorrow; but have *faith.* And now for a word or two on the other matters.

1. De Maistre, and the books he refers to about Vigilius, fully satisfy me. *E.g.* Ballerini. So about Honorius.

2. It appears to me that Ultramontanism and Citramontanism may be put among matters of pious opinion; but the indivisible unity of the *Episcopatus undique diffusus* is matter of faith. Rome is the *focus* of authority; one makes it more, another less intense, but all make it the focus.

3. All my argument derived from reason was abstract. Not that derived from Scripture or from history. Schlegel's view is altogether historical and concrete.

4. I think we forget what amount of evidence we are to look for. We are not to expect that *nothing* shall be alleged against the unity and infallibility of the Church.

Much is alleged against the evidences of Christianity, and against the canon and inspiration of Scripture.

But the cumulative evidence is overwhelming.

And no other system can pretend to occupy the field, or cover the base of the argument. It is this or nothing.

5. It seems to me that the prophecies cannot warn the world against the Church of God. "Come ye out of her." To whom shall we go? This makes schism a divine precept, or sets up many churches. But even then to whom shall a Tuscan, or a Sicilian, or a Roman, go? Is he to make a tub, or die in the desert?

[1] The "Surplice Riots" at Bennett's Church.

6. I should like to send you some fuller thoughts about the *cultus Sanctorum*. It seems to me to be no more than Bethany and Nazareth *produced*. It may have become like architecture or music more florid, but the lines and the octaves are primitive and immutable.

7. Allies ought to have said that he quoted Ballerini's text of the Nicene Canons. B. justifies his text in his edition of S. Leo. (I am no judge of it.) I have always felt the 6th Canon a difficulty, as implying that the Roman primacy was *ejusdem materiei* with patriarchates. But I feel satisfied that the *focus* is an original idea, and incommunicable; and that patriarchates are only local machinery, not *universal*, for many churches were αὐτοκέφαλοι under their own primates, and *yet subject to the Cathedra Petri*.

8. Pendell Court is not my seat, but my brother Charles's, who would specially like to see you there.

And so farewell, my dear Robert. I long to see you. Let me have a few words as often as you can and will.—Ever yours very affectionately, H. E. M.

44 Cadogan Place, 18*th February* 1851.

My dear Robert—Many thanks for your interesting letter.

I wish you were in London. There are many people here who would be glad to talk with you.

This Bill[1] has teeth in it after all, at least for the grosser integuments of bequests and legacies. But for the spiritual part I verily believe that it is "for the furtherance" of the Church of God. It will stem the world's enmity as in the beginning, and all men will see that it refuses to be either patronised or put down.

I feel thankful that at last the Erastian spirit has found a reality which it can neither frighten nor seduce.

Perhaps too a yoke is needed to humble and purify the Church. As to the Breviary, I used to give it up as impossible till I fairly went at it, and now I am amazed at myself. I speak only of the simple and regular use, not of exceptions and peculiar directions, which can only be learned by time and practice.

The first thing is to get a clear view of the *several parts of each service*, this the rubric at the beginning of Newman's Tract will give.

[1] Lord John Russell's Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. In a letter to S. Herbert Manning suggested as an amendment to the clause, That it should be unlawful to assume any territorial title ["except for purposes purely spiritual and religious"].

E.g. Matins

1. Pater.
 Ave.
 Credo.
 Domini Labra.
2. . . .
 Antiphon.
 Venite.
 Antiphon.
3. Hymns, etc.
4. Psalms and Antiphons.
5. Benediction and Lessons.

I got these outlines of each service, and, knowing what to expect, found the rubrics clear. I cannot say what I feel of its beauty. Long as the offices are, I seem never to weary. The variety is wonderful.

As to Barrow, I seem to have no regard for destructive arguments. His book ought to be called "Historic doubts on the Primacy," which the Presbyterian avenges by "Historic doubts on Episcopacy," and Strauss by "Historic doubts *on* the Historical Christ." The utter weakness of Barrow is shown when he writes *constructively*, as in his "Unity of the Church," which in fact destroys all but the name.

For this reason I feel the nibbling at details of no force. "Nothing can stand before envy."

And now what think you? Do not tell the four winds. Peter—Mrs. Carey's Peter—has declared himself a Catholic born, baptized, and bred till sixteen years old, and he means incontinent to go back to them.

I really feel for my dear sister, whose horrors are sincere, but it is not in man not to laugh.

Neither Henry nor I have ever spoken to the man, but he opened his grief to me all at once the other night, in his bed with a fever.—Believe me, dear Robert, yours very affectionately,

H. E. M.

Is not the Apostles' Creed the expansion of the baptismal formula?

Is not the Nicene the exposition and guard of the second division of the Apostles' Creed?

Is not the Tridentine the exposition and guard of the third division?

Is not the principle of authority divine and infallible, one and continuous throughout?

And has not the Tridentine as the Nicene done its work permanently and clearly? What else has?

44 Cadogan Place, 27*th February* 1851.

My dear Robert—Newman's Tract 84, or some such on the creed and canon of Scripture will I suppose deal with your question.

My notion is

1. That the Church *potentially* contained all its future decisions from the first.

2. That its decisions became binding only when they became *actual.*

3. That, until made actual, individual minds were free to use their discernment upon the traditions of the Church.

In this way I understand St. Vincent's *Commentarium*, as a guide for individuals when the Church has not decided, and until it shall decide, but no longer.

So I understand St. Augustine *De doctr. Christ.*, and the question of the canon.

There was no canon, as we now understand it, when he wrote, for there were many.

And this throws out into higher relief the office of the living Church, preserving and propounding the Faith by oral tradition.

Indeed, I know of no *final* treatment of the canon till *Trent*, when three classes of sacred books—

1. The Heb. canon,
2. The Hellenistic,
3. The Apostolical—were united in one *Index.*

I do not see anything needing reconcilement between the passage you quote of St. Augustine and the office of the Church, thus understood.

As to the false miracles, they only trouble my English pride on the score of "common sense" and the like.

Two parallel lines of miracles, true and false, run through the Old Testament and the New, and are prophesied until the end.

As to the homely nature of them, the miracles of the Book of Judges, and of Elisha, and of the Acts, to say nothing of Cana, the gabel, the loaves, give full peace to my mind.

And now what a strange event is Lord John's fall! No doubt the Budget was cause enough. But it was the occasion, not the cause. The *morale* of his government and of his own statesmanship was already destroyed. And, let those deny it who will, he has fallen before the Church of God. All who take our dear brother's line will deny this, but so it is; and the world knows it and feels it, but will not say it as ἕτερόν τι.

It may seem that my notions on this come from the state of my mind, but I only write what every day shows, that the madness and wickedness of inflicting their bill on Ireland, never

pacified or governable in civil matters, and in religious securities above all, is without example among modern political blunders. It seems like judicial blindness; but I believe it is only bad temper, which is Lord John's chief fault. As a statesman it is imbecility.

And now do you see that the *Times* has turned against him? This is really preternatural baseness.

All these things warn me that the only power which overcomes the world is Faith. And I do not believe that the Church of England is established by faith but by the State.

Hope comes on Saturday.—Ever yours very affectionately,

H. E. M.

44 Cadogan Place, *3rd March* 1851.

My dear Robert — I have met with a passage in De Maistre's *Essai sur le principe générateur des constitutions politiques*, which seems to explain a good deal, and should bear on your question about the Sacrifice.

He lays down:—

1. Que les racines des constitutions politiques existent *avant* toute loi *écrite*.

2. Qu'une loi constitutionnelle n'est et ne peut être que le developpement ou la sanction d'un droit *préexistant* et *non écrit*.

3. Que ce qu'il y a de plus essentiel, de plus intrinsèquement constitutionnel et de véritablement fondamental n'est jamais écrit, et même ne sauroit l'être, sans exposer l'état.

4. Que la foiblesse et la fragilité d'une constitution sont précisément en raison directe de la multiplicité des articles constitutionnels écrits (Lect. IX.).

He quotes Tacitus's *pessimæ reipublicæ plurimæ leges*. This seems to me to be absolutely true, and to belong in its highest truth of application to the Catholic Church.

And it seems to me to show the fallacy of Protestant controversial writers who make lists of Roman errors.

Supremacy . . .	A.D.	600
Transubstantiation . .	„	1070
Confession . . .	„	„
etc.	etc.	

This is the *reverse* of fact and truth.

The points were not then first *created*, but *written*.

They were not first affirmed, but denied.

Now, as to Sacrifice, it seems plain as day from St. Ignatius, St. Irenæus, St. Justin Martyr, Tertullian, St. Cyprian, and then all the liturgies, that the Church believed in the propitiatory and impetratory force of the θυσία, *sacrificium*, etc., and that, like

intercessory prayer, its benefit had no limit but the will and application of God. I speak from memory, but I feel sure that in St. Cyprian and St. Augustine (*De Civ.*) are instances of the effect of oblation or of faith in its power apart from communion; *e.g.* St. Augustine speaks of the dispossessing of a place by the sacrifice. . . . —Ever yours very affectionately, H. E. M.

CADOGAN PLACE, 8*th March* 1851.

MY DEAR ROBERT—I must join with you in signalising this day. What a year this has been since the time when I came and found you all writing letters in Maskell's lodgings.

The effect of that day was, I think, to set us at a point of view from which the Church of England became an object, as it were, external to our minds, and out of which we seemed to be projected so as to see it from without.

And the issue of this contemplation I think is, that if the Church have a divine polity and office, the Church of England has fallen from it:

And that the Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland, and the Episcopal Church of England, are alike offspring of one and the same principle, of the private spirit in opposition to the Divine Tradition and lineal consciousness of the Universal Church.

This seems to me to preclude the justification you suggest for resisting the divine primacy of the Roman See.

We are opposed not on a question of *more* or *less* of submission but by antagonist principles.—Ever yours affectionately,

H. E. M.

In the following letter, at the close of his prolonged and heroic wrestlings with self, Manning attributes his hesitation in acting to "the shrinking of flesh and blood, and the vague fear of making a mistake."

44 CADOGAN PLACE, 14*th March* 1851.

MY DEAREST ROBERT—How much I wish for my own consolation that I could see you. Next to this your letter of this morning has given me comfort.

Do you remember last autumn bidding me to wait six months? I have done so morally, and now I find myself with no reason against acting but the shrinking of flesh and blood and the vague fear of making a mistake where my whole light tells me that there is no mistake. It is like the *feeling* of fear at passing a mountain road, of the safety of which I am by reason perfectly convinced.

1. First, I seem to be convinced beyond doubt of the nullity

of Protestantism,[1] and of Anglicanism. In point of spiritual and sacramental action upon souls, of dogma, of unity, of certainty, the Church of England seems to me to be out of the sphere of the Catholic Church.

2. Next, granting for a moment your view of the small traces of certain prominent R.C. points in the first 500 years, yet traces there are, as in a portrait taken at five years old of a countenance at 50. And, waiving this, which is a question of details, the Divine institution of one organised, authoritative Witness is in those 500 years proved by every form of evidence of Scripture and tradition.

I send you a letter from a plain thoughtful man to show how this strikes such a mind. Of course in confidence. . . . Ever your affectionate friend, H. E. MANNING.

44 CADOGAN PLACE, 21*st March* 1851.

MY DEAR ROBERT—I write to you as a *solatium humanitatis*, which I need greatly. And your letters are among my chief comforts. I do not indeed think that we shall ever be otherwise than we are now. Life has been saddened for me down to the very root, the last thirteen or fourteen years of solitude, and the last five of mental trial have, I trust, broken me to a spirit which will keep fast by all affections. At this time I am suffering in my way as you in yours. The very atmosphere of this house with all its kindness is very trying; and out of it I am fronting and bearing by anticipation what I used to forebode for the future. The measure of this is, I hope, being exhausted in part before the time. And it is less by far than I could have believed. Many kind friends have been raised up at this moment who, without agreeing, do not upbraid, and even enter into the justice and uprightness of what I have done and may do. So I believe it will be "As thy days, etc." I have so found this in time past that it is a sin in me if I doubt it now. And now it still is fulfilled to me. And I believe will be. It is God's way to veil His consolations till they are needed, that we may go onward and upward in faith, and then every wind and turn in the way brings out some new solace and even joy. So it will be with you, my dear Robert, I am well assured, and your fear and forebodings will be dispelled at the moment of meeting them.

As to Bramhall, he is very learned and copious, but seems to me, like Lord Coke, unscrupulous. His conclusions are broader than his premisses, as I found about the Royal Supremacy.

I send you the enclosed, which I should like to have back, to show the form into which I feel my thoughts to have settled

[1] Luther's "Land of Shadows."

down with a full conviction. You will see that it is only the *outer* not the *inner* way of treating the question, the latter being to me still more convincing as Möhler puts it. James Hope seems as fully satisfied with their line as I am, and we have tried it over and over to find a flaw. What a corroboration is given by the failure and functional impotence of the Anglican Church.

I will mind what you tell me about letters.

Write to me when you can.—Ever yours, my dear Robert, very affectionately, H. E. M.

An allusion in the following letter points to the fact that Manning had for the first time attended mass on Sunday as a matter of obligation. On the Sunday preceding, 23rd March, he had attended Anglican worship for the last time :—

44 Cadogan Place, 29*th March* 1851.

My dear Robert— . . . 31*st March*.—The first part[1] I wrote on Saturday. Yesterday for the first time I went to what we are writing of: and no words can express the sense of its reality.

I know what you mean by saying that one sometimes feels as if all this might turn out to be only another "Land of Shadows." I have felt it in time past, but not now. Neither has it ever lasted a moment on reflection. The Θεολογία from Nice to St. Thomas Aquinas, and the undivided unity diffused throughout the world of which the Cathedra Petri is the centre,—now 1800 years old, mightier in every power now than ever, in intellect, in science, in separation from the world; and purer too, refined by 300 years of conflict with the modern infidel civilisation,—all this is a fact more solid than the earth. . . . Ever yours affectionately, H. E. M.

In the recesses of his own heart, in the private records of his Diary, in his letters to Robert Wilberforce, Archdeacon Manning had borne witness, for five years and more, with growing clearness and conviction, to the unity, infallibility, and divine character and origin of the Catholic Church. The time is now come at last to translate words spoken in private into public acts; to confess his faith in the face of the Church which he had loved so well, but now no longer believed in—in the face of the world. Manning was prepared by the grace and mercy of God to make the

[1] The first part of the letter was on the Real Presence, Transubstantiation, Mass.

sacrifice from which he had shrunk so long in fear and trembling of heart.

What remained for him to do in reply to urgent appeals, was to justify to friends and relatives—as he did in the following letters—the final and irrevocable step he was about to take.

The Duke of Newcastle, who as Lord Lincoln was Manning's contemporary and friend at Oxford, called upon him not to take a precipitate step nor indulge in Utopian dreams of Christian unity. In affectionate terms Sidney Herbert warned him against committing himself to an irrevocable step.

Only a week before his reception into the Church, Manning wrote to Mr. Gladstone intimating a desire to confer with him on the step which he was about to take, and sent him two books to read. Mr. Gladstone's answer was as follows :—

6 Carlton Gardens, 1*st April* 1851.

My dear Manning—I would not wish to press upon you for your attention, but by wishing to speak to me, in a matter of such moment, you have put a responsibility upon me which I must not evade. I therefore will remark to you that your letter of yesterday does not answer my memorandum, but passes it by. If the two books you have kindly lent me express your meaning, I cannot communicate with you upon it until it has been possible for me to read them. If my representations are ignored, what was the waiting to see me but another instrument of illusion ?

You meet the main statement only with a quotation from *Richils* (?),[1] which stands in no contrariety to it and therefore overthrows no part of it.

Nor is my use of John iii. 8, I think, at all open to your objections: surely I have said nothing against "a divine and permanent order in the universal Church." To support this from the text I must have founded myself on a supposition that there was no fixed action of natural causes governing the winds: which you will not suppose. What I said was this: in the case of the individual, the "how" is concealed while the result is known. I might have carried my use of the illustration further and said, known not absolutely, nor always, but sufficiently. I surely could not deny that the work of the Spirit is "in a divine and permanent order," whether in the sacrament of

[1] The query as to the name is in Mr. Gladstone's letter.

baptism or in the teaching office of the Church. The want of a sensible or intelligent relation between means and ends exalts to my mind the office of Faith in regard to Baptism, and likewise in regard to the maintenance of the Faith in the Church. I do not wish to treat this mere illustration as if it were a demonstration, or anything like or near it. I admit that the words might in some way be satisfied by supposing our Lord simply to mean "the facts of nature are unintelligible, therefore be not afraid if revealed truths be likewise beyond the compass of the understanding"; but this seems to me a meagre meaning, nor have you alleged any reason against believing that they teach more, and show that as in nature so in grace we have reality and substance of results while the causation processes are hidden. This is said of Baptism. I remark that it is true also of the provision for maintaining the Faith in the Church, on my statement of it, but not on yours.

Valeat quantum. My present point is to show that you simply go past me now, as you did in my reference to the conversation of some years back.[1] Oh! look well whither you are going and what work you are marring, but most of all for God's sake look whether you are dispassionately using the means given you of holding fast or reaching the truth.—Forgive haste, and believe me affectionately yours, W. E. G.

But there were other influences at work: other voices speaking to Manning, calling upon him for the love of home, of kith and kin: for the sake of human interests: by the memory of old ties and associations, to remain in the Church of England, or to wait at all events till the storm of fanaticism against "Popery and Puseyism" had somewhat subsided: when it was predicted or hoped that the English Church might be induced to assert its independence of the Royal Supremacy in things spiritual. Vain hope! Manning knew it to be vain. Mr. Carter of Clewer wrote an appealing letter calling upon his friend for the sake of the peace of thousands, for his own sake, to reconsider his position and remain in his own place as their trusted leader. Arthur Wagner, Mrs. Pitt-Byrne, and many others in Brighton—a place which for years had been the headquarters of the Arch-

[1] The conversation alluded to was that which took place in 1848, when Archdeacon Manning, according to Mr. Gladstone's recollection, expressed "a firm assurance of the unmoved and immovable title of the Church of England to her share in the one divine and catholic inheritance."

deacon of Chichester's spiritual activities—implored Manning not to cease to be the guide and guardian of souls: not to depart from his ancient teaching: not to yield to the influence of men of lesser intellect. The following letter is but a sample of the numerous appeals from men and women addressed in his hour of hesitation to Manning:—

CLEWER.

MY VERY DEAR SIR—I thank you and our acknowledged benefactor most sincerely for the gift which I received this morning.

My heart most truly expands to what you express; it is the faith in which I have lived and would hope to cling to, till I can know as I am known. Oh that I may look to you onward as one that may ever strengthen us in this faith! I use no light or unmeaning word, God knows I feel we need such, and the more, as this Divine order which you truly describe is violated. But after earnest thought, though without such stores for thought as you have, I cannot see why the violence done may not yet be remedied, or why it is more than similar outrage and disturbance in past periods of the Church's sacred course: for the divine order I faithfully believe to be the Church of England's heritage, and to have been followed in her better days; and if so, will not a hopeful faith trust that yet a little while and it may be so again? I know not when I may express a hope to you again; I wonder how I can write to you as I do, but a thought burns within me that some one should now arise in a calm, simple, lofty spirit, to take a leading part in urging on our awakened brethren the solemn need of accomplishing the object of your Declaration, and in pointing the way to, and forming the kind of, synod, which might be in harmony with Catholic truth, and suiting the needs of our Church; and I cannot but feel why you should not be in God's grace an instrument of His hands, and do His work. Do not let such words as Bartie's sadden you. There are many hearts among us who do not feel so harshly and suspiciously—yet do not measure the sympathy you have by the number of names; for numbers more are deterred from signing by such reasons as B.'s, and other reasons of different people opposed to you. I will pray humbly as I can heartily, that you may live and die in peaceful hope within the communion of the Church of England, wherein I know so large a part of your heart is, and where, I trust, it may be for ever. My deepest thanks are ever due to our common Master for his gift to you. Pardon all I have said I ought not.—Your very gratefully affectionate T. T. CARTER.

44 Cadogan Place, 3rd *January* 1851.

My dear kind Friend—Among many letters which this time has brought me, none of them moved me more than yours. All our past thoughts of sorrow gave to its affectionate forbearance a force beyond words. But in this too I find a consolation. You have not shrunk from opening your grief to me, and that gives me the comfort and strength of opening my grief to you.

In truth, my heart is almost broken. All human love, all that makes life precious to me, except one thing, is passing or past away.

To add sharpness to this sorrow, I seem to others to be base, false, and a coward in the day of trial. I cannot seem otherwise. And what have I to answer?

I cannot resist the conviction which forces itself upon me, like light, on every side, that the Church of England is in a position at variance with the Will of God: and that to uphold it in that position is to fight against God. When the thought, even the sight, of my home, flock, and church come over me my heart breaks, and no human solace so much as touches me. The only one thing left is a conscience clear and at peace.

I could no longer continue under oath and subscription binding me to the Royal Supremacy in Ecclesiastical causes, being convinced:—

1. That it is a violation of the Divine Office of the Church.
2. That it has involved the Church of England in a separation from the universal Church, which separation I cannot clear of the character of schism.
3. That it has thereby suspended and prevented the functions of the Church of England so as to efface from the faith and mind of its people the divine laws of unity and authority in Faith and discipline.

But I will not attempt in a letter to detail my reasons on so large a subject. I did so in a printed letter to the Bishop of Chichester last July which I will desire Murray to send you.

I have only said this much to show why I could no longer without violence to conscience and truth continue to hold under an oath the matter of which I believe to be at variance with the divine order of the Church.

Beyond resigning I have taken no step; neither am I, either by nature or habit, inclined to precipitation.

But the tendency of my belief is manifest: and yet nothing but a necessity laid upon me as by the will of God will move me.

I can find no words to thank you, my dear friend, for your

affection, of which I am most unworthy. And yet if human love, or sorrow, or any other lower motive, had held me when truth and conscience bade me decide, I should have been more unworthy still. This makes me trust that I shall not forget your affection, and that you will remember me in your prayers.

What a life is this, and how full of griefs which go through the soul! Thank God it is not our rest, and that we shall soon be beyond the reach of sin.

My purpose is to stay in London (except a few visits to my family) till Gladstone's return. If you are in London in the week after next I could call and see you.

Once more my thanks, and may all consolation be with you and your children.—Believe me, ever yours most affectionately,

H. E. MANNING.

PENDELL COURT, BLETCHINGLY,
14*th January* 1851.

MY DEAR FRIEND—On my return here to-day I read your kind letter which reached me this morning.

Many and sincere thanks to you and your wife for all the affection it breathes to me. Indeed, I return it from my heart, and do not forget you. You say right. I have been in a deep; and human sorrow has all but broken my heart. No one but God only knows what it has been; what my only home and flock were to me.

But my reason has never doubted of what was my duty, and through all I have had a calm which is enough.

You kindly desire to know my future, yet I feel unwilling to speak of what I have not decided. But this I may say: Nothing could ever move me from the Church of England except the conviction that it is nc part of the Catholic Church.

If this conviction be confirmed, I see only one path. I say this to show why the events of this time, prosperous or adverse, seem to me to be secondary. The question is deeper; though they tend to illustrate and therefore to decide it.

What you have heard of Laprimaudaye is true. And now, dear friend, let me have your prayers that I may have no will of my own, no leaning on self; no following my own light; but that I may be led by the one only light which never errs.

Give my Christian love to your wife and trust it for yourself.—Believe me, always very affectionately yours,

H. E. M.

KIPPINGTON, SEVENOAKS, 29*th January* 1851.

MY DEAR FRIEND—Thank you from my heart for your

affectionate letter. It is very soothing to receive such tokens of brotherly love.

It would need more than a letter to answer the points you raise in any such way as is due to your kindness. I can therefore only beg you to do me justice by believing that I am not hasty or precipitate, or swayed by affections, or drawn away by the fascination of devotions. My whole heart and mind for twelve years has laboured in the endeavour to justify the Church of England on its own grounds. I am not conscious of any desire deeper or more controlling than the desire to believe our position to be defensible. All that makes or ever has made life dear to me is on this side.

On the other, plain facts, evidences which no one has endeavoured to meet, appear to me to convict the Reformation of schism.

I cannot say that the argument you draw from Andrewes and the many good men of the Anglican Church weighs with me more than as a caution and warning. Because, on the other side, I see at once, More, Fisher, and Pole. And if a *consensus Sanctorum* is to weigh, the line from St. Gregory the Great to St. Vincent of Paul turns the scale.

But this is not the proper evidence. For twelve years the subject of unity has been my chief employment. I could with difficulty clear our position at any time. And the grounds on which I have rested in time past are now simply destroyed.

Long before I knew you I found them failing. Believe me, therefore, that I write under no hasty or recent feeling.

For long years my mind has not been as you imply that yours is on Roman points. There is nothing in them which would disquiet me.

Your affection has drawn me to write this—more than I intended.—Believe me, my dear kind friend, always affectionately yours, H. E. M.

Hesitation at last was over. Two months and more had passed since Manning had said in confidence to Laprimaudaye: "I cannot think to be long as I am now." Two months which he had passed in reflection and in the vague hope of God's intervention, and in pouring out his soul to Robert Wilberforce, led up at last to his first decisive step. In March, twelve months after the Gorham Judgment, the Archdeacon of Chichester formally and legally resigned his office and benefice, took an irrevocable

step in breaking fully and finally his official connection with the Church of England. He burnt his boats.

In an autobiographical Note, Cardinal Manning related the circumstances as follows:—

> In the month of March, I think, I went into the City and executed the resignation of my office and benefice before a public notary; and then returned over Blackfriars Bridge and went to St. George's and knelt before the blessed Sacrament. It was then and there that I said my first "Hail Mary."

The end is not far off now. The event ordained of God in the inscrutable counsels of Divine Wisdom is at hand. Saul of Tarsus kicks no longer against the goad.

In that esoteric little chapel near the Buckingham Palace Road, where, in those days, the elect of the Tractarian party took part in its dim mystic services, or hung in rapture upon the lips of Bishop Forbes of Brechin, Manning worshipped for the last time as an Anglican. Five or six years ago the Cardinal said—

> "Shall I tell you where I performed my last act of worship in the Church of England? It was in that little chapel off the Buckingham Palace Road. I was kneeling by the side of Mr. Gladstone. Just before the Communion Service commenced, I said to him, 'I can no longer take the Communion in the Church of England.' I rose up—'St. Paul is standing by his side'—and laying my hand on Mr. Gladstone's shoulder, said, 'Come.' It was the parting of the ways. Mr. Gladstone remained; and I went my way. Mr. Gladstone still remains where I left him."

The ways of God in bringing his elect into the Church are as various as they are wonderful. A few, like Saul of Tarsus, find salvation by a direct call; "a light from heaven above the brightness of the sun; a voice speaking unto them"; some by process of argument and reasoning or of historical research; some by the study of Ecclesiastical Art or Mediæval Architecture; still more by the unconscious attraction of Divine truth; others by doubts and misgivings in the Church of their baptism; to others, again, the Divine

call comes in the form of external circumstances; God speaks to their souls by acts done outside of themselves; by processes and energies working round about them for good or for ill.

As the toad that squatted at the ear of Eve was transformed by the touch of the Ithuriel-like spear of Truth; so was the Church of England forced by the Sword of Peter, in that day of turmoil and confusion, to show herself in her true colours as Protestant to the core; Protestant from the crown of her head to the sole of her feet: forced to speak, by the mouth of her bishops, priests, and people, in her true voice. If, in accepting the Royal Supremacy imposed upon her by the Gorham Judgment, she showed herself as a bond-slave of the State; she spoke, on the other hand, in her denunciations and maledictions of the Catholic Church and of the Tractarian Party—"the unworthy sons," as she called them, in the words of Lord Russell, "within her gates"—of her own free will; and after her kind; and out of the fulness of her heart. Walking in her liberty through the land—in all the wide domains that owned her sway—she comported herself as a Queen, oblivious that she was not vested in the royal robes of the "King's daughter," but wore as a bond-slave the livery of the State. This unnatural mother disowned the children of her own womb, and cursed in that day of madness, or rather of self-betrayal, not only those that had escaped from the "House of Bondage and the City of Confusion," but them that were yet struggling in their bonds and striving after the freedom "wherewith Christ has made us free." From the eyes of many in that day of rough awakening the scales fell; they fell at last from the eyes of one elected for the divine purposes of God in the beginning; and in the vision of faith the Church of England by her own acts and words stood revealed to him in her true nature. His now unsealed eyes saw that she bore upon her the fatal note of "dry breasts and a miscarrying womb." And he knew now, in the opening of his eyes by the hand of God, rough in its mercy, that for seventeen years and more he had sat a captive, not at the

feet of the "King's Daughter," as he had vainly imagined, but at the feet of a Rebel-Queen, who had no right to the name or title she bore: no right or claim to the robes of the "King's Daughter": a sorceress that had cast her spells upon him, and had made him drink of her cup: held him captive, bound by her false wiles and charms, heart and soul, to her footstool, as Merlin was bound to his forest tree by the spells and wiles of Vivien.

The last stage in this long pilgrimage from Lavington to Rome had yet to be reached. His "last act of reason and the first act of faith" was in abjuring the claims of the Anglican Church.[1] Another act had yet to be done; another wrench suffered; another break with his old life and faith. Saul still kicked against the goad. Archdeacon Manning could not bring himself to believe, that he was not a priest. After five hours' discussion with the Rev. M. A. Tierney, at Arundel, on the validity of Anglican Orders, in which he believed, to use his own words, "with a consciousness stronger than all reasoning," the "late Archdeacon of Chichester," with eyes aflame, in one of those "Berserker rages," not very uncommon in Archdeacon Manning, and, perhaps, not altogether unknown in the Cardinal-Archbishop — rose up and said: "Then, Mr. Tierney, you think me insincere."

Never, I verily believe, since the days of Saul of Tarsus have any of the sons of man wrestled so obstinately, or so long, with the Lord. Never was a nobler wrestling, if I may so speak, because of his implicit faith and trust in the Lord, more nobly consummated than by the absolute submission of his heart and soul to the Divine Will.

One heart-wrench the more; a last break with all the traditions of his life; a last humiliation, terrible to such a nature as his—the confession to himself, that all his life long he had been only a simple layman; and all was over. His hour is come; God's battle is won; and the end is this: "I, Paul, a prisoner of the Lord."

[1] "The last act of Reason is the first act of Faith," was a proposition which Cardinal Manning had laid down in a private letter to Mr. Gladstone on Faith and Reason.

Archdeacon Manning's Reception into the Church.

Manning's first letter, on the very day he was received into the Church, was to Robert Wilberforce :—

14 Queen Street, Mayfair,
6th April 1851.

My dear Robert—You will not be surprised that I now tell you of the step James Hope and I have this day taken. With the fullest conviction, both of reason and of conscience, we have sought admittance into what we alike believe to be the one true fold and Church of God on earth.

Pray for me that I may be thankful for the peace which overflows even in the midst of human sorrow. So it must be, for so He foretold; but all is well if we may do His will and see His face at last.

Give my Christian love to your wife. And may God be with you, my dear Robert.—Ever yours most affectionately,

H. E. Manning.

A fuller account of his reception is contained in the subjoined letter to Robert Wilberforce :—

Private. Queen St., Mayfair,
Tuesday in Holy Week, 1851.

My dearest Robert—I have wished to write to you but have been much hindered.

The thought of seeing you again is much comfort to me. And remember my promise; I will not say a word of argument to you. Even I will not (for I feel I cannot) write as I did a few weeks ago, partly because my own mind is at rest; and partly because I so respect the trial of yours that I shall only follow your leading.

You will, perhaps, wish to hear somewhat that has befallen me.

On Passion Sunday, after Sacramental confession, Profession of Faith, conditional Baptism, and absolution, I went to the High Mass.

Hope was received at about 3 o'clock the same afternoon.

Palm Sunday we were confirmed, and communicated in the Cardinal's private chapel; and by his desire I received the tonsure. He has expressed his wish and intention to proceed without delay, and at Whitsuntide to admit me to the Priest-

hood. He said that it was his decision and act on his own responsibility, not at mine or my seeking.

I requested that I might afterwards take a full time for exact study, and abstain for some while from any responsible employment. To this he assented.

I am much impressed by the *hard work* which is going on in the Roman Catholic Church; and the hold it has on people of all degrees is beyond all I thought.

I am living alone here, near the Jesuits' Church; the services of which are most consoling.

And now I will say nothing yet of my own mind, except that I have more than I ever asked or thought. A letter I wrote a month ago about a sort of overflow, different in kind from argument, was more true than I then thought. May God keep me watchful in His holy fear. Pray for me, dear Robert, that I may be kept in His grace, and not lose it by my own sin, then all is well, and more. May every one dear to me share this gift.

Let me hear from you. I think you will find Badeley glad to see you.

May God ever bless you and reward you for all your love to me,—Ever yours very affectionately, H. E. MANNING.

On the next day he wrote to Mrs. Laprimaudaye, who had not as yet, as her husband had, become a Catholic. The Laprimaudayes were at Rome.

3 NEW BANK BUILDINGS,
7th April 1851.

MY DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST—A few words I must write to you, and they through you will be to your dear husband.

Yesterday, by the mercy of God, I entered the one true fold of His Son.

Deeply do I feel what you have suffered, for I have suffered the same. I cannot trust myself so much as to speak of my beloved flock and home; and I know the spiritual fire which penetrates every affection of the heart by love and by fear in this great furnace.

But He has led me through, and I am in peace: my reason, conscience, and heart filled to overflow.

Do not goad or press yourself beyond your speed. He will in His own good time unite your whole soul in all its power to Himself, and then you will have no fear, but a calm, sure peace.

I trust this may reach you before you leave Rome.

At this time I can write little: only my love and thanks to

Charles—and the great joy with which I trust in God to greet you both again.—Believe me, ever yours affectionately in J. C.,
H. E. MANNING.

To Sidney Herbert, the day after he was received into the Church, Manning wrote as follows:—

14 QUEEN STREET, MAYFAIR,
7th April 1851.

MY DEAR HERBERT—My words in our last conversation will have prepared you to hear that the time of waiting and reflection in which I then was, has ended in a decision which separates me from all I have most loved in life.

On that decision I acted yesterday.

Never, that I can remember, has anything cost me such suffering, but never have I acted with so full and unchanging conviction both of reason and of conscience.

It has been a great solace and help to me that James Hope has gone step by step with me to the end of this trial.

And now I will use no more words than to say one thing which I have delayed till now. My not coming to you has been intentional.

I felt that it would spare us both. My affection will never be lessened towards you; but something higher I trust than mere feeling makes me say to all my friends, that I have dissolved all obligations on their part. And that I shall never look for any renewal of their communications, nor make them on my part, though I shall receive any expressions of their affection as a new gift; and return them with joy.

May all blessings be with you and yours. Give my Christian and affectionate love to your wife; and believe me, my dear Herbert, ever your attached friend, HENRY E. MANNING.

Manning, in the fulness of his heart, sent the following note to James Hope, who was received with him into the Church.

14 QUEEN STREET, *7th April* 1851.

MY DEAR HOPE—Will you accept this copy of the book you saw in my room yesterday (the *Paradisus Animæ*), in memory of Passion Sunday, and its gift of grace to me? It is the most perfect book of devotion I know. Let me ask one thing. I read it through, one page at least a day, between 26th June and the 22nd August 1846, marking where I left off with the date. It seemed to give me a new science, with order and harmony and details, as of devotion issuing from and returning into

dogma. Would you burden yourself with the same resolution? Yes, do it for my sake, and remember me when you do it. I feel as if I had no desire unfulfilled but to persevere in what God has given me for His Son's sake.—Believe me, my dear Hope, always affectionately yours, H. E. M.

On the day before he was received into the Church, Manning informed his eldest brother of the step he was about to take, and explained the grounds of his belief and conduct.

14 Queen Street, Mayfair,
5th April 1851.

My dear Frederick—At the end of our last conversation you asked me a question as to my Faith, to which I then did not give any reply, as the time during which I had resolved to wait in deliberation was not expired.

I am able now to give the answer; for which, as your letters have shown me, you have been prepared.

It would hardly satisfy the brotherly affection I feel for you, if I were not to state simply the grounds of my belief and conduct. But I will confine myself to making intelligible the reasons of my convictions.

I believe that at the Reformation the Church of England ought to have been purified, but ought not to have been divided from the universal or Catholic Church.

By that division it became national instead of universal, and Protestant instead of Catholic.

In our Baptismal Creed we acknowledge the Holy Catholic Church: and thereby acknowledge the law of unity which, I believe, we have broken.

I have long believed that it is the duty of the Church of England as a whole to cease to be National and Protestant and to become Catholic again by returning to the unity and authority of the universal Church. For this return I have hoped, prayed, and laboured.

Believing now that, instead of returning, the Church of England is departing further and further from the unity and authority of the universal Church, and that the law of subscription to unity and authority binds every person who has been baptized, I am in conscience bound to submit myself to the Catholic Church.

In coming to this decision I have used all the means and helps within my power: I have taken the judgment of all who I thought could help me, and I have for many years prayed for guidance from God.

I may indeed err, but He knows that my motive is single and sincere.

It is my intention therefore to act upon this decision to-morrow.

And now, my dearest brother, I ask your prayers for me. The more you may think me in error, the more you will pray that I may be kept from evil.

I will only say that, through God's mercy, I am in calm and peace, sorrowing only with a human sorrow, and for the sorrow which I am causing to those I love so deeply.

May God be ever with you both. With my affectionate love, believe me, my dearest Frederick, your attached brother,

H. E. MANNING.

14 QUEEN STREET, MAYFAIR,
12*th April* 1851.

MY DEAR FREDERICK—I am very thankful to you for your letter, and for the promise that you will remember me in your prayers. However we be separated otherwise, in this we shall still be united. . . .

I did not in any way disclaim you, my dear brother. God forbid. I have always and always shall cherish every remembrance of you with affection and respect, as I said when we spoke together.

I said that when men are in middle life the inequalities of age, by a law of nature, pass away. We are each one solely and finally responsible to Him who at the last day will judge us. This was the substance and intention of my words.

In answer to a letter of Manning's announcing his conversion, the Duke of Newcastle wrote as follows:—

CLUMBER, 11*th April* 1851.

MY DEAR FRIEND—Preparation for the last blow of sorrow does not, as I have long since learnt, diminish the severity of it when it really comes, and though your last most amiable letter to me left me no hope—your announcement that you no longer belong to the Anglican Church has filled me with grief such as no similar event has ever occasioned to me before.

You say that your chief trial now is the loss of friends dear to you, and the sorrow you give them. Of the latter I cannot, and (from my heart and conscience I say it) I would not if I could, relieve you,—but in me at least you will find no loss of friendship. I mourn over what I must think the great error of a pure and noble mind seeking the true light, but I cannot cease

to love and admire the man who makes the sacrifices which I know you have, in obedience to what he believes to be right. I shall ever cherish the recollections of the past—I shall think of what is now the present with sorrow too deep to be mixed with bitterness or sectarian heat,—and for the future I pray God that you may not be changed as others have, and that you may carry into the Church which has received you that spirit of pure, Christian, universal love and charity, which has made you one of the brightest ornaments of that which has lost you. Certain I am, there are many attached friends who will still cling to their love and respect for you—I dare not contemplate the day when a difference of faith may dissipate those feelings which you now bear towards them.

Alas! I fear you little know what thorns your secession from amongst us will strew in the paths of those who have hitherto laboured with you, or the impulse you will give to that spirit of Puritan hatred which is fast reviving in the land—but all this I must not expect *you* to care for *now*—I have always feared your aspirations for "Christian Unity" were too Utopian, but at any rate I cannot doubt that the conversion of two such men as yourself and James Hope must make more hopeless than ever so blessed an event.

May God ever bless you, my dear friend; and may we, though now pursuing different paths, meet in that day when *the truth* shall be revealed to us all.—Believe me, ever affectionately and truly yours, NEWCASTLE.

Forgive me if I address my letter as heretofore. Believe me I do not do so inconsiderately, much less unkindly.

The following letter to his sister, Mrs. Austen, bespeaks the deep affection which existed between Manning and his nearest relatives:—

14 CURZON STREET, 11*th June* 1851.

MY VERY DEAR SISTER—You know me so well that if I were not to tell you in words you would not doubt that I enter into every word of your letter. I wish you and my dear brother to know that my own circumspection for you in your relations to both kindred and friends would make me keep aloof from you. It is the clear and free judgment of my own heart for you both, and I feel that our love, which nothing can change, will be best cherished by my denying myself in everything which would bring upon you the embarrassments inseparable from the present private and public state of feeling among those round about us.

Let me say to you both, Never let a thought cross you for my sake. My confidence in your too great love is beyond change. It would sadden and disquiet you to imagine or to be straining points for my sake. I should have no happiness in it. For me it is enough to know how we love each other, and that wheresoever we can meet on neutral ground, our love, notwithstanding private feelings and a consciousness of a certain change of relation, will be heartfelt and sincere.

Indeed my saddest feeling often is, that you two, who have done so much for me, may feel that your love and generous care for me have been thrown away: and that I am unworthy, if not even unthankful. It is the Will of God that I should bear this for a time to humble and to chasten me: and I will bear it, by His grace, with gentleness and even acquiescence. But the time will come, if not here, in a better and a truer world, when you will see that not a word or act of your love has fallen to the ground.

Read this to the Colonel with my brotherly love.

When you come to London you will find me here; and my kind friends give me only too much comfort, so that I can receive you whenever you are able to come. It will indeed be great pleasure to see you. . . .[1]

May all solace and hope and filial trust in the love of our Heavenly Father be with you, my dearest sister. Believe me ever your attached brother, H. E. M.

Bishop Wilberforce, on his first visit to Lavington after Archdeacon Manning's conversion, wrote to Hon. R. Cavendish as follows:—

LAVINGTON, 10*th June* 1851.

MY DEAR CAVENDISH—We came here yesterday, and return (D.V.) to-morrow. It is a sad visit. The glory of our beloved little church is departed. The Heavens weeping over us, and

[1] In a passage of the above letter, Manning referred to his sister Maria and his brother-in-law John Anderdon in the following terms:—"I have deeply felt for dearest John and Maria. They have had a strange and sudden burst of anxiety and sorrow in the last eighteen months. After a long life, not bright except in its first few years, but yet always peaceful and unusually free from home sorrow, it has pleased God to begin His work of love with great speed. But I can never condole. The conviction is so deeply wrought into my reason and faith that sorrows are signs of God's love, and the more sorrow the more love, the sharper and speedier the more blessed and the more perfecting, that I can only look at them as on their way in the path of eternal life, with tokens of grace multiplying as they go on.

"We live too little by faith, and look at this world as if it were the end, and not the beginning, of our way and life."

the trees dropping round us, seem acted parables of our thoughts. Twenty-three years ago to-morrow, and the sun shone on me, as I came out of that church the most blessed of bridegrooms, having won her whom I had loved, as few love so young, ever since the vision of her beauty enchanted my early boyhood. How has wave followed wave from that day to this! Oh, and how have mercy and loving-kindness, and forbearance, and compassionate forgiveness been multiplied and abounded upon me year after year![1]

In the same year Bishop Wilberforce, much alarmed at Manning's conversion, wrote to his brother Robert:—"Great love to Jane. I trust to her to keep you from being led away by Manning's subtleties."[2]

Mr. Gladstone's recent letters, though written in friendly terms, had been in substance so defiant and challenging as to induce Manning to abstain from provoking controversy afresh by giving an explanation of the reasons which had led to the step he had taken. Indeed, Manning communicated the simple fact of his impending conversion, on the suggestion of Robert Wilberforce, to Mr. Gladstone. His reply was sharp and critical. These letters were the last word that passed between Manning and Mr. Gladstone. All intercourse between them came to an end; not to be resumed until after long years.[3]

In the autobiographical Note, from which I just now recited the resignation of his archdeaconry and benefice, Cardinal Manning gave an account of the final steps which led him out of his Anglican life into a higher life—the life of Faith in the Catholic Church:—

On 6th April 1851, Passion Sunday, Hope and I went to Father Brownbill in Hill Street and were received. I, before High Mass, and he after it. So ended one life: and I thought

[1] *Life of Bishop Wilberforce*, vol. ii. p. 51.

[2] Jane, Robert Wilberforce's wife, had as great a dread of "secession" as the bishop.

[3] Speaking of Mr. Gladstone's attitude towards himself, Cardinal Manning, in 1885, said:—"In illustration of how deeply affected he was by my conversion, I will tell you what Mr. Gladstone said to a friend—'On hearing of Manning's secession from the English Church, at the time I felt as if he had murdered my mother by mistake.'"

my life was over. I fully believed that I should never do more than become a priest; about which I never doubted, nor ever wavered. But I looked forward to live and die in a priest's life, out of sight.

I went to St. George's and saw the Cardinal—he fixed to give me confirmation and communion the following Sunday. And I forget on what day I received the tonsure.[1] He then told me he had decided to ordain me priest without delay; and that he did so with the knowledge and sanction of Rome. I begged that, in that event, he would allow me after ordination to have the same time I should have had before ordination, for reading and study. This was settled, and I went to Rome in the October following. So far was this early ordination from giving displeasure in Rome, that Cardinal Franzoni gave me the faculties of a missionary apostolic on my return to England in May 1852.[2]

[1] In the first page of Manning's Diary, 1851, are the following notes:—

24th March.—Eve of Lady Day, St. George's, Southwark, Capucin. Compline, Sermon and Benediction.

25th March.—Executed resignation of archdeaconry and benefice.

4th April.—Went to 14 Curzon Street.

5th April.—Went to Father Brownbill with Hope. St. George's, Cardinal.

6th April.—Passion Sunday, 9½ A.M., was received at High Mass. Hope received, 3 o'clock.

13th April.—Palm Sunday, Confirmation. Tonsure. First Communion. Minor Orders. Sub-Deacon. Retreat. Deacon.

Trinity Sunday.—Priest.

[2] Manning's receiving Holy Orders in so short a time as ten weeks after his reception into the Church gave rise to rather severe criticism on Cardinal Wiseman's precipitancy. And it was alleged that Rome would disapprove of so rash a step. But Wiseman was large-hearted and sympathetic, and spared Manning, who was sensitive on the point, the humiliation of remaining a layman longer than was absolutely necessary. A week after his conversion, therefore, he received the tonsure. The faculties, bestowed on the Rev. H. E. Manning by Cardinal Franzoni, were, however, the ordinary faculties conferred on every priest on entering the mission, by the bishop of the diocese. Like faculties as those conferred by Cardinal Franzoni would have been given to Manning on his return to England by Cardinal Wiseman.

CHAPTER XXVIII

AN AFTERMATH—SUMMER AND AUTUMN 1851

MANNING'S conversion took men, who thought they knew him well, by surprise. His own bishop, Gilbert of Chichester, was totally unprepared for such an event. Phillpotts, the Bishop of Exeter, who had been in close and constant consultation, before and after the Gorham Judgment, with Manning, was so taken aback by surprise as to declare in his anger, "Manning's secession is a public disgrace." Archdeacon Hare of Lewes, who for ten years and more had been on intimate terms with his brother Archdeacon of Chichester, and in close and friendly correspondence on religious questions, had not the slightest misgivings as to Manning's belief in, and devoted attachment to, the Church of England. In spite of their religious differences—for Archdeacon Hare was an Evangelical of the Evangelicals—he paid—in a charge delivered at Lewes in 1852, a just and generous tribute to Manning's disinterested sincerity, high character, and holiness of heart. Mr. Gladstone, as I have already shown, resented Manning's act as inconsistent with "his former—his recent self"; inconsistent with an avowed intention of standing by the Church of England to the last, in the hope and purpose of saving it from the fatal effects of the Gorham Judgment. But all these men, even Mr. Gladstone himself, who thought they knew Manning well, only knew half his mind. But they who knew his whole mind, heart and soul—and for years—men like Robert Wilberforce, and Laprimaudaye, and Henry Wilberforce, and William Dodsworth, and Mr. Allies, knew likewise that far

from acting with precipitancy, or in a manner inconsistent with the principles he had at heart, Manning had consumed himself, as it were, by a prolonged and painful deliberation, before he could make up his mind to take the final step.

His prolonged wrestlings with himself were not over intellectual, but moral difficulties. His intellect had been long satisfied and subdued, but not his will. In 1841, when he became Archdeacon, he was conscious, as he has told us in his Diary, of a desire and dream of influence. But Manning never was a mere dreamer: his dreams and desires took definite form and shape. His was a forecasting mind, preparing beforehand means most adapted to shape his ends. At the time of Newman's conversion, Manning was still a firm believer in the English Church. He was afraid, as he wrote to Mr. Gladstone at the time, that the Church of England would split asunder. To avert, if possible, such a calamity was the highest and the noblest of duties. Manning saw his opportunity. He was of a masterful spirit. He had a singular and supreme confidence in his own powers—in his judgment in conceiving a design; in his will for carrying it out. Having once made up his mind, he took counsel of no man. Another strong point in his character was, that though patient in waiting for the removal of obstacles, he rarely if ever gave up plans he had once formed. To maintain unity in the Church of England, by conciliating the more moderate men on either side, was, from a human point of view, a noble ambition, deserving of the highest reward a grateful Church could bestow. From a religious standpoint, which was the consideration ever prominent in his mind, it was the most sacred of duties, as Manning was convinced, heart and soul. Was not the preservation of unity in His Church such a work as was well-pleasing to God, and conducive to the salvation of souls? Ambition, unlike that grosser kind which filled the soul of his brother-in-law Bishop Wilberforce, came to Manning's mind in the subtler form of a desire to become an active agent, if needs be as bishop, in securing a supreme spiritual blessing for the Church of England. But in the recesses of his soul

Manning was ill at ease. His sensitive and scrupulous conscience was troubled. In his Diary, at the time of his temptation, he wrote:—

> Is this prospect, desire, or hope of elevation, another temptation to secularity? or does God intend by it that I should remain here (in the Church of England) to preserve unity in the Church? No man can help me.

Manning had not as yet committed himself to any such public action as to preclude his elevation to a bishopric. He had taken no public part—he was absent in Rome—in the final opposition to the appointment of Dr. Hampden, whom, with vulgar insolence, Lord John Russell had thrust as bishop on a reluctant Church. That Manning had condemned Dr. Hampden in the most sweeping terms was, however, unknown to the world, to the Bench of Bishops, and the Government. The Archdeacon of Chichester was known of all men as a zealous High Churchman; yet he was known to the ecclesiastical authorities as an active opponent to "Romanism," as was his brother-in-law Bishop Wilberforce. Manning, too, was not a greater High Churchman than Canon Kerr Hamilton, who was appointed, a year or two after Manning left the Church of England, Bishop of Salisbury.

Several years before this time, in the ordinary course of ecclesiastical patronage, at the solicitation of his brother-in-law Bishop Wilberforce, Manning was offered the Sub-almonership to the Queen, in the gift of the Archbishop of York. After a severe inward struggle, with tears, as it were, of the heart, Manning, from conscientious motives, refused the gift. Most Churchmen of the ordinary type would, there is no doubt, have jumped at the offer.

Manning now gave up ambition even in its subtler form: not this time from fear of secularity, but because he had lost all faith in the Church of England.

To Mr. Allies, announcing his intention, after the Gorham Judgment, of becoming a Catholic, Archdeacon Manning replied: "Samuel waited till God called him three times. This is not your third call." It was indeed not Manning's.

His first call was the Hampden appointment; the Gorham Judgment the second; and the third call, as he wrote to Lord Campden on 14th January 1851, "this anti-Roman uproar."

Manning's conversion had in one sense no human consolation. The fierce intellectual struggles, the painful questionings and searchings of a thinker in his pursuit of truth; in his search after light, receive, in the discovery of the Divine light of Truth, full satisfaction and ample compensation. Such a thinker, such a student, suffers no break or interruption in his pursuits or studies; but finds an added intellectual light, fuller guidance, in the Catholic Church. Manning, however, was not a student or profound thinker, but a man of action. Work, public action, influence, fellowship with kindred minds, the esteem of men, were to Manning as the breath of his nostrils. All this was lost to him on leaving the Church of England. Like Othello, his occupation was gone. His world knew him no more. His life, as he said, was over. No wonder, in the anguish of his heart, he cried out to Robert Wilberforce, "After this I shall sink to the bottom and disappear." For such a sacrifice there was no human compensation. It was the undoing of all his past life, as sad as it was heroic.

His was a very human and very pathetic story. At the age of forty-four he had to begin life anew—a stranger among strangers. If, as a man of action, he must needs work, he would have to begin work again, as it were, at the plough-tail. In that day of desolation there was no room for ambition. He verily believed that his ambition was buried in the Church he left behind him. His sole thought was to live as a simple priest in the love and fear of God.

But that such a man as Manning, as he had said in his despair, "should sink to the bottom and disappear" is not in the nature of things. In becoming a Catholic a man's nature is not changed; but, if so be, only purified and exalted. In time, after feeling his feet, and surveying with far-seeing eyes the lie of the strange land in which his lot was cast, and watching and noting the drift and current of things, it would be strange and unnatural to suppose

that, in such a character as Manning's, self-assertion would not once more make itself felt.

Rome, too, it must be borne in mind, offered to a man of restless energies and brilliant abilities a larger field of action than the Church of England—larger hopes, larger aspirations, and, if so be, larger ambitions.

But spiritual consolations abounded; spiritual joys flowed into Manning's soul and wrought peace in his troubled heart. Spiritual blessings were given to him as reward of his obedience to the Divine will.

Manning, within ten weeks of his reception into the Church, received Holy Orders at the hands of Cardinal Wiseman in his private chapel on the Saturday in Whitsun Week, 14th June 1851. After the ceremony, Cardinal Wiseman, in the fulness of his heart, embracing Manning said:—

> I look upon you as one of the first-fruits of the restoration of the Hierarchy by our Holy Father Pius IX. Go forth, my son, and bring your brethren and fellow-countrymen by thousands and tens of thousands into the one true Fold of Christ.

Wiseman was of an enthusiastic temperament and sanguine in his hopes for the conversion of England. That High Mass should be sung once more in Westminster Abbey in our day, even if he himself did not live to sing it, was the height of his ambition. He had high hopes of Manning as a fellow-worker in this fruitful field. Cardinal Wiseman, happily, lived long enough to see Manning bringing multitudes of his friends and fellow-countrymen into the Church. The greater part of the Sunday intervening between his ordination and the saying of his first Mass he spent at the Oratory, where Father Faber carefully explained to him the rubrics and ceremonies.

On Monday, 16th June, Manning said his first mass in the Church of the Jesuits in Farm Street; Père Ravignan, the celebrated French Jesuit, who at the time was delivering a course of sermons at Farm Street, acted as assistant priest. After mass, the congregation, among whom were many of Manning's personal friends and late disciples, according to

custom, kissed the open-spread hands of the newly-ordained priest.

It was arranged by Cardinal Wiseman that Manning after his ordination should go to Rome and enter upon his theological studies and training. But out of consideration for his health he was advised to avoid the summer heats of Rome. In consequence, his leaving England was postponed to the autumn.

Manning's conversion made no break in his intimacy with Robert Wilberforce, nor was their correspondence interrupted. But this was a solitary exception. All the rest of Manning's friends and fellow-workers in the Anglican cause stood aloof from him. He lived as an alien in their midst; became an exile in his own land. His brother-in-law, the Bishop of Oxford, knew him no more; often spoke bitterly of him. Mr. Gladstone's friendship came to an end.

Speaking of this first breach of his friendship with Manning, Mr. Gladstone said :—

> Our common bond was interest in the Anglican cause. It was the breath in the nostrils of our friendship. We had nothing else in common. Manning never spoke to me of his friends. When he became a Catholic, our friendship died a natural death.

Archdeacon Harrison, whose intimacy with Manning, dating from their Oxford days, was of the closest description, shrank from him, not out of ill-feeling indeed, but in fear of his influence. His own, and other bishops, of course, knew him no more. Hamilton who, instead of becoming a Catholic as Manning expected, remained an Anglican, never saw his old friend again. In 1854 Hamilton was appointed Bishop of Salisbury by Lord Aberdeen. Pusey and Keble, Bennett of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, Mr. Carter of Clewer and Hare, Archdeacon of Lewes, and the rest of Manning's friends, turned away from him; they and their little world knew him no more. Speaking, a few years before his death, on this subject, Cardinal Manning said, not only in reference to members of his own family, but to his friends and fellow-workers in the old days :—

I left them, not they me. I went over the bridge: they, too many of them, stayed behind. I did not consider it right or proper, or comporting with the dignity of the cause I represent, by making advances, to subject myself to a rebuff. But I met more than half-way those who held out a hand to me. We parted: they held aloof from me; but not one, I truly believe, of my friends in those days of trial bore ill-will against me personally, or even resented my quitting their side. They avoided me, because they were in fear of my influence over their hearts and minds. We remained friends, though apart for a lifetime.

But, early or late, Manning was never oblivious of the friends he had left behind him on the other side of the bridge. True-hearted and affectionate as of old, his correspondence with Robert Wilberforce still continued to the end. It ran like a golden thread through the web of Manning's Anglican and Catholic life, linking the present with the past.

The autumn of that memorable year, in which the event ordained of God filled his heart with a spiritual joy beyond the imagination of man, and changed the whole course and character of his life, Manning spent in peace and gladness of heart among his own kith and kindred. For, if all the rest of his relatives held aloof from him, Mr. Charles Manning, and Catherine, his wife, who was received into the Church on the day her beloved brother became a priest, received him with open arms and loving heart. At Pendell Court, his brother's seat, near Bletchingly, Manning, no longer troubled in mind and conscience, was the life and soul of the place. It was the freshness and fulness of a new life that possessed his soul and filled his heart with gladness. At his brother's place, Manning, who was a good judge of horses, was well mounted, and in company with his brother and nieces rode day after day all over the country. It was a time of thorough recreation for one whose mind had been strained to the utmost, and whose heart had been tried almost to breaking by human sorrows. Some of those who were with him at the time remember well his kindness of heart, his liveliness of manner, and his high spirits. Manning, even in that time of retirement and

quietude could not altogether escape public notice or criticism.

Some of his former friends contrasted the austere archdeacon in sober garb and shovel hat, solemn of gait and absorbed in work, with the now Roman priest, idle and light of heart, who apparently had nothing better to do than ride about the country by day, and relate under the trees in the gloaming, to the delight of the company, reminiscences of his early life or Oxford days, or of his travels in foreign parts, or tell anecdotes, old and new. His sour-faced critics shook their heads, and spoke already of "moral deterioration." Manning, however, had the consolation of knowing that many of his friends and penitents were already beginning to follow his example. He had just heard from Laprimaudaye of his wife's conversion:—

PENDELL COURT, BLETCHINGLY,
16*th September* 1851.

MY DEAREST FRIEND—God be praised for the letter you sent me. It is all you can pray for. I think you must have Annie home without needless delay; too soon it cannot be.

Now let me have word at once what day to meet you in London, next week. I have an engagement there next Wednesday, but I can come any day. Tuesday will suit me well. Monday, if I hear from you.

As you say the time is come, and with a ripeness which bespeaks its author.—With my love to you both, ever yours,

H. E. M.

From Lavington, where he was engaged in the melancholy work of moving and of destroying papers, Manning wrote to Robert Wilberforce as follows:—

LAVINGTON, 4*th September* 1851.

MY DEAREST ROBERT—Your letter found me here in the midst of the past.

I hope to be at Pendell on Saturday, and next week in London. I should indeed rejoice to see you.

At the end of this month I propose to go to Abbotsford. Can we not somehow meet? Where can I see you without harm? I write in great haste, being overdone with moving and destroying papers. Write to me at Pendell (Bletchingly).—Ever yours, dearest R., very affectionately, H. E. MANNING.

Manning's conversion in no way altered or lessened the intimacy between him and Robert Wilberforce. There was indeed a certain change in their mutual relations. Manning no longer wrote "under the seal of confession," and in the gift of Faith which he had acquired, became now in his turn a guide and teacher to Robert Wilberforce, as the following letter shows:—

4 EATON PLACE, WEST, 28*th September* 1851.

MY DEAR ROBERT—I was very glad to have your letter, having been longing to hear from you.

We shall meet I trust, without fail, for I have been forced to give up going to Scotland, and can only go to Rugby for this week. Saturday I hope to be here again: and then to and fro in and about London till I go abroad. Let me, therefore, know your days and places, and I will make mine square with yours.

I do not dare to press you, dearest Robert, remembering what were my own feelings. But I pray for you, and so do many more. Neither do I talk to you about the peace I have, because, as we agreed, a Swedenborgian might say the same. But I may say that six months—of which three have been spent in going over and over the same ground with others, sifting and re-sifting everything, principle and detail, even more closely than ever—leaves me more than ever profusely convinced that the Church of Rome is the only true Church of God—and that as a Teacher of Faith it is infallible.

I am distinctly convinced that over and above the evidence of reason there is an illumination of Faith in which these things are seen by their own light. What I wrote in March is true. But to you this may sound as fanaticism.

Moreover I could never have dreamt of the sanctity of the Church as I see it. All outside the Church seems to me fragmentary and incoherent.

Surely it is the hand of God which has reproduced under our eyes in the last two years the acts of the Reformation. We see now what we should have seen then. We have seen the Reformation as if we had lived in the reigns of Edward VI. and Elizabeth. Surely the Gorham case is no *change*. It is a revelation. And Anglicanism is but Episcopal Protestantism, a human society with human opinions.

Let me hear from you, dear Robert.—Ever yours very affectionately, H. E. MANNING.

The following letter to Mr. Phillipps of Grace Dieu

shows that the newly-ordained priest was already a much-engaged man :—

RUGBY, 1*st October* 1851.

MY DEAR MR. PHILLIPPS—Your kind letter found me here this morning, and I hasten to thank you for it.

Indeed I have never forgotten the dream I had in the woods that night at Grace Dieu : and I have been longing for it to come to pass. At one time I had hoped it would, for I had made my plans to go to Ireland and then to pass over to Abbotsford. On my way I had promised myself the enjoyment of your kind reception. Such were my hopes, but they have been overturned one by one. First I was obliged to give up Ireland, then Abbotsford ; now I am compelled to be in London on Saturday. This leaves me only two days, Thursday which is engaged to the convent at Loughborough, and Friday at this place.

It is needless for me to say how much I regret this. I feel, too, that you will not need words to assure you what sincere enjoyment I should have had in coming to you, and in meeting Mrs. Phillipps. I can only ask you to say this to her with my kind regards.

If it so please God, I hope next year I may still enjoy your kindness. My time of leaving England will be in a few weeks.

Pray give my kindest remembrances to Sir Vere and Lady de Vere ; and, with every good desire for you and yours, believe me, my dear Mr. Phillipps, always yours affectionately in Xt.,

HENRY E. MANNING.

The high opinion which Cardinal Wiseman entertained of Manning's character, abilities, and holiness of life, cannot be better illustrated than by the following anecdote :—At a banquet given in honour of Cardinal Wiseman at Arundel Castle, by the then Earl of Arundel and Surrey, there was a large company, which included many recent converts, among them Manning and Mr. Allies. In the course of the evening, Cardinal Wiseman, speaking to Mr. Allies and others, in allusion to Manning said :—"I hope soon he will be one of us."

The confident tone in which Cardinal Wiseman spoke, as well as the substance of the remark, made at the time a deep impression on Mr. Allies, for Manning had only just been made priest and had not yet commenced his theologi-

cal studies and training. And yet, Wiseman was already expressing a hope of Manning soon becoming a bishop.

Wiseman's hope, which was akin to a prophecy, may not have been without its effect on Manning's susceptible nature.

The time had now arrived for Manning to make his first visit as a Catholic and a priest to Rome. He was accompanied on his journey by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Manning and their family, and, among other friends, by the Hon. and Rev. Monsignor Talbot, then a recent convert.

Before starting, he wrote the following words of farewell to his brother:—

14 QUEEN STREET, MAYFAIR,
1*st November* 1851.

MY DEAR FREDERICK—I write you a few words to bid you farewell before leaving England.

Early on Monday I hope to start; and my purpose is to stay until April next.

This needs no answer, as it is only to convey my love, and I know that I have yours.

May every blessing be with you both.—Believe me, my dearest Frederick, your affectionate brother,

HENRY E. MANNING.

The chief events of this journey to Rome were set down in Manning's Diary, from which a few extracts will suffice:—

3rd November, left London 1 o'clock; Folkestone 3; Boulogne 6.

4th November.—Said Mass at Church of St. Nicholas, Feast of S. Charles Borromeo. First act of priesthood out of England.

5th November.—Amiens, with Bishop Gerbet, Veuillot; said Mass at Sacred Heart.

6th November.—Mass in Cathedral.

7th November.—Paris, St. Roch.

8th November.—Notre Dame des Victoires.

From Paris, Manning and his travelling companions, of whom no mention is made in the Diary, passed through Châlons, where he met Mr. and Mrs. Ulwin, and Lyons, arriving at Avignon on 12th November, where he said mass at the altar of Our Lady, at which he remembered "seeing

a priest give communion four years ago." Aubrey de Vere, who had joined Manning on the journey, was received, 15th November, into the Church, at Avignon, in the Archbishop's Chapel.

15th November.—On Wednesday at St. Esprit, or by the road, lost my bag with writing case, money, letters, and journals. A sharp vexation. The letters and journals especially valuable.

But from this loss I desire to learn:

1. To mortify selfishness, and too great sensitiveness in matters which touch myself.

2. To learn sympathy with others in their losses. I should care little what they lost so that I lost nothing.

3. To learn detachment and love of poverty; I have lost:

1. Money.
2. Journals.
3. Letters.

For the first, I ought only to trust.

For the second, to be less self-contemplative.

For the third, to be dead to earthly and natural affections.

After this severe and most vexatious loss, which included his most treasured letters from Lavington, Manning, passing through Marseilles, Genoa, Leghorn, reached Pisa on 19th November.

20th November.—Civita Vecchia: Mass at Cathedral.

Rome, 10 P.M., Minerva.

21st November.—Mass at Gesù Altar of St. Francis Xavier.

29th November.—Vigil of St. Andrew. Interview with the Holy Father at the Vatican.

I cannot more fittingly conclude Manning's old life as Archdeacon of Chichester—the history of his life and work at Lavington—than by leaving him where and what he now is—a Priest in the Holy Roman Church—to begin at the Vatican, at the threshold of the Apostles, a new life under the shadow and shelter of Pope Pius IX.

CHAPTER XXIX

CARDINAL WISEMAN'S LIFE AND WORK IN ENGLAND: CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION: THE RESTORATION OF THE HIERARCHY

A RETROSPECT

To understand aright the after-career of Henry Edward Manning, whom, at the happy close of his Anglican life, we now leave for awhile studying theology in Rome—to appreciate at their full worth his work and labours as Cardinal Wiseman's successor, his difficulties and disappointments, his early trials, his later successes and triumphs—it is necessary to pass in rapid review the state and position of Catholicism in England from Emancipation up to the time when, after three centuries of conflict and confusion, Wiseman was sent by Pope Pius IX. to build up anew the Church in England.

English Catholics were a scattered remnant of a mighty people that had filled the land from sea to sea; who had laid deep the foundations of faith, had reared noble monuments to the honour and glory of God and the worship of His saints—glorious cathedrals and abbeys, detached chapels and chantries and hospitals; had founded and endowed seats of learning, and upheld the Faith for a thousand years.

How came it to pass that a land once overflowing, in the domain of religion, with milk and honey, had become a "howling wilderness," a bare and horrid desert; its ancient abbeys in ruins, or, like Woburn Abbey, in the hands of the spoilers; its churches and cathedrals perverted from their ancient uses; its priests hunted for their lives like foxes out of the land? Whence is the smell of fire still clinging to the blackened ruins of monastery or convent?

What is the trail of blood under the gibbets—or where they once stood—in the Tower or at Tyburn Gate?

I cannot find it in my heart to repeat to-day the awful story of the religious persecutions of a bygone age. No Englishman, Catholic or non-Catholic, can peruse such a sanguinary tale with pulse unquickened by indignation. His heart must needs burn with natural anger, his cheek blush with shame, that men of his own race and blood, it matters not whether they were Protestants or Catholics, could have perpetrated in the holy name of religion such inhuman barbarities. The only—not apology, for I have none to offer — the only mitigation of these sanguinary cruelties is, that the age in which they were committed was in truth a barbarous age; the laws on the statute-book of England were barbarous and bloodthirsty, and the executors of the law, sometimes the highest judges in the land, were too often unjust and vindictive. Almost as a necessary consequence of these wanton and wicked barbarities, committed under the public eye, the heart of the people had grown so callous as to be unmoved by the sight of bloodshed, by the smell of fire at the stake, by the hangings and quarterings, by the display at Temple Bar, or the Tower, or Tyburn Gate, of the heads of martyrs, like the venerable and venerated Sir Thomas More, Cardinal Fisher, and so many others, whose only crime was that they refused to abjure, at the beck of a despot, the faith of their forefathers. It was these prolonged and ruthless barbarities in one reign or two which helped in the next—though that is no apology—to light up the revengeful fires of Smithfield, which have left an indelible stain on the reign of Queen Mary; and of which such an unfair use has too often been made to blur and blemish the Catholic name in the mind of the people of England.

There is, however, one consideration which English Catholics are in duty bound—bound in honour and justice, in conscience and humility of heart—ever to bear in mind, viz. that the Reformation owes its origin to the sins of Catholics. In its early beginnings, it was the work of God's anointed—apostate bishops, who at the bidding of a king abjured their faith. Under Henry VIII.'s reign, the whole

Episcopate of England, with one exception, apostatised. What an awful act! what a revelation! How corrupt in morals, how weak in faith, must not have been in those evil days Church and Nation. Möhler, in his *Symbolism*, lays down this axiom, "What a people is, such are its priests and bishops." But the people of England were not as bad as their bishops—shepherds who had deserted their flock. Betrayed by their bishops, coerced by their king, partly in ignorance, partly out of fear, the people of England—after many futile attempts to maintain their faith, many risings in arms which were quenched in blood by ruthless Tudor tyranny—sullenly acquiesced at the end in the new order of things. Yet the vast majority for a hundred years remained Catholic at heart. Cranmer, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who had sworn fidelity to the Pope, Ridley, and Latimer the Bishop of Worcester, the first Reformers, were the first Protestants. In the evil times which preceded the Reformation, wealth and luxury, and lust their first begotten, found a home in the bishop's palace, dwelt in the heart of too many a priest at the altar, and at times penetrated even into the monk's cell. Looseness in faith, laxity in discipline, corruption in morals, and last but not least, disloyalty to the Holy See, led to the final and fatal catastrophe—apostasy. The apostasy of an Episcopate [1] was the seed of the Reformation. In those evil days, the Church in England—the mother of apostate bishops—ought in contrition and humility of heart to have strewn her head with ashes, beaten her breast, and cried out in a loud voice: *Meâ culpâ, meâ culpâ, meâ maximâ culpâ!* The ruling clergy—bishops with their Chapters, mitred abbots and priors in too many of the more wealthy and corrupt monasteries; dissolute or ambitious ecclesiastics at the Court—were far greater sinners than the people; for corruption in the Sanctuary is a crime more abhorred of God, of consequences deadlier by far, than corruption in the palace of kings, or in the hearts and homes of the people.

[1] For the fact is not to be overlooked that the bishops of that day were heretics as well as schismatics, for they deposed Bishop Fisher and put so notorious a heretic as Scory in his See.

But the Reformation, begotten of corruption—unfaith, avarice, and lust—must needs in the nature of things beget children after its kind. And so it did, according to the testimony of Luther, its father and master. Speaking of some of the results produced by the Reformation, he said: "We see that, through the malice of the devil, men are now more avaricious, more cruel,[1] more insolent, and much more wicked than they were under Popery." And again: "It is a wonderful thing and full of scandal that, from the time when the pure doctrine was called to light, the world should grow daily worse and worse."

Calvin, Melanchthon, Bucer, among others, bear a like witness to the evil consequences which attended and followed the Reformation, the work of their own hands.[2]

Had Luther remained faithful to his earlier inspirations, he might, as a reformer of the gross abuses which prevailed in the Church, have done, as Savonarola did in his day, good service and true, and have anticipated in a measure the reforms of the Council of Trent. Or had the Council of Trent commenced its wholesome and sorely-needed reforms a few decades earlier, Luther, perhaps, had not become an apostate monk, nor the English Episcopate, all save one, have abjured their faith. The horrors and evils of the Reforma-

[1] In the reign of Henry VIII. a monk, Friar Forrest, was put to death in the most cruel fashion because he refused to abjure his faith and acknowledge the spiritual supremacy of the king. Latimer attended this revolting execution. The martyrdom of Friar Forrest is recorded by Hollinshed in the following passage: "After he was condemned, a paire of newe gallowes was prepared for him in Smithfield. He was hanged by the middle and armholes, all quicke, and under the gallowes was made fire, wherewith he was consumed and burnt to death. There was also a pulpit prepared, in which that renowned Hugh Latimer, then Bishop of Worcester, by diverse Scriptures confuted the friar's errors, and with manie godlie exortations moved him to repentance; but he would neither heare nor speake."—Hollinshed, *Chronicle*, fol. 945.

[2] In a sermon preached before Edward VI., Latimer, in the following passage, confirms the complaints of the first Reformers as to the gross immorality which prevailed among the children of the Reformation: "Lechery is used in England, and such lechery as is used *in no other part of the world*, and yet it is made a matter of sport, a matter of nothing, a laughing matter, a trifle not to be passed on nor reformed. I will make suit to your Highness to restore unto the Church the discipline of Christ in excommunicating such as be notable offenders."—Heylish's *History of the Reformation*, p. 94.

tion, with its burnings and bloodsheddings, might, perhaps, have been averted and no fires have been lighted, alas! by Catholic hands, in Smithfield.

What Tertullian said of the blood shed in the persecutions of the primitive Christians by the Pagans of old was equally true of the blood shed by the Protestant Reformers in the reign of Henry VIII., *Sanguis martyrum semen est Christianorum.* For out of this seed, sown by the blood of martyrs, sprang up in the Church new life, new fidelity, new firmness in faith, so signally illustrated by the fact, that in the Elizabethan persecution the whole Episcopate of England, again save one, refused to abjure their faith like Cranmer and his fellow-apostates in Henry VIII.'s reign, and sooner than do so, were ready, like Cardinal Fisher, to die on the scaffold or at the stake.

In our humaner age, the blood creeps at the sight of wanton bloodshedding, the flesh shrinks from deliberate cruelty inflicted on man or beast or bird. In no previous age of Christian civilisation was life held so precious as in our own day. I trust it will not be thought cynical to attribute this virtue in part to the half-unconscious disbelief in an after-life, in an after-world, where the wrongs or sufferings of this world receive compensation in full and overflowing measure. For if there be no other life than life on earth, as, alas! the Agnosticism of to-day contends, not to make the most of it, not to look upon it as a gift beyond price, not to guard it jealously against risk and danger, would be the height of absurdity. As, to take away life deliberately, the only life given to man, would be an unmitigated cruelty, an uncompensated wrong.

But, happily for themselves and for the world, which is still edified by their heroism, the English martyrs, in their vivid belief in an after-life, looked for compensation of their earthly sufferings to the imperishable crown of glory reserved for them in reward of their steadfast faith in the Life to come. Fortunately, I have not to deal for my present purpose with the history of the martyrs and their ruthless persecutors, but only with the ultimate results of Tudor tyranny and religious fanaticism in stifling in blood and

stamping out by prolonged and persistent persecution the ancient faith which, for a thousand years before the Reformation, had been the glory of the land, the pioneer of Christian civilisation, the defence of the weak and oppressed, and the hope and home of the poor. When the Church in England, after the cessation of the penal laws, came out of her ignoble catacombs, though she still, indeed, preserved her divine character, all her earthly glory had departed from her.

On his accession to the See, vacant by the death of Cardinal Manning, Archbishop Vaughan, in reply to the Address of the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese of Westminster, gave the following graphic description of the state of the Church in England at the time of the early beginnings of the Oxford Movement:—

"Marks of persecution were fresh upon her body, the smell of fire was still upon her clothing. Her organisation was abnormal and missionary, reduced to its lowest form, as though England had been China or Japan. After ten centuries of public praise her voice was low; her divine services cut down to their bare essentials; many of her distinctive devotions and practices were either forgotten or conducted in private, and, as it were, in silence, and with closed doors. No kind of uniform, no outward mark of distinction in her ministers was visible. The English Church was like a ship on an angry sea, close reefed and battened down, exposing as little surface as possible to the stiff gale which was still only lessening."[1]

At that time the Church in England, instead of being ruled, as in ancient days, to the glory of God and for the salvation of souls, by bishops and archbishops who had received as the symbol of authority the pallium from the Holy See, was governed, in consequence of the penal laws and their after-effects, by four Vicars-apostolic.[2] Catholics at the West End of London for the most part attended Mass at the chapels attached to the Foreign embassies.

[1] *Reply of the Archbishop-Elect to the Address of the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese of Westminster*, 1892, p. 5.

[2] Four districts under Vicars-apostolic—the London, Midland, Northern, and Western—were created by Pope Innocent XI. in 1688.

There was a chapel of the Portuguese Embassy in South Street, Grosvenor Square; the Spanish Embassy had a chapel in Spanish Place, Manchester Square; and the chapel of the Bavarian Embassy was in Warwick Street, Golden Square, later on known among Protestants as the "Shilling Opera House"; for the singers from the Italian Opera were in the habit of singing, undeterred by their labours on Saturday night, at High Mass on Sunday morning. The French Chapel in little George Street, Portman Square, was supported by the exiled Royal House of France. The Duc and Duchesse de Berri, the Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., and the last of the Condés, among many others, were regular attendants at Mass on Sundays; as, later on, in the whirligig of the Revolution, after the loss of the Crown which he had picked up out of the gutter, were the Citizen King Louis Philippe, and Queen Amalie. There were also the Sardinian Chapel in Lincoln's Inn Fields; and the Church of St. Patrick, near Soho Square, devoted to the care of the Irish colony in the courts and slums of the Seven Dials and of Drury Lane. There was a small chapel, too, in Somers Town, where many of the French *émigrés* resided, and another at Kensington. There were many other missions in the East End, and over the water. The chief chapel, however, was at Moorfields, in the City, which was converted by Cardinal Wiseman into his pro-cathedral.

Catholic life in the big cities and centres of industry was even less developed than in the metropolis. In Liverpool, for instance, there were only four chapels and fourteen priests; the chapel best known was the Field Lane Chapel. Of the Catholic population of Liverpool, there were 39,000 adults for whose spiritual wants there was no adequate provision. Had they desired to hear Mass on Sundays, the four chapels could not possibly have contained them. Under such circumstances the Society of Jesus set to work to build a church and found a school in Liverpool. Their efforts were met by a strong opposition on the part of the secular clergy. In the hope of overcoming the obstacles thrown in the way of their work, the Jesuits held a large public meeting and invited O'Connell

to advocate their cause. But in spite of O'Connell's eloquent advocacy the opposition continued. Counter-meetings were held against the intrusion of the Jesuits. The secular priests contended that the four chapels were all heavily in debt, and that if the Jesuits opened a church, the chapels would be deserted and ruined. The Jesuits appealed to Rome. The secular clergy replied that their opposition was prompted by no hostility to the Society, but in order to protect the existing chapels from such a formidable rivalry.[1] Rome gave permission to the Jesuits to build a church and school in Liverpool, on condition that they were not to be opened for six years.

In the country, the scattered Catholic population generally clustered round the seats of the Catholic gentry who possessed a private chapel and supported a chaplain. Many of these congregations were gathered together in the time of the Penal Laws by the zeal and activity of the Jesuit Fathers, who, at the risk of their lives, used to say Mass at the houses of the Catholic gentry. They administered the Sacraments to the surrounding population, and in this manner the faith of the poor was kept alive during the cruel ages of persecution. Many of these country congregations, established by the Jesuit missionaries, have in our day grown into large parishes. The private chapel of Lord Arundell of Wardour at Wardour Castle, for instance, like so many others in different parts of the country, was the source and centre of Catholic activity in the county, with the happy results we witness to-day.

The Catholics of England were represented in the press by *The Dublin Review*, founded in 1836 by Dr. Wiseman and O'Connell; by *The London and Dublin Weekly Orthodox Journal*, established in 1837; and by *The Catholic Magazine* of the same date. The establishment of these periodicals marks the date of the beginning of the Catholic revival in England. By his famous Controversial Lectures in 1836, Wiseman awakened the Catholic spirit and guided the movement.

[1] An old priest in Liverpool said to F. Gallwey before his ordination, "Beware of debt; the debt on our chapels is the sole cause of our opposition to the Jesuits."

I have already sufficiently indicated for my purpose the influence possessed by *The Dublin Review*, which, under Wiseman, extended beyond the limits of the Catholic community. *The Weekly Orthodox Journal* was not what in our days would be called a newspaper. It contained, however, reports of Catholic doings, such, for instance, as the establishment of the Nottingham Catholic Library; or the foundation of the Burnley Auxiliary Catholic Institute; or, for example, under "Foreign Intelligence," the Allocution of His Holiness Gregory XVI., pronounced in the Secret Consistory of the 8th of July 1839—the famous Allocution condemning the Prussian Government for the imprisonment of the archbishops of Cologne and of Gnesen and Posen. Its pages were frequently enlivened and invigorated by Pugin's pungent criticisms.

The Catholic Magazine, a monthly periodical, consisted chiefly, not of original articles, but of translations of such able papers as "Rome as it really is," by Görres; or of "Letters from the Holy Land," appearing in the *Annals of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith*. The first part of the magazine contained during the period of their delivery Pugin's famous lectures at Oscott on "Ecclesiastical Architecture." It was occasionally embellished by portraits. In its number of April 1838 it contains a fine engraving of Cardinal Weld, who, aged 64, died at Rome, 10th of April 1857.

Frederick Lucas, a convert from Quakerism, a brother-in-law to John Bright, established in 1840 the *Tablet* newspaper. Under his able editorship, and by his bold advocacy of Catholic interests and claims, the paper soon made a name for itself. It became more widely known by a series of able papers on political economy. A short time before he was elected Member of Parliament for the County of Meath, Frederick Lucas transferred the *Tablet* to Ireland. But coming into conflict with Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, who, on account of the leading part they played in political agitation, and more especially because of their conduct as electioneering agents, prohibited the priests of Meath from taking public part in politics, Frederick Lucas appealed

to Rome. In his opposition to Dr. Murray, Lucas had been supported by Cardinal Cullen, then Archbishop of Armagh. Rome upheld Archbishop Murray's sentence of prohibition. Frederick Lucas soon afterwards died. His death was a great loss; for he had obtained the ear of the House of Commons by his ability and straightforwardness, and was an unflinching champion of the Catholic cause.

On Frederick Lucas's death the *Tablet* passed into the hands of John Wallis, an English barrister, who soon brought the paper back to England, and fought many a doughty battle in the Catholic and Conservative cause.

The *Tablet* to-day deservedly maintains a high position as the chief representative paper of the Catholics of England. It is justly regarded as an authority on religious matters by the outside world, and is entitled by virtue of its position to take high rank as an exponent of ecclesiastical politics. The *Tablet*, loyal to the teachings and traditions of the Holy See, upholds, against every comer and on every occasion, Catholic and Conservative principles; and, acting in obedience to Papal briefs or Encyclical letters, condemns and opposes everywhere, whether in Italy or in Ireland, the principles of the Revolution.

Again, public action carried on, if I may so call it, in a domestic fashion, mainly among themselves, was not altogether neglected by English Catholics. In 1838 "The Catholic Institute of Great Britain" was established by a meeting of Catholics held in the Sabloniere Hotel, Leicester Square, at which the Hon. Charles Langdale, M.P., presided. One of its objects was the creation of a fund collected from the Catholics of Great Britain to be applied to the erection of chapels, to the circulation in a cheap form of approved Catholic publications, and to the distribution of small tracts. But its main purpose was to refute misrepresentations of Catholic doctrine—the evil work, for the most part, of the "Protestant Association"; to rebut the calumnious charges not uncommon in that day, made or insinuated against the private and social life of Catholics, especially of priests; to protect from oppression of every description the poor mem-

bers of the Church; to secure to Catholic sailors, soldiers, prisoners, to the sick in the hospitals and the poor in the workhouses, the religious rights to which they are by law entitled; and to establish provision for Catholic lectures in London by funds appointed for that purpose.

In the first year of its existence "The Catholic Institute" achieved a great victory. A Catholic widow had inscribed on the gravestone of her husband, buried in a Protestant churchyard—since, of course, in those days Catholics had no burial-places of their own—the simple "Pray for the soul of Joseph Woolfrey." This inscription, which implied the doctrine of purgatory, so scandalised the "Protestant Association" and the Rev. J. Brecks, vicar of Carisbrooke, Isle of Wight, as to lead to an action in the Ecclesiastical Courts for its removal. The "British Catholic Institute" took up the defence of the widow against the Protestant Association and the vicar of Carisbrooke. The case of Mrs. Woolfrey, as it involved the question whether purgatory and praying for the dead were doctrines of the Established Church or not, created almost as much excitement and interest in the religious world as the Tichborne case excited in our generation in the world at large.

Mary Woolfrey—I had better give for curiosity the articles of citation—was cited before the Court of Arches to make answer "to certain articles to be objected and administered to her, touching and concerning the health of her soul, and the lawful correction and reformation of her manners and excesses, and more especially for having unduly and unlawfully erected or caused to be erected a certain tombstone to the memory of Joseph Woolfrey, deceased, and a certain inscription to be made thereon, contrary to the articles, canons, or constitutions, or to the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England."

On the 12th December 1838, in the Court of Arches, Sir Herbert Jenner, in pronouncing judgment in favour of the Catholic widow, declared that "praying for the dead was not contrary to the doctrine and discipline of the Church; for that there was no article or canon by which prayers for the dead were expressly prohibited."

The suit, which was a criminal proceeding, was dismissed with costs.[1]

After the mitigation of the Penal Laws in 1778; after Catholic Emancipation; and especially after the early beginnings of the Catholic Revival under Wiseman, the work of founding new missions, and building churches and chapels, went on increasing year by year to meet the spiritual wants of a corresponding increase in the Catholic population. *The Catholic Directory and Annual Register* of 1839, in a comparative statement of the number of chapels registered the previous year with that of the year 1839, shows an addition of thirteen to the number of chapels, and three new stations, where divine worship was celebrated—making in all, of the former five hundred and thirteen—of the latter, twenty. In the same year almost the first convent founded in London since the Reformation—though there were convents and convent schools elsewhere in England, and one at Hammersmith under the name "The Ladies' School"—was that of the Sisters of Mercy at Bermondsey. It was built by Pugin, the first of between sixty and seventy churches, chapels, convents, and schools, which the Catholics of England owe to his genius and his religious zeal.

Pope Gregory XVI. in 1840, at the suggestion or advice of Wiseman, increased the number of Vicars-apostolic to eight. In the following year the Society of "St. Vincent of Paul," an Association of laymen founded in Paris by Ozanam, was established in England.

Such, in the main, was the undeveloped life; the lamed and maimed action of the Catholic Church in the earlier days of the Oxford Movement, which, under the grace of God, was preparing such rich and ample materials—stones for the hands of the master-builder—to help in the building up again of the Church of God in the land.

Indirect means had been long contributing to the Catholic Revival in England. Walter Scott, by his love for the Middle Ages; by his more intimate knowledge of life in

[1] Archdeacon Manning, in his Diary of 1844-47, alluded to this judgment in the highest ecclesiastical Court, as giving legal sanction to his belief in prayers for the dead, which to his mind implied the doctrine of purgatory.

those far-off Catholic days; by his reverent spirit; by his touching and often pathetic descriptions of ruined Abbeys; by the reverential way in which he sometimes spoke of monks and nuns, of priests and bishops, did much to break down the anti-Catholic prejudice in England—the great Elizabethan tradition, handed down from age to age, from generation to generation. The poet, with his clearer vision into the reality of things, was an unconscious pioneer in preparing the way for the ultimate triumph in the heart of England of Newman's work. For Newman's genius, his life and character, brought about, if not the conversion of England, which was beyond his hopes, the blessed result of reconciling, over the ruins of the Elizabethan tradition, the Catholics of England with their fellow-countrymen. It was—if I may be allowed in a retrospect to make an anticipation, Manning's chief office and merit to interpret Newman's ideas—which Cardinal Manning did with infinite skill in his own person, and by his acts—to the public at large and to the official world of England.

The French Revolution, in its orgies of 1793, co-operated in its own abhorred and horrid fashion, more directly than Walter Scott in his writings, to prepare the way for the Catholic Revival in England. Under the Reign of Terror, French ecclesiastics who had escaped the guillotine, the being cast stripped and bound into the deep waters of the blood-polluted Seine, fled in terror of their lives, the hideous cry *à la lanterne*—worse by far in character than the Pagan cry *Christianos ad leones*—ringing in their ears, from a blood and crime stained land. French priests in thousands were cast upon our hospitable shores. Their presence excited universal sympathy. They were received with open arms by the generous-hearted people of England. Men vied with each other in offering them shelter in their misfortune. They were generously invited to take up their abode in the homes of England. But these priests of France were of too independent a spirit to become a burden to their benefactors. Unaccustomed to a life of idleness, when they could not find spiritual work they gained their own livelihood by teaching French. Many, after having

made themselves masters of the English tongue, on the restoration of religious worship in France in 1804, remained in England, as workers inspired with zeal for religion, for which they had suffered exile from their own land. These Confessors of the Faith helped to establish missions all over the country, or assisted by their willing labours the too scanty number of priests in the chapels of the large cities and towns. One French Abbé, in gratitude for the kindness shown in England to the *émigrés*, founded the Catholic Mission in Hampstead, and built the present church. For nigh upon half a century the venerable Abbé Morel worked in this mission with edifying zeal and singular success. His memory as founder of the Mission is ever cherished by priest and people in grateful reverence.[1] Another *émigré* priest, Abbé Nerrinkx, an intimate friend of Abbé Morel, founded the church of St. Aloysius and, at a later period, a convent at Somers Town, where so many of his fellow-*émigrés* found a refuge, and some a new home for life, and for work in the service of God. The Mission of Tottenham had a more distinguished founder—the Abbé Lefebvre de Cheverus. He afterwards went to the United States; became Bishop of Boston; was recalled to France; was made Archbishop of Bordeaux, and created Cardinal.

The religious-minded people of England abhorred the gross and abominable impiousness of the French Revolution; its bloodthirsty tyranny aroused supreme and general indignation. The political sympathies of the country were enlisted in favour of the Catholic Church and of the Pope, especially later on, during the Napoleonic wars, when Rome and England were firm allies in resisting the impious and revolutionary movement in France. Political sympathies were deepened and extended by the conduct of the French *émigrés*. The Royal House of France, under the outrages and misfortunes which it had suffered, comported itself with noble dignity and proud reserve that extorted general

[1] Abbé Morel was buried in the Church of St. Mary's, Hampstead, where a monument was erected in his memory. In the priest's house there is a fine portrait by the celebrated artist, the late Mr. Stanfield. Next year the Centenary of the Mission founded by Abbé Morel is to be celebrated.

admiration. The *émigré* priests, especially, by their fortitude and fidelity, by their humility and self-reliance, by the fervour of their faith and their Christian culture, won the hearts of all those with whom they were brought into closer contact. To many an Englishman, who had never in his life set eyes upon a Catholic priest, the coming into close contact and friendly intercourse with one or other of those French ecclesiastics seemed like the opening up of a new revelation. The priestly character struck him as something he had never seen or known before. He could not account for the impression it left on his mind. It was something quite apart from speech or manners, from personal dignity or gentleness; it seemed perhaps to be connected with the fortitude manifested in misfortune; with the faith and hope in the future which no adversity could quench, no personal indignity dim. This spiritual character in the first priest he had ever known, destroyed, in part, in the mind of this non-Catholic gentleman, as it did in like circumstances in the minds of many other Protestants—for I am only quoting one typical instance—the hideous picture of the Catholic priest handed down by the Elizabethan Tradition.

But if France unconsciously bestowed on Catholicism in England a choice gift in the form of her exiled priests, the Revolution in its impious fury struck, of set and fell purpose, a deadly blow at Catholicism in England by suppressing the English Colleges in France: Douay, founded by Cardinal Allen for the education of Catholics in the persecuting days which followed the Reformation; and St. Omer, where for many a generation English Catholics, free from the dangers, material and moral, to which they would have been exposed at home, were brought up in faith and piety. At the Revolution the Professors of these Colleges, with the students, fled for their lives and found shelter in England; where, instead of founding a new college, as they had at first contemplated, they joined, at Pitt's suggestion, the College, or rather School, at Old Hall, near Ware, Hertfordshire.

To the Jesuits the Catholics of England owe an

immense debt of gratitude, for it was due in no small measure to their heroic zeal and devotion that, during the long and bloody persecution, the Faith was kept alive in the land. To say mass was a capital offence; yet, holding their lives in their hands, they fearlessly discharged the holy offices of religion. To escape pursuit or discovery they were often, in many a country house of England, hidden away in subterranean closets, or in narrow apertures between the walls, or secreted in out-of-the-way nooks or corners under the gabled roofs. Many members of the Society in those evil and angry days added their names to the glorious bead-roll of English martyrs. At the time about which I am now speaking, the Jesuits in London had no chapel, only an Oratory in a small house in Poland Street; but the now famous College at Stonyhurst was in their keeping. They did their best to promote in those days of intellectual depression the ancient learning of the schools. Ushaw in the north, Oscott and Downside, laboured likewise under great difficulties. The isolation in which English Catholics lived; the seclusion in which the teachers and students at Catholic Colleges passed their lives, beyond the reach of the intellectual movements either at Oxford or on the Continent, did much to a certain extent and in a certain direction to dwarf and hamper the development of the intellect and to deaden the faculties of the mind as regards at any rate the higher and deeper studies.

A rough-and-ready judgment on the results of the teaching in the Catholic Colleges in England was pronounced by one of the most intellectual of the Oxford converts. In his good-humoured and paradoxical fashion, W. G. Ward, not long after his conversion, made the following caustic remark:—"Speaking in argument with English Catholics is like talking with savages."[1] There was truth in

[1] This comparison had reference to some dinner-table conversations between Mr. Ward and a pompous, empty-headed priest, at the time invalided from Woolwich with plenty of leisure on his hands, together with a not unnatural liking for a good dinner.

A like judgment, passed at a somewhat later period, is recorded in Mr. Wilfrid Ward's life of his father:—"When a Catholic meets a Protestant in controversy, it is like a barbarian meeting a civilised man." This

the sarcasm in the sense in which he meant it. Catholics in England had not enjoyed, it must be remembered, the advantages of a university education. Oxford and Cambridge were closed against them. Neither had their wits been quickened into life by the intellectual conflict, going down to the roots of things, begotten of the Oxford Movement and of the Catholic Revival in France and Germany. They were to a great extent unfamiliar with, perhaps rather shy of, the profound theological and philosophical speculations which Ward most delighted to discuss; and which formed the intellectual foundation of the religious life of their fellow-Catholics on the Continent.

For the most part the Catholics of England stood afar off, beyond the reach of the rising waters of the new life, intellectual and moral, which was awakening the souls of men in France and Germany, in Italy and Spain. They were content, if without doubt or question, without intellectual understanding or philosophical defence, to hold the Faith of their forefathers, burnt into their souls by the fire of persecution. If they neglected its intellectual bulwarks and outposts, they all, through the evil days, held the citadel of the Spiritual Kingdom. They had handed down the Torch of Faith from generation to generation. It had been their office and their glory to keep burning the light of the ancient lamp throughout the long days of darkness and persecution up to the dawn of the New Day, which, but for the heroic faith of our forefathers, perhaps, had never risen. The fool in his folly mocked at them, because, forsooth, their intellectual vision had grown dim in the prolonged darkness of 300 years.

The Catholics of England bore themselves indeed in those days as the sons of martyrs, heirs despoiled of their heritage, the magnificent and mighty cathedrals, monasteries

remark occurred in a conversation with Mr. Jowett, and was preceded by the following sentence which led up to the point:—"English Catholics don't know what education means. Many of them can't write English." Mr. Wilfrid Ward adds:—"And the peculiarities of the old-fashioned Catholics, both priests and laity, afforded him as much amusement and as many good stories as Dr. Jenkyns and the prim Oxford Dons had done in earlier days."—*William George Ward and the Catholic Revival*, p. 75.

and churches, splendid symbols of the glory and power of the ancient Faith. They were strangers in their own land, exiled, as it were, from the noble seats of learning which their forefathers had founded and endowed. Yet it did not altogether lie in the mouth of the sons of Oxford, fresh from the wreckage of a lost faith and an abandoned church, to taunt the exiled sons of its founders with lack of learning. The Catholic Revival in England did not owe its origin to Oxford. The Catholics, as soon as the Emancipation Act was passed in 1829, began to stir. At first, they could not come before the rest of their countrymen, but they were moving; certainly, the two movements were concurrent, but for some time without knowledge of each other. Oxford, perhaps, helped Oscott and encouraged it; but Oscott had begun of itself. Some of the converts in those days, like W. G. Ward, used to complain of the want of intellectual sympathy and understanding shown by some Catholic bishops, notably by Dr. Griffiths, in regard to the Oxford men. If Dr. Griffiths, who was certainly a very prudent bishop, found no work to offer to so zealous and intellectual a convert as Ward, it was not from want of sympathy with converts, for to others he was very kind and helpful.[1] On the other hand, it ought in fairness to be remembered that in his large-heartedness, trustful zeal, and sympathetic knowledge of the special trials of the Oxford converts, Cardinal Wiseman made Manning, within ten weeks of his reception into the Church, a priest; and sent him with the warmest of encouragements to study ecclesiastical lore at its fountain-head—the threshold of the Apostles.

But who and what was Wiseman, it might not un-

[1] In a letter dated Arundel, 9th December 1893, Mr. David Lewis, in reference to Bishop Griffiths, wrote as follows:—"Dr. Griffiths, whom Ward used to call 'Antichrist,' was a very cautious man certainly; but he was very kind, and received me into the Church, and afterwards Mr. Macmullen with the utmost kindness—glad ever to see us. He accepted Mr. Macmullen at once, as candidate for the priesthood, and sent him to Rome. All the converts of those days were not saints, and they were not fit to rule or teach. They had—I know I had—much to learn, but some of us wanted to teach bishop and priest."

fairly be asked in our generation. Wiseman, the story of whose eventful life has never been told: whose name, since the day of his funeral, when England, it is not too much to say, followed him with sympathetic regret and admiration to the grave, had never been uttered in public, at least within Catholic hearing, until Cardinal Vaughan on his accession to the See of Westminster made glad the hearts of English Catholics by paying a noble tribute—an act of justice—to the more illustrious of his two predecessors. *Magni nominis umbra* is all that Wiseman apparently is to the present generation. And yet, which of the Oxford converts, with exception always of the illustrious John Henry Newman, can be compared with Wiseman for breadth of intellect; for profound Biblical scholarship; for varied learning; and for intimate knowledge of ecclesiastical history from the earliest period down to his own day? If the universities of their own land were closed against them, English Catholics, laymen as well as ecclesiastics, few indeed in number as must needs be the case, frequented seats of learning in Rome, in France, in Germany, in Spain and Portugal; Alban Butler, Bishop Challoner, and Dr. Milner, products of St. Omer or Douay, were succeeded by Dr. Wiseman, who amplified their traditions and enlarged by his learning the range of their intellectual vision. He had himself enjoyed to the full all the advantages of higher education in Rome. He was not only a learned theologian, but was everywhere recognised as one of the foremost Oriental scholars of his day. The scattered remnant of English Catholics had no reason to be ashamed of their culture when they could reckon among their representative men such names as Wiseman, and Lingard, the great historian of England, and M. A. Tierney, F.S.A., who made his mark not only as editor and reviser of Dodds's *Church History*,[1] but as the author of a continuation of that History from 1688 to the beginning of the present century, and Dr. Rock, the great antiquarian and expounder of the Liturgy. Among laymen, who carried on the tradition of culture, there was

[1] Dodds's *Church History* was published under an assumed name, by the Rev. Hugh Tootle.

one at any rate—as I shall presently show—to whom the Oxford converts owed a special debt of gratitude.[1]

Concurrently with writing thoughtful and acute criticisms on the Oxford Movement, which he watched and followed with keenest interest, Dr. Wiseman delivered in 1836 a series of controversial lectures at the church of St. Mary's, Moorfields, in which he expounded the doctrines of the Catholic Faith and—unheard-of audacity—exposed the inherent errors of Protestantism. These famous lectures caused no small sensation among the mass of Protestants; and so highly were they thought of, that on their publication, Dr. Turton, a Cambridge Professor of Divinity, and afterwards Bishop of Ely, wrote in answer to them. The Tractarians, who had already thrown popular Protestantism overboard, and were holding up to scorn the Reformation and the first Reformers, hoped at first to find a powerful ally in Dr. Wiseman. But the great Catholic controversialist recognised at once the weak point in the Tractarian theory, and in his lectures on Puseyism pointed out with considerable force that the acceptance by Tractarians of Catholic principles involved the moral necessity of carrying them out to their logical conclusions. Wiseman's article in the *Dublin Review* on the Donatists first disclosed to Newman the weak point in the theory set forth in the *Via Media*.[2]

Another invaluable contribution to the Catholic Revival in Oxford was given by an English Catholic, the late Mr. James Burton Robertson, who received his higher intellectual training under Lamennais at La Chênais, where Abbé Gerbet, afterwards Bishop of Perpignan, was also a pupil, and which was visited by Montalembert and Lacordaire, at one time Lamennais's disciples. By his translation of Schlegel's *Philosophy of History*, and still more by his

[1] Mr. Robertson, afterwards appointed by Newman Professor of Modern History at the Catholic University of Dublin, was the author of many learned Works and Lectures, and did much, like Wiseman, to make known in England at a critical period the Catholic Revival in France and Germany.

[2] Newman, in a letter to Manning, dated October 1838, speaking of Dr. Wiseman's article in the *Dublin Review*, says:—"Dr. Wiseman has laid his finger on our weak point; as Keble in his Sermon, and you in the *Rule of Faith*, have exposed the weak points on the Roman Catholic side."

translation of Möhler's *Symbolism*, Mr. Robertson put materials for forming a sound judgment of Catholic theology into the hands of Oxford men otherwise beyond their reach, for they were avowedly ignorant not only of foreign languages but of the current of Catholic thought on the Continent. In the masterly review of the intellectual and religious state of Germany; of its philosophical conflicts; of the religious negation produced by Protestantism, and of the Catholic Revival, prefixed to the translation of Möhler's *Symbolism*, Mr. Robertson did his part in relieving English Catholics from the stigma of intellectual apathy. The same writer, in a series of articles in the *Dublin Review*, brought to the knowledge of Oxford Tractarians the works of the great masters of religious thought—the authors of the Catholic Revival in France and Germany. It was from him they first obtained a knowledge of such profound Catholic thinkers in France as de Maistre and de Bonald, of Lamennais, the most subtle and philosophical writer of his day, and, before his fall—a second Tertullian—the most devoted upholder of the Papacy; of a Catholic writer so brilliant as Chateaubriand, and of a speaker and writer so powerful in thought, so bold and enthusiastic in speech and action, as Montalembert; and of Rio, the famous reviver of Christian Art in France. In France and Germany alike, art as well as philosophy, under the impulse of the Catholic Revival, drew inspiration from the traditions and teachings of Rome and the Popes.

The translator of Schlegel and Möhler—the first German scholar of his day—moreover interpreted not only to English Catholics but to the Tractarians of Oxford the modes of thought current in Germany—the love and reverence for Christian Art, the deeper study of history—which led to numerous conversions, and of men so eminent as Count Stolberg, the historian; and of Frederick Schlegel; and of Novalis and Adam Müller; and which produced such a profound thinker as Görres, and such a master of dogmatic theology as Klee; and finally such a work of profound thought as Möhler's *Symbolism*, which, in his Memoir, Mr. Robertson, who for many years was an eye-witness of

the Catholic Revival in Germany, declared, "created a greater sensation than any theological work of the century."

In like manner, the author of the Catholic Revival in Spain, Donoso Cortes, the most profound thinker of his day, was brought to the attention, if not of the British public at large, at any rate of English Catholics and of Oxford Tractarians.

Pugin, the famous reviver in England of Christian art and of Gothic architecture, if not a Catholic born, did not belong to the Tractarian School, but received the grace of faith and drew his inspiration in Christian art and architecture from a profound and loving study of the noble cathedrals and abbeys built by our Catholic forefathers. Attracted by the beauty of the City of Spires, Pugin came as a Catholic to Oxford to preach to the Tractarians the gospel of Christian Art and of the Faith of Rome. By his genius and profound faith in the Catholic Church, and its ancient traditions, religious and artistic, he acted as pioneer, pointing out to many the way which had led his own heart and soul to Rome.

In putting forward a modest plea on behalf of English Catholics before the flood—not of penal waters but of Divine Grace—before the mighty inrush into the Church of converts from Oxford and Cambridge had lifted up, out of their weakness and obscurity, the scattered remnant of a ruined Church—thrust out of the possession of the land, out of the heart of the people, by force and fraud—let it not for an instant be imagined that it enters into my mind to under-rate in any way, by one jot or tittle, the immense debt of gratitude which the Church in England owes to the converts. Even in those earlier days, before the converts from Anglicanism had become so completely assimilated, as they now are, in thought and word, in heart and deed, with the hereditary Catholics of England, there was not an English Catholic with a grain of common sense or a spark of generosity in heart or brain, who did not regard the illustrious leader of the Oxford Movement and his noble-hearted followers with love and reverence; who did not welcome them home to the Catholic Church as brethren in

the bonds of Faith; who did not sympathise with their personal sufferings and sacrifices; who did not strive to lessen their isolation as strangers, in the order of nature, in a strange land.

The incoming of the converts was like the inrush of a strong wind into the close atmosphere in which the Church in England lived and breathed; or rather in which she was stifled and straitened well-nigh unto death. Fresh from a world of thought and action, in which they had played a foremost part; in which they had fought and suffered; they imparted to English Catholics new life and new knowledge of life. New wine was poured into old bottles. It speaks well for the old bottles—of the stuff they were made of—that they did not burst under the rigorous strain, or turn sour in the new fermentation. The converts, with their freer thought, freer speech, readier initiative in action, broke the silence in which the elder Catholics perhaps too habitually lived; roused them from their intellectual acquiescence rather than apathy; or startled, perhaps even shocked on occasions, a reverent and demure priest here and there, by their outspoken criticisms or personal comments. I remember on one occasion, in response to some personal criticism passed in conversation, Mr. Ward exclaiming, with a hearty laugh: "Bravo! Mr. Robertson; I thought it was only we converts who called bad names."

The Oxford men acted as a wholesome leaven to the old Catholic community. They imparted to the hereditary Catholics of England—who had the defects of their virtues —deeper views of life; wider sympathies; a higher sense of public duty which as Englishmen they owed to their country. They had been too long estranged from the masses of their fellow-countrymen; knew but little of their wants and interests; were out of touch with the intellectual movement and public life of England. In their stately homes in the shires, the hereditary Catholics of England kept too much to themselves; in London they formed a society of their own, in which it was a rare occurrence to meet a non-Catholic. Converts at first used to complain somewhat bitterly of the exclusiveness of

Catholic society. They expected to be received with open arms and made at home in every Catholic house, and were surprised to find that their title-deeds to admission were sometimes questioned. This aloofness on the part of English Catholics from the public and social life of England was not altogether of their own fault. For the laws of England had made exiles of their forefathers from public and social life, and their sons still remembered and resented the cruel wrong. Their standing aloof from a world, which had disowned them, was due in part perhaps to pride, in part to traditions inherited from the days of the Penal Laws. The world knew them no more; had forgotten all about them; and they were too proud or too shy to make themselves known to their neighbours.

This unnatural state of things has long since been swept away in no small measure by the influx into the Catholic body of new blood—of new life; by the effects of Newman's genius and personality in obtaining for the Catholics of England a fair hearing from their fellow-countrymen; by the public action of Cardinal Wiseman in breaking down the isolation and narrow insularity of English Catholicism; and last, but by no means least, later on—after substantial victory had been gained—by the noble career, the public spirit, the far-reaching and persuasive influence of Cardinal Manning. His life was a crowning and successful effort in breaking down the bars and barriers which, since the Reformation, had separated English Catholics from the intellectual movement and public life of England.

The converts, on the other hand, it must be admitted were not always or altogether free from reproach or blame. They sometimes turned out to be somewhat uncomfortable neighbours. They were in too great a hurry to set all things straight according to their own notions, in the Church to which they had so recently submitted. They were "appalled" by this shortcoming or that, real or apparent. They were "astounded" that priests did not at once understand their views, or relish their criticisms made in good faith and out of pure zeal. Now and again, perhaps, a somewhat straitlaced dignitary of the Church might look

askance at the converts as a strange race of men not easy to be understood, or ask the pertinent question, had these men joined the Church not so much to appreciate or admire as to find fault; not to learn, but to teach; not to obey but to criticise their betters—their spiritual superiors? One or two, perhaps, by their fidgetinesses or flightinesses, by their crudities and eccentricities, by their comings and goings and comings back again, made themselves, if I may be allowed to repeat to-day an irate old priest's impolite designation—"a d——— nuisance" to their neighbours.

Gifted with a searching but sympathetic eye and pathetic touch of hand, Newman has given us, from an outside point of view, a touching and graphic picture of English Catholics as they appeared in the early years of the century to "a boy's curious eyes":—

No longer the Catholic Church in the country; nay, no longer a Catholic community, but a few adherents of the old religion, moving silently and sorrowfully about as memorials of what had been. "The Roman Catholics"—not a sect, not even an interest, as men conceived of it—not a body, however small, representative of the Great Communion abroad, but a mere handful of individuals who might be counted like the pebbles and detritus of the great deluge; and who, forsooth, merely happened to retain a creed, which in its day, indeed, was the profession of a Church. Here, a set of poor Irishmen, coming and going at harvest time, or a colony of them lodged in a miserable quarter of the vast metropolis: there perhaps, an elderly person, seen walking in the streets, grave and solitary and strange, though noble in bearing, and said to be of good family and a Roman Catholic. An old-fashioned house of gloomy appearance, closed in with high walls, and an iron gate and yews, and the report attaching to it that Roman Catholics lived there; but who they were, and what they did, or what was meant by calling them Roman Catholics, no one could tell, though it had an unpleasant sound, and told of form and superstition. And then, perhaps, as we went to and fro looking with a boy's curious eyes through the great city, we might come to-day upon some Moravian Chapel or Quakers' meeting-house, and to-morrow on some chapel of the Roman Catholics, but nothing was to be gathered from it except that there were lights burning there, and some boys in white swinging censers; and what it all meant could only be learned from books, from Protestant history and sermons, and they did not report well

of the "Roman Catholics," but, on the contrary, deposed that they had once had power and had abused it. And then, again, we might on one occasion hear it pointedly put out by some literary man, as the result of his careful investigation, and as a recondite point of information which few knew, that there was this difference between the Roman Catholics of England and the Roman Catholics of Ireland,—that the latter had bishops, and the former were governed by four officials called Vicars-Apostolic.

Such was about the sort of knowledge possessed of Christianity by the heathen of old time, who persecuted its adherents from the face of the earth, and then called them a *gens lucifuga*, a people who shunned the light of day.[1]

Such a state of things as that described by Newman as existing among English Catholics about the period of the battle of Waterloo had long since passed away. Catholic Emancipation, obtained by O'Connell had made the existence of English Catholics, of their claims and rights, known to the Government, to Parliament, and in a measure to the public at large. English Catholics became members of Parliament. Philip Howard, of Corby Castle, was member for Carlisle; Charles Langdale found, I think, a seat in Lancashire, and as the representative of English Catholics did yeoman's service on their behalf in the House of Commons. The literary world recognised in Lingard a deeply-read and accurate historian. The history of the Reformation, written by a Catholic priest, though it naturally not only excited curiosity but at first suggested scepticism, was finally accepted as impartial and authentic.

Wiseman's lectures on the *Connection between Science and Revealed Religion* bore witness in the learned world to the intellectual activity of English Catholics. "He was," as Cardinal Vaughan with a true appreciation of his varied gifts justly describes him,[2] "a prelate of the largest sympathies, of a broad and highly-cultivated and many-sided mind." He was gifted with a rich imagination, which imparted warmth, colour, and light to his lectures, speeches, and sermons. His style, maybe, was somewhat too florid altogether to satisfy

[1] Newman's *Occasional Sermons*, p. 172.

[2] *Reply of the Archbishop-Elect to the Address of the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese of Westminster*, 1892, p. 6.

a severe and chastened taste. But his argumentative powers, his critical keenness, and force and directness of speech, made ample amends for whatever was otherwise amiss. The story of Fabiola bears striking witness not only to a rich and picturesque imagination but to dramatic powers. What however made him best known and most popular with the English public was his talents as a lecturer alike to learned societies and to popular audiences. Known as a warm admirer and careful student of Christian Art and Mediæval Architecture, Wiseman's lectures on art were always largely attended. Under the spell of his picturesque presentation of his subject, his rich embellishments drawn from varied sources and the critical familiarity with which he dealt with its details or varieties, the attention of his audience never flagged. They showed their deep appreciation not only of his powers as a lecturer, but of his personality, by the enthusiastic applause with which he was invariably welcomed and acclaimed. In this fashion, the Roman Cardinal and the people of England came to understand and appreciate each other.

Pugin, the prime mover of the revival of Gothic architecture, was not only electrifying the artistic world by caustic criticisms on false principles in art and architecture, carried out with such grotesque results by the self-styled masters of the art, but was actually building a Catholic and Gothic cathedral in London.[1] The funds for this costly undertaking were collected by "Father Thomas," [2] head priest of a little chapel in the London Road, afterwards Canon and Provost of St. George's Cathedral, Southwark. He travelled throughout Catholic Germany

[1] St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, was opened in the autumn of 1848.

[2] Father Thomas was that zealous and self-sacrificing priest who, during the terrible outbreak of cholera in London in 1833, not only administered the last sacraments to the dying, but lifted with his own hands into coffins or carts the bodies of the dead, Catholics and Protestants alike, deserted in that day of panic by their friends and relatives—wives by their husbands, children by their parents. To aid Father Thomas Doyle, the zealous Catholic priest, in his arduous work of tending cholera-stricken patients all along the riverside, from Lambeth to Rotherhithe, a public subscription was opened in the *Times*, headed by a subscription from the Duchess of Kent, the mother of the future Queen of England.

and Austria, and received large donations from the King of Bavaria and the Emperor and Empress of Austria. He did more—he enlisted the aid and sympathies of the bishops of Germany and of the leading Catholics in literature or art with the progress of Catholicism in England.

The sap of new life was rising in the trunk of that mighty tree which had stood the storm for three hundred years. It was shorn indeed of its ancient beauty; its boughs and branches had long since been torn off; the comeliness of its goodly proportions had departed. Though beloved of its own, strangers knew it no more. Yet the roots of this Tree of Life—the ancient faith of the land—still struck deep in the soil; like dew from Heaven, after the long spiritual drought of three hundred years came the revivifying results of the Oxford Movement—the return of so many chosen souls, the elect of God, to the shelter of that ancient spiritual tree,—the Faith of their forefathers.

In the midst of this reviving life in English Catholicism, Wiseman, Rector of the English College in Rome, who was not only an able controversialist, but an oriental scholar of eminence and a profound theologian, was sent by Pope Gregory XVI. to England. As president of Oscott, in succession to Dr. Weedall, all Wiseman's varied gifts and powers were brought into play. His zeal, intellectual activity, and profound learning stimulated and directed the studies at Oscott; and, at the same time, far beyond the college walls gave an impulse to the Catholic revival in England.

In 1840, Dr. Wiseman was consecrated bishop, and appointed coadjutor to Dr. Walsh, Vicar-Apostolic of the Midland district. For seven years he was the centre of Catholic activity and influence; and Birmingham became the headquarters of the Catholic movement. His correspondence was large and of extreme interest. He was in frequent communication with some of the leading Tractarians; received visits from time to time from those who were in doubts as to the Oxford Movement, or sought information as to Catholic teaching and theology. They who had a personal knowledge of Wiseman's manner and bearing, who

remember still the warm and kindly interest he showed to those who came to consult him; his simplicity and open-heartedness, the thoughtfulness which averted misunderstanding or pain, can alone estimate the influence which his genial character exerted over all who came in closer contact with him.

His numerous letters to men and women of culture, Protestant as well as Catholic, on literary, antiquarian, and artistic subjects, reveal in a delightful fashion the many-sidedness of his mind. Most important of all, naturally, were his constant and intimate communications with Rome. In these numerous letters every subject of Catholic interest in the early part of the century now near its close was fully discussed and recorded. The prospects of the future, the difficulties of the day, were set out at large, as well as the personal opposition which he had to encounter on his first coming to London in 1847. It was when he was Coadjutor of the Midland district that he induced Newman to establish the Oratory of St. Philip Neri at Birmingham. Bishop Wiseman had a profound admiration for the genius, character, and self-forgetful abandonment of the illustrious convert. When Wiseman left Birmingham he strove hard but in vain to induce Newman to follow him to London. The founder of the English Oratory having been invited by Wiseman to set it up in Birmingham, had an invincible repugnance to desert or remove his infant community.

Dr. Wiseman was in Rome on the death of Dr. Griffiths in 1847, and was appointed by Pope Pius IX. to succeed him in the London district. On coming to London as Pro-Vicar-Apostolic a strong and sharp opposition was raised against Dr. Wiseman. Many of the elder and more influential priests were infected, more or less, with the Gallican spirit. Not a few of the laity, under the influence of Mr. Charles Butler, the founder of the Cisalpine Club, looked upon Wiseman as the embodiment of Ultramontanism, and resented his intrusion, as they called it, into the London district. Some of the leading priests were alarmed. They had regarded the late Vicar-Apostolic, Dr. Griffiths, as pacific and harmless; they knew he had opposed the

Jesuits and refused as long as he was able their admission into the London district.[1] On the other hand, Dr. Wiseman was denounced as aggressive, and was known to be a friend of the Jesuits.

Dr. Maguire was one of the chief of the malcontents; another, Mr. Wilds, the senior priest of the Warwick Street Chapel, as it was called in those days, and Mr. Sisk of Chelsea and many others, were ready to form an organised opposition. Among the keenest of Wiseman's opponents was Mr. Tierney. He was the ringleader. On the sudden Mr. Wilds changed his mind, carried Dr. Maguire with him, and then Mr. Sisk. Mr. Tierney and the rest could not go on without their aid and countenance. The whole opposition ended in London; though it only slumbered in Southwark and did not die until a much later period. Indeed, long after the restoration of the Hierarchy, during the struggle to remove Dr. Errington and to appoint a new coadjutor to succeed Cardinal Wiseman, Mgr. Manning, in his letters to the Vatican, used to complain of the Gallican spirit of the Chapter of Southwark, one of whose members was Mr. Tierney.

On overcoming the opposition raised against him by some of his clergy, Wiseman's first work as Vicar-Apostolic was to revive the Catholic spirit and ancient devotions of the Church, forgotten or neglected during the days of persecution and since. For instance, the Rosary was publicly recited only in a few of the chapels of London, beyond those founded by the French Abbés, and in the German Chapel, Bow Lane, City. Wiseman was before all things a churchman, inspired with lofty spiritual ideals. He was imbued to the finger-tips with Roman ideas and principles. He introduced into England, besides spiritual retreats and missions, the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, the devotion of the "Forty Hours' Adoration," and the habit of more frequent communion. He was a strict disciplinarian in regard to the observ-

[1] Bishop Griffiths, with Dr. Cox, President of Old Hall, went to Rome in 1843 protesting that he did not find it in his conscience to allow the Jesuits to found a Mission at Farm Street. Pope Gregory XVI. is said to have retorted, "I am surprised you find it in your conscience to disobey the Pope's orders."

ance of the ritual, which had almost fallen into desuetude, or at best was performed in a careless or slovenly manner.

On the restoration of the Hierarchy in England, in conception and execution the result of his fruitful labours, Cardinal Wiseman began the work to which he was called—the laying anew and the laying deep of the foundations of the Church in England. Wiseman's first duty was to confront the violent opposition raised against him, mainly in the first instance by Lord John Russell's fanatical letter to the Bishop of Durham. In his insolent audacity Lord John even threatened to prevent Cardinal Wiseman's landing in England. Such idle threats only provoked contempt or ridicule. This sudden fanatical outburst took Wiseman completely by surprise, for, before leaving England for Rome in the previous autumn, he had spoken with Lord John Russell on the subject of the contemplated Restoration of the Hierarchy. How the "No Popery" agitation spread like wildfire throughout the country I have already related. Threats were uttered about renewing the burnings of the Lord George Gordon riots. St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, where Cardinal Wiseman had taken up his temporary abode, was guarded by day and by night by a stalwart band of Irishmen, ever ready for a fray, especially in so good a cause. His "Appeal to the common sense of Englishmen," which filled nearly eight columns of the *Times*, had an almost instantaneous effect. Wiseman spoke out boldly; his arguments were telling, and he showed throughout such good humour and kindly feeling as to disarm the opposition of reasonable men. It speaks well for the common sense and love of justice and fairplay of the people of England that they soon rallied from such a fierce and sudden attack of fanaticism.

In a letter to Archdeacon Manning, who at that time stood hesitating on the brink of the deep waters, Mr. Gladstone expressed a desire that in bringing in his "Ecclesiastical Titles Act" Lord John Russell might appear "in the garb of a harlequin." This futile Act, in spite of the strong opposition of Mr. Gladstone, and of Cobden and Bright, and many others of that school, was placed on the

Statute Book. But it was from the first a dead letter. It was never acted upon; not very many years ago, like rubbish, its ridiculous remains were carted away and flung into the common dust-bin.

Although he approved of prayers and hymns in English, during the evening service introduced by Father Faber at the Oratory, King William Street, Cardinal Wiseman prohibited, as contrary to the ritual, the interpolation of prayers in English at Mass, Vespers, and Benediction. On one occasion during the "Forty Hours' Adoration," at the Sardinian Church, Lincoln's Inn, the priest recited prayers in English from the pulpit, and English hymns were sung; on hearing of this, Cardinal Wiseman at once prohibited the practice.

Before he was consecrated bishop in 1840, as Coadjutor of Dr. Walsh, Vicar-Apostolic of the Midland district, Dr. Wiseman made a Retreat with the Passionist Fathers in Rome. During this Retreat he made four resolutions.[1] One was that daily mass, which, owing to various causes, had to a large extent fallen into abeyance, should be said by every priest in every chapel. On coming to London as Pro-Vicar-Apostolic in 1847, Bishop Wiseman did his utmost to promote the revival of daily mass as a universal rule. Only in twelve of the larger Missions of the London District was mass said daily; in all the others only once or twice a week. It was often announced on Sunday mornings, that in the following week mass would be said on the Wednesday and Friday. Of course many priests said mass daily in many churches. But the universal rule of daily mass was one of the happiest results of Dr. Wiseman's action in the revival of religious fervour.[2] One of the greatest debts of gratitude which English Catholics owe to Cardinal Wiseman's rule was the introduction of the ancient Monastic Orders, both of men and women, as well as

[1] The following were the four resolutions:—1. To have the Retreat of the clergy well conducted. 2. To have mass daily in every chapel under his rule. 3. To promote devotion to the Blessed Sacrament by Exposition and the Forty Hours' Adoration. 4. To multiply Religious houses.

[2] To a living witness, Provost Hunt declared that he remembered well the time when it was rare to have daily mass in London.

the establishment of new communities suited to the special want of the times. With the Jesuits Wiseman always maintained a cordial understanding, and was eager to give them every facility to extend the special work of the Society—higher education—so much needed in the restored Church in England at that time.

Cardinal Wiseman was a fervent admirer of Christian art and Gothic architecture,[1] and highly appreciated Pugin's artistic work and his zeal in reviving a purer taste.

A Liliputian war, however, soon broke out between the "Goths and anti-Goths." The converts looked upon Gothic architecture, which for the most part indeed they had admired and advocated at Oxford, as specially identified with Anglicanism, and therefore as an anti-Catholic movement. In their zeal, untempered by discretion, they looked to Rome for the model on which Catholic churches in England should be built. Hence, more Roman than Cardinal Wiseman, they insisted that bastard basilicas, a style imported from abroad, were more fitted for Catholic worship than the ancient and glorious cathedrals of our own land. This fierce internecine strife between Catholics, old and new, I suppose was a sign of healthy life, for, as men grow stronger and more capable of taking in new ideas, they are apt, since they are only men and not saints, to fall out with one another, and come, if not to blows to words. But words break no bones, though they sometimes break hearts, *teste* the poet Keats and the Quarterly Reviewer, or O'Connell and the Young Ireland party.

A more difficult and delicate point which Wiseman had to confront was the lingering taint of Gallicanism to be found here and there among English Catholics. Charles Butler and the Cisalpine Club, which was set up in opposition to Ultramontanism, had left a trail of evil. This Gallican spirit was exhibited by a few men of note who joined in public protests against "Papal Aggression." Lord Beaumont, a member of the House of Peers, wrote and spoke with vehemence against the Restoration of the Hierarchy, describing it as "an ill-advised measure, which forced upon Catholics the alternative of breaking with Rome or of

[1] See Cardinal Wiseman's Lectures on Art, and articles in the *Dublin Review*.

violating their allegiance to the constitution of these realms." The Duke of Norfolk of that day in a public letter declared that Ultramontane opinions are totally incompatible with allegiance to our sovereign and with our constitution. This ill example was followed here and there by a few other Catholic laymen. The clergy, at least the majority, were sound at heart. The Gallican spirit lurked indeed here and there, as I have already shown, among some of the older priests. It was the final struggle, the death-gasp of Gallicanism among English Catholics. The restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy exorcised its evil spirit.

Opposition to Cardinal Wiseman was shown also in another fashion, amusing and ridiculous enough were it not so contemptible. A few washed-out Catholics in social life were annoyed beyond measure that during the height of the "No Popery" agitation religious discussions were impolitely protruded into pleasant social gatherings, routs, dances, and dinner parties. They condoled with each other, old women of either sex, in feminine feebleness, saying with a sob in the voice, "We were all so comfortable, living together in peace and quietness until that horrid Dr. Wiseman—for they could not bring it into what they called their hearts to call him Cardinal—caused all this fuss. Until now, our friends and neighbours did not even know that we were Catholics."

Not to be known to be Catholics, what a confession! what a self-revelation! It was the first, far step—though these faint-hearted Catholics would have been horrified at the imputation, towards the desire not to *be* Catholics.

The challenge to Catholics to make public profession of their faith and to stand by it, which Cardinal Wiseman brought from Rome, was only just not too late. The spirit of worldliness was spreading amongst English Catholics of the higher ranks. Public profession of faith, not to speak of its practice, was becoming irksome to many. Leakage had set in. In like fashion, after Catholic Emancipation, there was considerable backsliding. Catholics, who under the penal laws would have laid down their lives rather than abandon the Faith, after Emancipation quietly dropped out of the Church. The pleasant ways of life were opened up

to them; and they succumbed to the spirit of worldliness. Again, the restoration of the Hierarchy was a challenge to the people of England, bidding them listen to the message which the Church had to deliver. England picked up the glove in defiance and flung it in the face of the challenger. No matter for that, England had to look at the Church, face to face. The tumult soon subsided. The Divine message was delivered. The result was, that men in large numbers, among them many of the greatest and noblest of England's sons, Archdeacon Manning first and foremost of them all—the first-fruits of the "No Popery" agitation—submitted to the Church of Rome.

What Wiseman would have done in the achievement of his great work of building up the Church anew without the aid of the Oxford converts it is difficult to surmise. They were men ready-made to his hand. Their numbers, constantly on the increase, added year by year fresh materials. Newman, who had already established the Oratory of St. Philip Neri in England, and opened a church at Birmingham, was giving effectual support to Wiseman's work by delivering those famous lectures on "Anglican Difficulties" in the little Chapel of the London Oratory, King William Street, Strand. Every Thursday and Friday afternoon during the autumn of 1851, the chapel was crowded from end to end. Representative men in literature and law, in art and religion, crowded to listen to the illustrious convert, the late leader of the Oxford Movement, explaining the difficulties which beset Anglicans and stood in the way of their hearing or obeying the Divine call. Among many other well-known men, Thackeray and Charles Dickens were entranced by the exquisite humour and touching pathos displayed by Newman, or by his delicate irony or keen sense of humour; Father Faber, as head of the London House—it was at that time one with the Oratory at Birmingham—surpassed Wiseman's hopes and expectations in inspiring English Catholics with a fuller and deeper religious spirit, by setting before them in his sermons and lectures higher ideals of spiritual life.

To put a stop, I believe, to a prolonged Irish religious squabble which threatened to develop into a puny schism,

he sent Frederick Oakeley to far-away Islington, beyond the reach of his friends and followers at Margaret Street chapel—beyond the influences which his nearer presence would undoubtedly have exercised over their hearts and minds. Like a holy and zealous priest, he did however good work among uncongenial surroundings. He spent his life and labours in the parish, attending with unremitting care to the wants and interests of his people, more especially of the young and the poor, though he contributed by his able writings to the defence and advancement of the Catholic cause in England. Cardinal Wiseman eagerly availed himself of W. G. Ward's great intellectual powers and profound studies in theology and philosophy, by appointing him, though a layman, Professor of Dogmatic Theology at the college of St. Edmund's or Old Hall. Another eminent convert, Mr. Allies, who, by resigning the rectory of Launton on becoming a Catholic, made great pecuniary sacrifices, was entrusted by Wiseman with the charge of the Poor School Committee. In spite of his arduous duties, Mr. Allies, a keen critic and profound scholar, found time to write his great work, *The Formation of Christendom.* Canon Morris, another convert towards the close of Cardinal Wiseman's career, was appointed his private secretary, and acted in a like capacity for about a year to Archbishop Manning, when, in order to join the Society of Jesus, he resigned his office. Canon Morris was a distinguished archæologist, and author of a most interesting and important work, *The History of the English Martyrs.*[1]

[1] The lamented death of Canon Morris was a severe loss not only to the Society of Jesus, of which he was a zealous member, but to the English world of letters. He was a thorough master of every subject he took in hand. His sound judgment, wide knowledge, and ripe experience saved him from the painful necessity of "reading up" when he took a work in hand. His death is a great loss to the Catholic community, for he had undertaken to write the "Life" of Cardinal Wiseman. For such a task he was pre-eminently fitted by his close personal intimacy with Cardinal Wiseman, and familiar acquaintance with those minor details—not to be gathered from books or from hearsay—which give colour and life to a character. Canon Morris's death is a loss especially to Cardinal Manning's biographer, for we were of one mind, not only as to the principle on which a biography should be written, but in regard to the facts in their broad outlines, which were conterminous for a time in the lives of both men. I remember at our first

Monsignor Patterson, now Bishop of Emmaus, was in earlier days on intimate terms with Wiseman, and was entrusted by him with one or two important missions to Rome. He was for many years attached to the Church of St. Mary's, Moorfields, Cardinal Wiseman's Pro-Cathedral.[1] Canon Macmullen, a conspicuous figure among the Tractarians in many a pitched battle, was a stout defender of John Henry Newman in the days when the illustrious Oratorian stood in sore need of defence[2] against persistent misrepresentations at Rome, to which he was exposed, now whispered in private, now, if rarely, alluded to in the open; for men had a wholesome dread of rousing the sleeping lion in his den. In those days especially, Canon Macmullen was a keen observer of men and things, and when occasion warranted, a caustic critic. He was on more friendly terms with Cardinal Wiseman than with his successor.

In this survey my object is to indicate the great store set by Cardinal Wiseman on the Oxford converts and their labours, and the trust and confidence he reposed in them. With the great bulk of the clergy in his own and other dioceses, many of whom were educated under his eye during the years he was President of Oscott College, or, later on, under his episcopal rule at Old Hall, he was on the best of terms. He encouraged them to act on their own initiative. If a man thought he saw an opening for a good work, Wiseman allowed him to act on his own responsibility; he did not care to be troubled with details

consultation, Canon Morris putting the following question:—"On what principle is the Life of Cardinal Manning based? Do you relate the simple facts without omissions or embellishments; or do you by what is called 'a system of judicious suppressions' produce an idealised picture, instead of the man as he was in truth and reality?" On learning the answer, Canon Morris added, "In so complicated a life as Manning's you have pursued the safest, wisest, and indeed the only honest course."

[1] Later on, under Wiseman's successor, he was appointed President of St. Edmund's College, and expended much time, labour, and money in improving and embellishing college and church. The church was built by the famous Pugin.

[2] Newman, in reference to a refutation made by the present writer in the *Westminster Gazette*, of certain erroneous imputations cast in those evil days on the illustrious Oratorian, wrote among other expressions of goodwill and kindness, "A friend in need is a friend indeed."

beforehand, or to hamper the originator of the undertaking by minute instructions. He was wont to say, "I will judge by results; act on your own initiative; if you make blunders or go much astray I shall not be slow in pulling you up." On the other hand, he was generous in his recognition of good work well done, and never withheld due meed or measure of praise. With the more learned of the clergy, men like Dr. Rock or Dr. Husenbeth among others, Wiseman was in full sympathy, encouraged them in their intellectual labours, and often took counsel of them. He had, likewise, an observant eye in regard to the younger or rising clergy. For instance, shortly before his last illness, recognising the merits and great abilities of the head priest of St. Mary's, Moorfields, he left instructions to his successor[1] to promote at the earliest opportunity to a post of dignity or office Dr. Gilbert, afterwards the Right Rev. Monsignor Gilbert, Domestic Prelate to the Pope, Provost of the Chapter of Westminster and Vicar-General. Wiseman's successor found in Monsignor Gilbert an able administrator, a sound theologian, whose advice, especially in grave and intricate questions of moral theology, was often needed, and an indefatigable worker. It is not too much to say that to the constant but unostentatious aid of his Vicar-General Cardinal Manning owed in no small measure the successful administration of the diocese.

A striking result of Cardinal Wiseman's character and action was the breaking down of the insularity and isolation of English Catholics. Rome, his second home, and its traditions, were familiar to him; he was well acquainted with and deeply interested in Catholic life and thought in Italy and France, in Belgium and Germany. He often visited France, consulted with French bishops, preached on occasions in their cathedrals—once, I believe, at Amiens, once at Arras. The Bishop of Arras was his guest for a time at York Place. Père Ravignan, the celebrated Jesuit preacher, delivered about Whitsuntide 1851, sometimes in Wiseman's presence, a series of lectures at the church of the Jesuits in Farm Street. Under his influence,

[1] See Archbishop Manning's letter to Mgr. Talbot, Vol. II. p. 270.

or at his suggestions, French nuns established convents or joined English communities. Cardinal Wiseman maintained an active correspondence with Monseigneur Gerbet, Bishop of Perpignan, with more than one of the French cardinals, and with Montalembert, who took a lively interest in English Catholicism, and in revisiting England renewed old or made new friendships. He was a great admirer of England and of its political institutions, as his well-known saying shows, "To visit England is to take a bath of liberty."

Under Wiseman's influence and example English Catholics gradually broke through their earlier isolation. But it was not with France only that Cardinal Wiseman kept up an active intercourse. In 1863 he attended the Congress of Malines, accompanied by the Bishop of Beverley, and followed by several English Catholics, and among them by the late Prior Bede Vaughan, afterwards Archbishop of Sydney, brother of Cardinal Vaughan; by the late Mr. Lambert,[1] and Mr. Wegg-Prosser[2] of Belmont, Herefordshire, and the present writer. The Congress was held under the presidency of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Malines. Cardinal Wiseman delivered a striking address on "The Condition, Religious and Civil, of Catholics in England." He spoke on that occasion with more than his wonted enthusiasm and eloquence. This exposition excited great interest among the Catholics of Belgium. In the enthusiasm excited by Wiseman's appeal to the Catholics of the Continent to aid in the great work of the conversion of England by making themselves more fully acquainted with the position and needs of English Catholics by their sympathy and prayers, *les braves Belges* fraternised with their visitors and, had they been permitted, would have embraced them on the spot. As it was, they registered a vow binding themselves and us in the bonds of everlasting *fraternité et solidarité.*

[1] The name Lambert—*M. Lambert* was at the time a popular nickname of the Emperor Napoleon and his family—tickled the fancy of some Frenchman at the Congress; and Mr. Lambert was besieged by the reiterated question: "M. Lambert, ou est Madame Lambert, et le petit Lambert?"

[2] Mr. Wegg-Prosser at the time of his conversion was member for the county of Herefordshire.

Montalembert's two famous Addresses at the Congress of Malines created immense enthusiasm, at least among the excitable Belgians. The first address was on "A free Church in a free State"; the second on "Liberty of Conscience." In a striking rhetorical passage on the religious intolerance advocated by some Catholic theologians and often defended on moral grounds in the mediæval church, Montalembert in a voice vibrating with passion exclaimed: "I could sooner condone the beheading of my grandfather under the guillotine in the Reign of Terror than I can forgive the Inquisition in Spain for thrusting the gag into the palpitating mouth of men guilty of no crime save the love of liberty and of freedom of speech."

The Belgians, who at that day were too much addicted to the false spirit of modern liberalism, sprang to their feet and cheered the speaker with prolonged and rapturous applause. But apart from the substance of his speeches, open on many points to grave objection, Montalembert's eloquence, voice, and mode of delivery, were almost unrivalled. Unlike French orators in general, his voice, manner, and gesture were quiet and subdued. Only just recovering from a long illness, he remained seated. In opening his address he made a graceful apology, saying, "Messieurs, if I address you seated I am only treating you as I treat my *confrères* at the Academy; for we always address each other seated in our chair."

Montalembert's two speeches emphasised the growing divergencies between the moderate and extreme party in France. The disciples of M. Veuillot, the most pugnacious and vehement of controversialists, fell foul of M. de Montalembert whom they branded as an enemy in disguise, and nicknamed a "liberal" Catholic. It must be admitted that many of the exaggerated and rhetorical statements concerning "liberty" and "authority" uttered by Montalembert were in no small measure provoked by the tyranny of the Second Empire against which he fought and under which he writhed. Cardinal Wiseman, though he disagreed with many of Montalembert's extreme views, disapproved of the abuse to which he was exposed by M. Veuillot's party and his

disciples among the Catholics of England. As a speaker Montalembert was the nearest approach I have known to Newman. The vibrations of his low but penetrating voice; his suppressed emotions; his scathing outbursts of indignation; his pathos, reminded one of Newman's inimitable powers.

The enthusiastic reception accorded to Cardinal Wiseman by French and Belgian Catholics on every occasion of his attendance during the four days of the session of the Congress, bore striking witness to his personal influence and to the wide-spread interest taken in the progress of Catholicism in England. This interest naturally awakened in the Catholics of England a deeper fellow-feeling towards their fellow-Catholics on the Continent. After this event English Catholics not a few, priests and laymen, attended Catholic Congresses, especially in Germany.

The Congress of Malines, attended by so many eminent men of different nations, excited spite and rage among the freethinkers of Belgium. In no country, not even among the atheists of France, is fanatical hatred of the Catholic Church so deep, fierce, and loud-mouthed as among Belgian infidels. I may relate an incident which points that way: on his return from the Congress of Malines, Bede Vaughan with his companions, at one of the chief hotels in Brussels, excited unusual attention. Prior Vaughan, a man of fine and striking appearance and noble bearing, was dressed in the full ecclesiastical garb worn on public occasions. It was evident to the snarling freethinkers that he was an Englishman and a priest fresh from the Congress of Malines. There was a suppressed growl from some of these fanatical bigots; one cried out in a scoffing voice, "From Malines." "Yes," Bede Vaughan replied, "and the faith and fidelity manifested at the Congress of Malines has added a new glory to Belgium." Sniffings and snortings were audible on all sides. But the dignity and indifference with which such discourteous manifestations were met soon brought these excitable freethinkers to their senses. They looked indeed more than half ashamed of themselves.

It was not only with the Catholics of France and Belgium that closer relations were established, but with

the Catholics of Germany likewise. Seizing the opportunity of the opening of the German church at Whitechapel, founded by the Rev. A. Dillon Purcell, now canon and rector of Hampstead, Cardinal Wiseman invited to the ceremonial, among others of the bishops and higher dignitaries of Germany, the Bishop of Münster, the Bishop of Mayence, Mgr. Count Galen, and Canon Moufang, a member of the Reichstag. There were present also the Bishops of Leeds, Birmingham, and Clifton, Mgr. Howard, Bishop Morris, and Mgr. Batholini. This imposing celebration, conducted by Cardinal Wiseman, attended by dignitaries of the Church, German as well as English, bore witness, which his distinguished guests gratefully acknowledged, to the care with which the spiritual needs of German Catholics were attended to in London. Dr. Manning preached on the occasion an eloquent sermon on the revival of Catholicism in England. His quiet eloquence and austere appearance made a great impression on the foreign prelates. Canon Moufang, in a powerful address, delivered in the evening, dwelt on the necessity, in days of danger and difficulty, for a closer union between the Catholics of every nation. And as the Catholics of England, he added, under the wise and happy rule of their gracious Queen, enjoyed perfect liberty in act and speech, their public expression of sympathy with their fellow-Catholics suffering under tyrannical oppression in other countries would do good service to the sacred cause of liberty and justice.

As English Catholics have long since forgotten the isolation in which, nearly half a century ago, they were content to live, to remind them of the debt of gratitude they owe, on this score alone, to our first great English Cardinal, is to-day only an act of bare justice.

The activity with which, until his health broke down, Wiseman worked on behalf of the poor, the sick, and the young, is attested by the results of his labours. His first act in laying anew the foundations of the Church in England was to establish homes, refuges, and schools, the beginning of a great work, which his eminent successor carried on with such indefatigable zeal, perseverance, and success. By the

poor, hard-working, faithful and religious Irish in London, Cardinal Wiseman was reverenced and beloved. In many ways he was a man after their own heart.

The Irish Catholic members of Parliament, The O'Conor Don, Mr. Monsell the late Lord Emly, Pope Hennessy, Major O'Reilly a Papal Zouave, the late Sir E. Esmond, and Mr. Cogan, among others, used frequently during the Parliamentary session to attend his crowded and lively Receptions, first at Golden Square, then at York Place. But the Irish members of that day were men of a different stamp from the Irish members of to-day. Though, with the exception of Pope Hennessy—the first Irish Catholic Tory —they were Whigs, yet they were not Radicals, nor—far worse—men disloyal to crown and country.

Cardinal Wiseman, of course, committed some blunders. The most absurd, perhaps, was his infatuation for and his belief at one time in the Emperor Napoleon. The cardinal, completely deceived as to the political and personal motives of the Emperor in defending the temporal power of the Pope, belauded him as a second Charlemagne; and, not discerning his utter want of principle, became for a time an enthusiastic Napoleonist. He lived, however, long enough to repent of his political short-sightedness. Under the spell of his infatuation he directed that in the French chapel, supported by the Royal House of France, the priests of which were devoted to the Legitimist cause, the prayers after mass should no longer be offered for the exiled king, Henri Cinque, but for the son of the Revolution, "the Usurper of the Throne of France." The priests not unnaturally demurred to this act, as they called it, of desecration. To cut matters short, Cardinal Wiseman announced that on a certain Sunday he intended to celebrate High Mass at the French chapel. After mass, instead of the accustomed *Domine salvum fac Regem nostrum,* Wiseman chanted in a loud voice, *Domine salvum fac Imperatorem nostrum.*

At his usual Reception on the following Tuesday evening, there was a large gathering of French Legitimists who freely discussed the Cardinal's policy in publicly supporting even in a church the principles of the Revolution in the person of

Napoleon. Wiseman, approaching this excited group of French Legitimists, at the head of whom was a well-known upholder of the Royal House of France, M. Espivent de la Villesboinet, exclaimed in a somewhat angry tone, "*Messieurs, on n'entend rien que Français dans ce salon.*"

In one sense, the most important result perhaps of Wiseman's varied work was the awakening in the minds, which had so long lain dormant, of the Catholics of England, of public action and life.

One special gift in this direction Cardinal Wiseman possessed in a high degree, the art of attracting and gathering about him the more active and prominent of the laity. He imbued them with his own ideas, encouraged them to take active part in Catholic life, and not to leave to himself and the clergy alone the duty of supporting Catholic interests, or of defending Catholic rights. Hence, I may remark, by way of illustration, it came to pass, that when Newdegate introduced into the House of Commons a Bill for the Inspection of Convents — the last cowardly and feeble attempt of decaying bigotry in the land — a large Catholic meeting was held to protest against the injustice of the Bill, its violation of the sacred rights of individual liberty, and the iniquity of the libellous calumnies uttered in the House, and under the security of its privileges, against priests, monks, and nuns, by such men on this or other occasions as Newdegate, Spooner, and Whalley. Newdegate, in the madness of his bigotry—for he was an honest man—declared that every new Roman Catholic building, whether convent, monastery, or community house, was provided with secret underground vaults, in which, he insinuated, refractory monks or runaway nuns were immured. Newman, on the occasion, wrote a letter to Mr. Newdegate, published in the *Times*, in which he confessed that the community house of The Oratory, Birmingham, but recently built, was indeed provided with underground vaults more or less "secret," but, he added, they only contained cellars, wine-bins, and larders, and he courteously invited Mr. Newdegate to make a visit of personal inspection.

Deputations, selected at the public meeting, waited on

the chief members of the Government and on the leaders of the Opposition. The result was that the Convents Inspection Bill was ignominiously defeated.

In like manner, Catholic meetings were held at the Stafford Club, to obtain the appointment by Government of Catholic prison chaplains, and chaplains for the army and navy. Deputations headed by the Hon. Charles Langdale had several interviews on the subject of the appointment of Catholic military chaplains with Lord Naas, afterwards Lord Mayo, and with Mr. Disraeli. This claim, after full discussion, was granted with a free hand by a Tory Government. It was not obtained by private communications or backstair influence, but by an open meeting and public action.

In the days when Wiseman was Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster, the Hon. Charles Langdale was the recognised leader of the Catholic laity,—as he was, indeed, in those earlier days when, as President of the "Catholic Institute of Great Britain," he promoted Catholic interests, and as their representative in Parliament claimed for Catholics the concession of equal rights with those of their Protestant fellow-countrymen. At the meetings held in the Stafford Club he was invariably elected chairman, an office which he discharged with great tact, temper, and judgment; qualities on occasions not altogether unneeded. For it must be confessed that there was at times a certain amount of friction as to the mode of action to be pursued by Catholics on public questions affecting their rights or interests. On the one side it was contended, especially when the Liberals were in power, that private communications should be carried on with the Government, or personal appeals made to such of its members as were believed to be more favourably disposed towards Catholics. On the other hand, it was stoutly maintained that public policy demanded, that if their rights were withheld from them, that if they suffered under a grievance, or if the Government had committed itself to a wrong line of action detrimental to Catholic interests or hostile to Catholic principles, it was their duty to take such public action as was taken by every Party in the State to

enforce within the measure of their opportunities their claims, or to express, as they best could, their opposition to the policy of the Government.

From the other side the retort came that such public action might not only awaken anti-Catholic prejudices in the public mind, but, still worse, might be inconvenient to a friendly Government, ready to make in private such concessions as they might deem fit.

The preponderating Catholic feeling at the time was that their representatives and leaders ought not to go, cap in hand, to the anteroom of a minister, friendly or otherwise, soliciting favours, but to demand in public, by petitions to Parliament or otherwise, such rights or privileges as they were justly entitled to.

Besides Mr. Langdale, amongst those who used to attend the political meetings at the Stafford Club were Lord Edward Howard, the late Lord Howard of Glossop, the late Sir George Bowyer, the doughty champion in and out of Parliament of the Catholic cause, the late Sir Charles Clifford, Sheriff Swift, Lord Feilding, the late Earl of Denbigh, Lord Campden, the late Earl of Gainsborough, Hon. J. Arundell, now Lord Arundell of Wardour; Mr. George Blount, the late Mr. Gilbert Blount, Mr. Amherst, now Father Amherst of the Society of Jesus; the late Sir John Simeon, Edmund Stonor, the eldest son of the then Lord Camoys, a staunch Catholic and Tory, who died too early to do good service and make a name for himself; Mr. Edward Ryley; and last, but by no means least, the late John Wallis, the able editor of the *Tablet*. Scant justice has been done to John Wallis,[1] to whom the Catholics of England owe a great debt of gratitude for his valiant services as editor of the *Tablet* in days of great stress and struggle. He was a staunch Catholic, and the leader, in the days when English Catholics for the most part still adhered to the traditional but effete Whiggery of their fathers, of a small but active party of English Catholic

[1] John Wallis received his University education, as in those days Oxford and Cambridge were closed against Catholics, at the famous University of Bonn, on the Rhine, where Sir Stuart Knill, the late Lord Mayor of London, was educated.

Tories. John Wallis acted on the principle that in promoting Catholic interests, public action and not backstair influence should be relied on; urged Catholics to cast off their swaddling-clothes, and escaping from leading-strings to come out into the open field and fight their own battles.

In allusion to this movement among English Catholics, Disraeli said to the late Sir Robert Gerard, afterwards Lord Gerard, himself a good Tory, "Catholics and Tories are natural allies." In our day happily this aphorism of Disraeli's has been realised to the full. But in his day John Wallis had an uphill battle to fight. He was the most candid and outspoken of men, bold to the verge of audacity in his attacks on Catholic Whiggery. He did not hesitate even on occasions to tackle cardinals, in the person of Cardinal Cullen for example, whom in the *Tablet* Wallis used to call "Paul Cullen of Dublin, arch-whig as well as arch-bishop." Later on another cardinal looked with eye askance on John Wallis.[1]

In regard to Catholic newspapers and public meetings, Cardinal Wiseman adopted the wise principle of letting every man act on his own responsibility and at his own risk. In allowing this large latitude of freedom of action and speech, he by no means abdicated his ultimate authority in regard to the public acts and proceedings of Catholics under his spiritual rule. But Wiseman was not a timid man, in fear of things going amiss if not under his immediate control or supervision. For instance, in regard to the meetings held at the Stafford Club, attended alike by priests and laymen for the discussion and promotion of Catholic interests, religious and political, the necessity never entered into Wiseman's mind for the presence of a priest as official representative of Episcopal authority, as guide and ultimate judge of Catholic action. In his trustful large-mindedness, Cardinal Wiseman put no gag into the mouth, no fetter on the wrist, of Catholic laymen.

The result was that, inspired by his trust and confidence, the laity manifested a lively interest in Catholic affairs,

[1] Cardinal Manning once said to me, "Any morning I may wake up to find myself gibbeted as 'Paul Cullen of Dublin' is, in the *Tablet*."

took counsel together, and formed a centre of union and action. In fact they became a reserve-force ready prepared on an emergency to back their bishop. In this reserve-force Wallis and the *Tablet* formed the most active element; furnished the most effective weapon for offence or defence.

If scant justice has been meted out to John Wallis, he did not do justice to himself nor to his mental powers. Possessed of great personal influence and powers of conversation, he spent too much time in talk, in argument, in criticism. None, if they laid themselves open to rebuke, escaped his lash; not even bishops or archbishops or cardinals in their shortcomings. But John Wallis wasted his life; missed his opportunities. A golden opportunity was placed in his hands—the *Life of Charles Langdale*, which included in its course Catholic Emancipation, the Oxford Movement, the whole period in which Wiseman flourished, and the larger moiety of that in which Manning ruled as Archbishop of Westminster. Such a work—the history of the Catholic Church in England, for in Wallis's hands it would have amounted to that—during the most important and interesting portion of the century, would have afforded full scope to his critical powers, to his gift of narrative and description, and to his judgment of events of surpassing interest, to which he had been an observant eyewitness and often a caustic critic. With avidity and singular delight he entered into the plan of a great historical work, collected materials, and then from a certain indolence of mind which forbade or hindered sustained and silent work, Langdale's *Life* fell from his not feeble but idle hands.

In another direction Cardinal Wiseman was equally active. He entered heart and soul into the Hon. and Rev. George Spencer's crusade of prayer for the conversion of England. The founder of this new crusade—not to rescue by force of arms the holy places from the infidel, but to restore by force of prayer, to join in which Catholics and non-Catholics alike were invited, the reunion of Christians in England—the Rev. George Spencer, spent his life in this noble and bloodless crusade. It was sanctioned by the

Holy See; cordially supported by Cardinal Wiseman in England, and by bishops in every Catholic country in Europe. It was an Association of universal prayer throughout Christendom for the conversion of England. The proposal of joint prayers for the restoration of the unity of Christendom was adopted by large numbers of Anglicans.

The enthusiastic and indefatigable leader of this pious crusade travelled all through the country, appealing alike to Catholics and Anglicans, and making personal visits to many of the leading men in the Church of England. Perhaps the most zealous and fervent supporter of this association of prayer was Mr. de Lisle of Grace Dieu Manor—himself an early convert to Catholicism. Later on, towards the close of Cardinal Wiseman's career, as will be related at full in its proper place, he took a prominent part, in co-operation with his friend the Rev. Dr. Lee of All Saints, Lambeth, in establishing an Association for the Corporate Reunion of Christendom, which gave rise to complications and difficulties, as will be related in a subsequent chapter.[1]

Up, almost to the last, Cardinal Wiseman maintained friendly relations with Anglicans in seeking and striving for the restoration of unity in Christendom.

Two works of special interest, though different in kind and importance, the one spiritual, the other tending to intellectual development, in such a rapid review of Wiseman's career I can only refer to.

In the work of restoring the Catholic Hierarchy it was Wiseman's primary duty as lawgiver to lay down the lines on which the Church in England was to be built up again. For this purpose, within two years of commencing his great work, Cardinal Wiseman convoked the first Provincial Synod of Westminster. It was held in July 1852 at Oscott. This day will for ever remain memorable in the annals of the Church, not only for that it was the crowning day of the new Hierarchy, but because it was the first Synod held in England since the Reformation. It will be for ever memorable, too, on another account, for before this

[1] See Chapter XIII. Vol. II.

Synod, Newman preached his famous sermon "The Second Spring." A noble tribute to the faith of our forefathers under persecution, and a glorious forecast of the future for the Church in England.

In spite of laborious days spent in active episcopal work, and, more trying still, in spite of internal conflicts and controversies which harassed and embittered the closing years of his eventful life, the intellectual development of the Church in the persons of its members, clerical and lay, was ever near and dear to Wiseman's heart. After the pattern of the "Roman Academy of Letters," Cardinal Wiseman established in London an English Academy over which he presided. At the opening of its first session, 29th June 1861, Cardinal Wiseman delivered the Inaugural Address, in which he laid down the programme and sketched the future work of this literary Institution.

How fervent and unaffected was Cardinal Wiseman's piety, how tender his love and devotion towards God and His saints, they only can testify who knew him intimately, as, for instance, the late Canon Morris. The following letter, written from Broadstairs, where he was staying after his severe illness in 1863, shows in a few simple words how deeply Cardinal Wiseman venerated the old Cathedrals of England and their holy places:—

BROADSTAIRS, *Friday.*

DEAR MGR. MANNING— . . . Yesterday I drove to Canterbury, and was able to perambulate the Cathedral and venerate its holy places, unknown and unsuspected. I leaned for rest against Cardinal Pole's tomb, the first cardinal who has entered it since his remains were borne to their resting-place. How strange, too, that he, the Catholic, should be the only archbishop since the Reformation buried there. I stood the day very well, this being my longest walk by far since I was taken ill.—I am ever yours affectionately, N. CARD. WISEMAN.

It is a great drawback and hindrance to Cardinal Manning's biographer that though twenty-eight years have elapsed since his death, the story of Cardinal Wiseman's life has never been told. It is not merely that Wiseman's biography would have furnished a fitting and almost

necessary background to the picture of Manning's life, but what is of far more vital consequence is, that the story of Wiseman's life must needs have cleared up many grave points still left in the dark; settled many dubious questions still left open, and, to use a homely phrase, put the saddle on the right horse.

It is hard upon me to have to discharge a duty, as I needs must, if I am to write Manning's life, which ought to have been discharged twenty-five years ago and more by a biographer of Wiseman; hard upon me to be called upon to adjust or apportion the measure of responsibility incurred, on the one hand by Cardinal Wiseman, and on the other by Manning, as Wiseman's responsible adviser during the last six or seven years of the Cardinal's rule.

To have written the Life of Wiseman during Manning's lifetime, even had the materials been disclosed, which they were not, would, I acknowledge, have been a most difficult and delicate task.

In the sketch of Wiseman's career, which I have attempted to give as an introduction to Manning's Catholic life, as well as of the position and state of Catholics in England since Emancipation; of their relations to the Oxford movement, I have, as will be observed, abstained from touching upon the graver questions which agitated and disturbed Wiseman's episcopal rule, and at one time led to a request to the Holy See for his recall from Westminster and transfer to Rome. For all these matters — his difficulties about the English colleges; his disagreement with the Chapter of Westminster; his differences with the greater portion of his fellow-bishops; and last but not least, the Errington Case—are, from the necessity of things, sifted to the bottom and disclosed, in connection with Manning's life and action as a Catholic, in the next volume. For all these questions were intimately connected with Manning's earlier activities as a Catholic—formed part and parcel of the motives which dictated his line of action at the time when he was Provost of the Chapter of Westminster, and acted as Promoter of Wise-

man's defence against the charges brought before the Courts and Congregations of Propaganda. In some of these grave difficulties and disputes it is not too much to say that Manning played at times not a subordinate, but a leading part; took the initiative where it was supposed he had simply followed instructions.

In a review, so necessarily brief, of Cardinal Wiseman's career and conduct, I have only attempted to give the broad outlines of his career, and the salient points in his character, together with such details as space allowed, important as showing character, which were familiar to me from a long personal acquaintance. This account of Cardinal Wiseman, brief as it is, suffices, however, for my purpose of explaining the state of Catholicism in England prior to Manning's Catholic career.

Let me add the hope that the work of building up the Church in England, commenced by Cardinal Wiseman in laying its foundations anew, and in enlarging its boundaries, carried on by Cardinal Manning in the spirit of wisdom, prudence, and untiring zeal, may in good time be completed and crowned to the glory of God and the good of souls by his Eminence Cardinal Vaughan. In the fulness of time, when the sanct and stately edifice is with the blessing of God completed, it will remain for ever a noble and lasting monument to the memory of three illustrious Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church in England.

NOTES

Note A

The error concerning the date of Cardinal Manning's birth is a curious illustration of the aptness of a mistake to perpetuate itself. In the *Catholic Directory*, edited by the Cardinal's Secretary, the Right Rev. Canon Johnson, the date of Cardinal Manning's birth was given, year after year to the end, as the 15th July 1808. The same date was inscribed on the coffin and engraved on Cardinal Manning's tombstone. Cardinal Manning himself, in his Diaries and Journals, in recording his birthday always described the date as July 15, 1808. The same error is repeated in his letters to Robert Wilberforce. The Master of Balliol, the late Professor Jowett, informed me that on his matriculation in 1827 the age of Henry Edward Manning was entered in the records of Balliol College as 18.

In speaking many years ago to Mr. Richmond, R.A., about the date of Cardinal Manning's birth, Mr. Richmond said, "Manning and I were born in the same year, 1807. We often compared notes on the subject. Ask Cardinal Manning, he must remember what I have told you."

On speaking to Cardinal Manning on the date of his birth, he said, "Yes; I believe there is a mistake of a year in the date one way or the other, I forget which."

On making further researches, I discovered the most authentic and conclusive evidence in a letter written by Manning in 1832 to his eldest brother Frederick Manning, excusing himself for the delay which had been occasioned by not taking Orders on leaving Oxford in 1830. The following passage occurs in a letter dated Downing Street, 1st February 1832:—

> My dearest Frederick—. . . I do not regret the delay I have thus occasioned; indeed I cannot avoid remarking by the way that I am by six months only qualified to take Orders.

The Canonical Age for taking Orders is 23. Consequently, ac-

cording to his own reckoning, Cardinal Manning was born in 1807. Moreover in some juvenile verses quoted below, the date of his birth is given as 1807.

In the Baptismal Register of the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields the date of Henry Edward Manning's baptism is May 1809. The date of birth is not given. The clergyman who showed me the Baptismal Register at first declared that Manning was born in 1809, but on learning that the 15th of July was known as his birthday added, then of course it was in 1808.

In this fashion the mistake arose when a copy of his Baptismal Register was required by Cardinal Manning in the first instance, and has been perpetuated to this day.

Vinctus errore non ferris alienis sed mea ferrea voluntate.

Written 15th July 1835. Confessions: St. Augustine.

Another added to my score of life,
How many added to my score of sins?
For every several year with ill is rife,
And ends as it begins

In wandering prayers and dull unspiritual thought
Of vanity and earth; but nought of heaven
Into this soul of clay hath yet been wrought,
The sluggish mass to leaven.

With a new life these eight and twenty years
I have lagged on with sluggish lingering pace,
Shrinking and dull, with low-born hopes and fears,
Most evil and most base.

.

(Written July 1861—*continued.*)

So wrote I once when life was young, and I,
Imprisoned in myself, with woes and tears
Dimmed God's bright world and gifts unthankfully,
For eight and twenty years.

The date of birth is shown in the above verses. It is not necessary to quote the remainder.

Note B

Contrast between the Catholic Church and the Protestant Establishment in 1836

Temple, *3rd November* 1836.

My dear Friend—From the time when we perambulated this metropolis together last August till nearly the present, I

have been so incessantly occupied travelling, visiting, domesticising, etc., that it has only been since my return to settled thoughts and habits that I have felt distinctly conscious of the duration of our silence, and a desire to break it.

From a trip to South Wales, intended to last a fortnight, I was tempted on by Stephen Glynne into Ireland, and with him made a month's rapid but interesting tour of the south and south-western coasts. We landed at Cork, whence we proceeded to Bantry Bay and Killarney, then to Limerick, near which place we spent some days with young Stafford O'Brien; up the Shannon—to Galway, through the wilds of Connemara, and straight across the island to Dublin, and so home. A mere scenery-hunter will certainly be disappointed in Ireland, the beautiful points lie at great distances from each other, and do not repay one for the tedium of crossing the dreary interspaces. But with the people, lively, good-humoured, and (as I fully believe) *religious*, one must be interested. The parts we traversed were all Roman Catholic, presenting, I suppose, that corrupted system in as beautiful a form as it is anywhere developed. The clergy (independently of their political and anti-English disease) zealous, devoted, chaste, patient; the people dutiful, reverencing the priestly office, even where the individual might be contemptible; festivals religiously observed, daily morning service numerously frequented in every moderate town. On the other hand (I speak merely what we saw, not as hastily censuring or judging) the Anglo-Irish Church, whenever we came upon it, presents a melancholy spectacle both to the eye and mind. Churches roofless, and covered with ivy, with new and neat Roman Catholic chapels close by them; then we heard nothing but "Peculiar" sermons, and found the clergy co-operating with Dissenters, and giving up all but the name of Churchmen in their fear of Popery. What a miserable reflection it is that many members of *the* Apostolical body in that country should so act as to confirm, one might almost say justify, the Romanists in their errors.

National schools, where we were, owing to the landlords not residing, and the clergy not interfering, have come quite into the hands of the priests; none but Roman Catholic children attend them, and I have good reason for thinking that they use their own lesson-books, not the Scripture extracts; so that it has become, in fact, a simple bonus to Roman Catholic education.

And now I must have tired and grieved you with these sad details.—Your affectionate, S. F. Wood.

P.S.—Chester is an interesting old town; and I went to

Hawarden, Sir S. Glynne's (whom you may have seen at Christ Church). Lady Glynne is a very clever, excellent woman, and the Miss Glynnes sensible nice girls; indeed, I might have had more society than would have suited my purpose.

Note C

R. W. Church (afterwards Dean of St. Paul's) on Archdeacon Manning's Fifth of November Sermon, 1843

Oriel, 12*th July* 1844.

My dear Manning,—I am sorry to have been so long in answering your letter, and I have also to apologise for not having written to you when Marriott first put your Sermon into my hands; but I hope you will excuse me on the score of having had my hands full of work which I could not delay. I fear that you have taken a great deal of trouble for little purpose, for I cannot pretend to have anything to say that will assist you. It is a tremendous question, and I have no clear view of it, and my Middle Age reading has been confined to a very short period, and has done little more for me than make me distrust anything but a regular study of the writers of the day, in making up my mind about those times. But I will say what strikes me. I should object to looking at the Middle Age Church under Bellarmine's formulæ. I mean, that the Temporal Power of the Popes in the working practice of Gregory VII. and Innocent III., and in the abstract universal propositions of Bellarmine, seems to me as different a thing as the Royal prerogative in the living government of our early kings, and in the formal articles and dicta of the Stuart divines and lawyers. In each case the one led to the other, yet I cannot bring myself to throw back on the earlier practical belief, the relations and effects in its own cotemporary society of the later dogma. The traditions, feelings, disputes, dangers, among which each worked, were utterly different. It seems to me quite conceivable that one may have been pernicious and the other salutary — and that what may have been true as the index and symbol of a cause, may become very questionable when thrown into the shape of a universal affirmation, *sine tempore et modo enunciatum*.

I have never looked into Bellarmine, but I daresay that as far as words go he expresses the Middle Age belief. I fully agree with you that this belief was that the Pope has power from Christ to interfere in all that affects Christ's kingdom, and

so to depose Christian princes, if necessary for its welfare. But, though I am not at all disposed to accept of the theological dogma of the 16th century, I do not feel so ready to quarrel with the claim, or the expression of the claim in the 11th.

As to the claim itself, I suppose you would allow that not all interference with things temporal is a violation of the spirit of our Lord's words. It comes then to a question of how far? with what aim? under what circumstances? Heathen government of course the Church has no business with. But, supposing her existing among Christians, supposing it universally recognised that *all things temporal are in order to things eternal*, supposing that men therefore call her in to direct and sanctify, may she stand aloof? Supposing they think that the highest functions of government should be administered with that view, ought she to refuse to take part to that end? I confess I see no limit to the interference of the Church in the temporal matters of Christians, except *her* idea of expediency, or *their* unwillingness—from whatever cause, her abuse of past power, their own imperfect religion—to admit it. The measure of her *right*, as the source of her *power*, in matters not strictly her own is the *feeling of society* on the question. It is unworthy of her, and therefore wrong, to fight for that power, when it is fairly gone: it would be betraying a trust not to use it and fight to retain it, when fairly and really possessed.

All these suppositions are realised in the 11th century, the feeling of society being that *all* were amenable to the Gospel law; and there was nothing on which they did not seek the counsel and blessing of the Church, on which they withdrew from her cognisance. They went to her as to an oracle. Thus they tendered her power—they believed for their own good here and hereafter—*ought* she to have waived it?

To attempt to guide the Governments of Christendom according to the law of Christ, was no doubt a most dangerous and responsible, as it was also a "most noble" enterprise—and I cannot see how the Church ought to have shrunk from it. However, with its dangers and its hopes, she did undertake it, and the opinion of society, of all that was above mere brute force, urged it on and sanctioned it. In such a state of things, I cannot see why in an extreme case—and the case always was considered an extreme one—the Church might not do what she could to depose a king, for this reason; that Christians, who had made her trustee of their interests, might claim of her, in default of other remedy, to protect them from fatal mischief from a brother Christian, by withdrawing the sanction under which he

claimed their obedience, and which she had given on his oath to govern as a Christian—unless indeed, kings held by a *jus divinum* external to the Church—a doctrine, as far as I know, not that of the Middle Ages, for then, whatever a man's *title* might be, as to succession and inheritance, his *being a King* or *Emperor* depended on his being crowned by the Church. The power of deposition, then, seems to me the necessary complement of that theory of the Middle Ages, which professed to give the government of the world, with *unreserved submission in all things*, to the law and kingdom of Christ; and politically, it was the compensating weight, to those Governments being carried on, as they then were, according to the will and pleasure of armed Powers.

Governments have for centuries past withdrawn that *unreserved* submission. "They reserve many things to be settled on principles quite beside those of the Christian law—also they have got laws and institutions instead of mere military power. In such a case, let the Church leave these alone—it seems to be God's will—there is no law commanding her to busy herself about their affairs, if they do not choose it; she "*is not under bondage in such cases.*" I have intentionally spoken of "the Church" instead of "the Pope" because I have been speaking of a time when every one assumed that he was the rightful organ of the Church—that her power was gathered up in him. He did, and he only could in those days, represent the Church—the Spiritual Power—*with any reality.* Bishops were vassals without the Pope. And with respect to the *expression* of the Church's claim—that the Pope had all this power *jure divino*,—what strikes me is this that *jus divinum* rested in those days on what we should call a very vague and unsound basis; not on logical deductions from Scripture, but on strong instincts of what was right and true in the main, on a broad traditionary belief, on the events of Providence. In this, as in everything else, they spoke of the invisible world, as if it was open to their sight—they spoke of God's hand in everything that happened, of St. Peter and the saints as if they were still on earth.

What I mean then, is this—that the circumstances of the time explain, and to my mind, justify, in Gregory VII. and Innocent III., opinions, claims, and conduct which, if thrown into the shape of *universal Theological dogmas* for the *Church in all ages* are groundless in reason, and have been, and may be, indefinitely mischievous. To them many of the greatest Roman theologians have committed themselves; but the Church is not more committed, than the English Church to the Synod of Dort, or Bishop Orwell's Convocation Book.

I cannot agree with you as to the unmixed evils flowing from the power of the Popes. I cannot believe that in Gregory VII. or Innocent III. the "end of the ecclesiastical commonwealth" was other than the highest spiritual good of Christians—and if gross secularity, as it did, flourished with their system, so did priests of God such as the Church has never seen since. When was all that you say (p. 81) of the ecclesiastical system, more eminently true of it, than *in those very ages when the pretensions of the Popes were at the highest?* The secularity which always exists *in* the Church must of course come out more frightfully, as the Church has more power—in the shape of ambition or avarice, instead of indolence; but it seems to me that there are but two alternatives—a strong and active system, with great evils, or a weak system, with little good. The Western Church chose the latter.

I daresay there is a disposition, as you say, to make all Popes Saints, but, as I fully believe that some were, I doubt if it is a good policy to include them all in a sweeping condemnation.

I am sorry I have not time to go on to St. Anselm. All I can say, is that as far as I know, he completely, in feeling and policy, identified himself with the party of Gregory VII., and I very much doubt whether he would have been at all startled if, after other measures—excommunication, and interdict—had failed, the Pope had pronounced William or Henry unfit to rule over Christian England. But it never came even to excommunication.

Pray excuse this hasty, but prolix dissertation—but I am still busy—which must also be my plea for being scarcely legible.

Yours very faithfully,

R. W. CHURCH.

NOTE D

CRITICISM OF ARCHDEACON MANNING'S SERMONS BY T. W. ALLIES, RECTOR OF LAUNTON, 1850

The Fourth and last volume of Archdeacon Manning's Anglican sermons is criticised by Mr Allies in the following letter:—

LAUNTON, 29*th January* 1850.

MY DEAR ARCHDEACON MANNING—I have been enjoying the task you set me of reading sermons 9-12. If I venture to express any opinion which looks like criticism, remember it is your own doing.

First then, No. 9, interests me most, and its skill seems to

me admirable, but pages 164-175 are so many blows of a sledge-hammer dealt at Anglicanism, *ex. grat.* :—

"The supernatural inspiration of the Church is a perpetual illumination above the laws of nature."

"Because the old creation is fallen and divided, may not the new have an unity derived from Heaven?"

"Because human traditions grow corrupt, may not divine traditions be kept pure."

"Because natural truth is an uncertain light, may not the light of Christ be sustained by Himself, infallible and clear."

"Surely all this is nothing less than to take nature without revelation, as the measure and limit of Christ's office in the Church."

"The illumination of the Holy Ghost is as perpetual as His presence."

"Did He sanctify the Apostles and first believers, and then leave the family of Christ, for all ages to work out their salvation by moral habits and the force of nature?"

"Does His presence sustain the stream of Grace, and not sustain the stream of Truth?"

"If the Church is not thrown upon its mere moral powers for sanctity, is it thrown upon its mere intellectual powers for doctrine."

"Is it possible to believe that this scheme of probabilities [that is, of uncertainty] in doctrine, and imperfection [that is of doubt] in evidence, is a part of the probation of the regenerate within the revelation of the faith?"

Alas, what have I been groping through the last thirteen years?

"The infallibility of the Church is made up of these two elements, perfect certainty in the object revealed, and spiritual illumination in the subject which perceives it, that is the Church itself."

"The presence of an infallible teacher is as necessary to the infirmities of the human reason, as the presence of an omnipotent Comforter is necessary to the infirmities of the human will."

Most of all perhaps.

"The idea and principles, the laws, limits, and conditions of the kingdom of Christ in the revelation and *perpetuity* of truth, in the effusion and distribution of grace—in what do they begin, in what are they *continued*—but in a series of supernatural facts, in original revelations, in *spiritual consciousness*, in the words of inspired Scripture, in apostolical traditions, in the *testimony of the Church*, in the definitions of Councils, *in the collective discernment of men sanctified by the spirit of God?*"

Most true surely; heart and mind and will equally respond to this, but have you not answered your own chief difficulty? What more than this is wanted to bear out certain other words.

"There was a wonder in Heaven; a throne was seen far above all created powers, mediatorial, intercessory; a title architypal, a crown bright as the morning star, a glory issuing from the Eternal Throne; robes pure as the heavens; and a sceptre over all."

You certainly ought to be cited into the Court of Arches. I consider it very unfair that you are not. You have been not so much attacking a single point here and there in the Articles of our faith, as overthrowing the whole ground on which the Anglican Church originally went and now stands.

When you speak of inhering in the infallibility of the Church Catholic, it is a language and a thought unknown to all her writers, and utterly alien to her action and life for three hundred years. How has she lived save on criticism of the text of Scripture, criticism of antiquity, entrenching herself in her insular position, and ignoring any such doctrine as that "original inspiration has descended in a perpetual illumination."

Sermon 12. Here I am almost afraid to say what I feel, lest you should think me unreasonable. It appears to me to contain the true doctrine, yet not to put it so lucidly and forcibly as is your wont. I limit this observation to the subject of the Eucharistic Sacrifice in its relation to that of the Cross. I like, *ex. grat.* very much p. 224; "This Christ in Heaven offering Himself in visible presence; and on earth by His ministering priesthood offering Himself in the sacrifice of the body and the blood," etc. But is this even all, or the highest view. Is it not the Word made flesh offering *modo incruento* on the altar, what He offered *modo cruento* on the cross? Thus Suarez says, comparing the Eucharistic Sacrifice to that of the Cross. The chief offerer and the thing offered being the same, they may be called equal simply, but in the kind of death that of the Cross is greater in difficulty and divine condescension; also in actual merit and satisfaction; that of the Mass in the manner of oblation, by a more supernatural action and in an impassable manner. So that the sacrifice of the Cross was more fit to work redemption; but both in their kind are best.

Surely No. 9 was not written three years ago.—I am, my dear Archdeacon Manning, affectionately yours,

T. W. Allies.

Note E

When John Henry Newman was nominated, in 1851, Rector of the Catholic University of Dublin, he invited, in a letter dated October, the Rev. H. E. Manning, who had just been ordained, to become Vice-Rector. Manning, however, declined the offer, on the ground that it was a mistake to found a University in Dublin.

Note F

In the following letter, the Venerable Archdeacon Denison points out the essential difference in principle between Archdeacon Manning's action and his own in 1849, in regard to the Civil Power and the Church of England on the question of Religious Education:—

9th February 1895.

Dear Mr. Purcell—

1. I have received proof sheets pp. 418-439.

2. Let me say first, that I must keep myself and my entire action wholly apart from the action, in respect of the schools of the Church of England, and the manner in which it has been dealt with by the civil power for fifty-five years from 1840 to 1895, of all those who since 1840 have left the Church of England for the Church of Rome.

3. And that in respect of my action, and of those who opposed me in 1849, and more particularly in respect of Archdeacon Manning's amendment in 1849, it will be found to have proved itself to have been "*an unmeaning and worthless* amendment" (*Notes of my Life*, vol. iii. p. 155).

4. That it is curious that, some seventeen years after, the then Bishop of Oxford said to me that my resolution of 1849, and not Archdeacon Manning's amendment above all, was what ought to have been carried in 1849. (*Notes of my Life*, pp. 330, 331.)

5. That every successive issue of the action of the civil power has proved to be distinctly in itself and of its consequences, what I say in my published letter to Mr. Gladstone in 1847 it must of necessity become. To sum it up in one word it is "indifferentism" instead of religion, in respect both of faith and of authority. Faith towards God, which is become "opinion"; and every man for himself, which is become the rule in place of authority of the Church, as set forth in the Prayer Book. The foundation of this position is indeed avowed in your own pages, pp. 428, 429.

6. Bear then with me when I say that I *demur wholly* to the words of p. 433 : "Archdeacon Manning thus differed from Mr. Denison not in principle, but in policy." Manning could understand leaving England for Rome. I never could understand it, or what tempted men to it. I am where I was 1840, and had been all along. I am there now. I have lived to see every one of my published anticipations in 1847 verified, and more than verified. So far as I am concerned I will not touch compromise in matter of religion—I stand upon my own letter in your pages, p. 432. I withdraw no word of it.

7. Let me thank you for your own words (p. 433), the concluding paragraph down to "form."

8. I think this is all that there is room for me to say in regard to the chapter, "The Committee of Privy Council and the National Society," in your *Life of Cardinal Manning.*

Let me state once more, "education" is one thing, "instruction" is another thing. The utmost that the civil power can touch, is "instruction" in matters of this life only. The civil power has nothing to do with forms of religion, formally, except as its own, the one form committed to its keeping by the providence of God. It may not touch the form which rests upon the authority of the Church Catholic, and which is part of the constitution of England. It is nothing short of a revolution so to do. The Sovereign must be a Communicant of the Church of England.

It has been a principal part of my life for more than fifty years to hold fast and maintain what I have here expressed. I cannot, may not depart from any portion of it. I have lived to see all my earliest anticipations of what must come upon England from the school policy of 1839-1840. The sum of the issue is a compromise between the civil power and the bishops and clergy of the Church of England from 1848 to 1895. Of this, Archdeacon Manning was a principal promoter. I remember S. Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, telling me, seventeen years afterwards, that I had been right from the first, and that he had been wrong.

I hope I am not asking you too much if I ask you to let this find a place in your own pages.—Faithfully yours,

GEORGE ANTHONY DENISON.

NOTE G

4 WHITEHALL COURT, S.W.
9th February 1896.

SIR—I shall be obliged if you will allow me to comment on a passage in your *Life of Cardinal Manning,* which is calculated to reflect injuriously on the memory of my father, Bishop Hamilton.

At p. 531 of Vol. I., you quote an extract from an auto-

biographical Note written by Cardinal Manning in 1883, of "Archdeacon W. K. Hamilton."

Let me say, by the way, that my father never was "Archdeacon." The only preferment which he held after leaving St. Peter's, Oxford, in 1841, until he was appointed Bishop in 1854, was a Canonry of Salisbury.

The Note to which I refer, says:

"In the winter of 1850, I had left Lavington and was in London. There I met Walter Hamilton. We had taken our degrees and our fellowships at Merton together. He had also resigned his preferment. We met often. I found him as near to the Catholic Church as I was. In some things, in which I had still remaining difficulties, he had none. He told me that he would not again accept anything in the Church of England. In the April after, I submitted to the Church: soon after Bishop Denison of Salisbury died. Gladstone appointed Hamilton, and, as I was told, he and Sidney Herbert overcame and made him accept the bishopric. . . ."

This autobiographical Note is unquestionably calculated to throw doubt on my father's good faith in remaining a member of the English Church, and implies that the offer of a See in 1854 induced him to abandon the resolve which he had taken a few years previously.

I do not like to think that it was intentional on the part of Cardinal Manning to cast such a slur on the character of his old College friend. So I can only conclude that, when the Cardinal wrote his autobiographical Note, about 30 years after the event, his powers of memory were seriously defective.

As a matter of fact my father never resigned any preferment in the Church of England. He had, no doubt, scruples about accepting the Bishopric of Salisbury, when Lord Aberdeen (not Mr. Gladstone) offered to submit his name to the Queen. They were, however, scruples due to his sense of the responsibilities attaching to the position of bishop, and to a sense of his own unworthiness to assume such responsibilities, and not to any difficulties of conscience about subscribing to the Anglican creed, or to any disposition to follow in the footsteps of his friend Manning. "He had," to use the words of Dr. Liddon, who knew my father's mind better than any one else, "that robust belief in the life and mission of the English Church, which alone could have permitted him to accept a bishopric." [1]

There is, moreover, a living authority who can confirm, and is ready to confirm, what I say. That authority is Mr. Glad-

[1] Dr. Liddon's *Sketch of Bishop Hamilton*, p. 46.

stone, who was one of my father's most intimate friends, whom my father consulted on the occasion of his being offered the See of Salisbury, and whose influence, no doubt, did much to remove my father's scruples, due to that modesty which characterised him through life.

The concluding remarks on my father in the Cardinal's Note, from which I have already quoted, are as follows (p. 532):—

"I had reason to know how much Hamilton suffered, and what profound trials were upon him when his last end drew near."

My father underwent great physical suffering during his last illness, which terminated fatally on the 1st August 1869; but all those who saw him during those months can testify that he had no mental sufferings beyond those which anybody with an innate sense of his own unworthiness may experience at such a time. He never expressed any wish to see Manning before he died; and the only allusion which Bishop Hamilton made to his old friend and contemporary was in a letter which he dictated on the 13th March 1869 to another intimate and much valued friend, the late Mr. James R. Hope-Scott. His letter will be found in the *Memoirs of J. R. Hope-Scott*, vol. ii. p. 234. In it my father refers to the great trial which the separation from two such friends as Manning and Scott had been to him; and his only allusion to Church matters was the expression of an opinion that nothing would tend more to forward the "re-union of Christendom," which he always had at heart, than a just and charitable estimate of the claims of the Church of England on the part of the authorities of the Roman Catholic communion.

You will, I hope, forgive my troubling you with this letter; but I feel sure that you have no wish, by the publication of Cardinal Manning's autobiographical Note, to do an injustice to the memory of one who is no longer here to defend himself.

I venture, in conclusion, to ask that you will be good enough to allow these contradictions to appear in the next available edition of your work.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

E. W. Hamilton.

E. S. Purcell, Esq.

END OF VOL. I.

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